CHRONICLES

OF THE

CAPE FEAR RIVER

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF HISTORIC EVENTS ON THE CAPE FEAR RIVER

BY JAMES SPRUNT
Of WILMINGTON, N. C.

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I RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBE THIS VOLUME TO

CAPTAIN SAMUEL A'COURT ASHE

A LOYAL AND DEVOTED

SON OF THE CAPE FEAR

IN RECOGNITION OF HIS EMINENT SERVICES TO OUR COMMONWEALTH AND TO LITERATURE, IN HIS ADMIRABLE HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA, A WORK OF SUCH PARTICULAR MERIT AS TO BRING CREDIT TO HIS BIRTHPLACE AND TO ADD TO THE HIGH FAME OF

THE CAPE FEAR PEOPLE

Preface

There are what are called labors of love—when men turn from their work in the business world and at great pains seek to accomplish something for the benefit and advantage of others.

The present publication is the fruit of Mr. James Sprunt's desire to collate information of general interest concerning the Cape Fear River, because he has an abiding affection for the noble stream with which he is so familiar and is animated by a purpose to preserve in convenient form some account of local incidents that are worthy of being remembered.

In the years just before the war, when I first began to know the active men of Wilmington, none stood higher in public esteem than Mr. Alexander Sprunt. He was a thorough man of business, whose intelligence and sterling worth commanded admiration, while his brother, Rev. James M. Sprunt, who was teaching the Grove Academy in Duplin, added to the credit of the name. These two brothers had come to the Cape Fear some ten or fifteen years earlier and had won what is most to be valued in life—the good opinion of those who knew them. The passage of time has yearly added to the reputation of the name, until now it stands unexcelled in the business world.

The father of these brothers, Laurence Sprunt, a farmer near the famous town of Perth, in 1812 married Christiana McDonald, daughter of a Highland family, whose brother, John McDonald, was a prosperous planter in Jamaica, and whose cousins, the Menzies, in Scotland, were prominent and wealthy. After his marriage Laurence Sprunt occupied a small farm known as Viewfield, near Perth, and there were born his children, Alexander, James Menzies, and Isabella, all of whom were educated in Edinburgh.

After graduating, Alexander became a partner in the firm of Reed, Irving & Co., of London and Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, and as junior partner had personal charge of the business at Trinidad, and in the conduct of his business often made

trips up the Orinoco River, Venezuela. For a brief while he returned to Scotland and married there Jeanie Dalziel, a lady of rare personal and intellectual gifts, whose life was consecrated in its beautiful Christian devotion. In the biography of another it is incidentally mentioned that "in 1841 Alexander Sprunt was a ruling elder of the Presbyterian Church in Trinidad, a merchant of high standing, a Queen's Commissioner, or Magistrate." That he had already attained an enviable position and enjoyed a good name is easily apparent. But through the unfortunate consequences following the emancipation of British slaves, Mr. Sprunt was deprived of his accumulations, and after some ineffectual efforts in Scotland to repair his broken fortune, he removed to Wilmington, whither his brother, Rev. Doctor James Menzies Sprunt, subsequently a chaplain in the Confederate Army, had preceded him. An expert accountant, he soon found employment in the Commercial Bank, and later with T. C. & B. G. Worth. On the breaking out of the war he sailed in the *Edwin* with a cargo to Barbadoes, and loaded a return cargo of coffee, sugar, and molasses, but when almost in sight of Cape Fear, the *Edwin* was taken by a Federal cruiser and Mr. Sprunt was imprisoned at Baltimore until Lord Lyons, the British Minister, secured his release. It was, however, six months before he could succeed in crossing the Potomac and rejoining his family in Wilmington.

During those years his son, James Sprunt, after studying at various preparatory schools, one year in Mr. Muncie's school in Glasgow, one year under his uncle at Kenansville, four years at Jewett's Academy, one year at Colonel Radcliffe's Military Academy, and one year at Mr. Mengert's school, had made excellent progress; but while in his fourteenth year, under the pressure of circumstances, he was put to work with Worth & Daniel. This did not arrest his education, however, for he attended night school under Professor Tallichet in French and English literature, and, as he had a desire to serve the State at sea, he studied navigation under Captain Levy, a former United States naval officer. But dis-

appointed in securing the appointment he coveted, eventually he sailed as a passenger on a blockade runner to Bermuda, with the promise of Captain Burroughs to give him a position on the *North Heath,* a vessel then building on the Clyde. When the *North Heath* arrived at Bermuda, Captain Burroughs appointed him purser of that vessel; but after sailing they encountered a terriffic storm, escaping shipwreck only by splendid seamanship and the most heroic exertions; and they had to put into Bermuda for repairs. There Mr. Sprunt was long ill with fever, and the *North Heath* sailed without him; but after a little while Capt. J. N. Maffitt appointed him purser of the steamer *Lilian* and on the *Lilian* he passed through all the dangerous and exciting experiences of a daring blockade runner. On the third outward voyage the *Lilian* was chased, bombarded for eight hours, disabled, and captured; and Mr. Sprunt, sharing the fate of his associates, became a prisoner of war. Subsequently he escaped, but met shipwreck on Green Turtle Cay, and it was eight months before he reached home, he having in the meantime served as purser of the Confederate steamer *Susan Bierne,* of which Eugene Maffitt was chief officer; and he continued on this blockade runner until Fort Fisher fell.

On his third inward trip he had imported ten barrels of sugar, which his father sold, investing the proceeds in 24 bales of cotton. Sherman's raiders burnt twelve of these bales, but with great difficulty the others were saved, and after peace they were sold at 48 cents a pound. With the proceeds the firm of Alexander Sprunt & Son was founded in 1865-66, and although like others it has suffered the vicissitudes of changing conditions, it has successfully weathered business storms, repaired disasters, and surmounted most discouraging difficulties. Always adhering to the principles of its wise and righteous founder, who passed away thirty years ago, it has, under the masterful direction of Mr. James Sprunt and his brother, Mr. William H. Sprunt, prospered, continually increasing in strength and reputation until it has attained a unique position in the business world.

Upon the death of his father, who had represented the British Government in North Carolina for about twenty years, Mr. James Sprunt was, without solicitation on his part, appointed British Vice Consul, and from this appointment, May 6, 1884, to the present time he has held that honorable post. During these thirty years he has been twice thanked by the British Government—once by the British Admiralty for his correction of its important aids to navigation, and again by Lord Salisbury, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, for his official report on the *Cuba* man-of-war incident.

In 1907 the German Emperor appointed Mr. Sprunt Imperial German Consul for North Carolina and sent him his autograph commission, a very high compliment, which was not solicited by him nor by his friends. Mr. Sprunt acted in that capacity for five years, during which he was twice complimented by the Imperial Chancellor Von Bülow for his official reports, and when he resigned in consequence of impaired health, Emperor William very graciously decorated him with the Order of the Royal Crown, which is only given for valor in battle and for distinguished services to the State.

During the years covering Mr. Sprunt's activities, Wilmington has made most gratifying progress. The facilities of commerce have been multiplied; the trucking industries have been largely developed; the jobbing business has attained remarkable proportions; the bank deposits have tremendously increased; and, with the removal of obstacles, the enterprise and capabilities of the Wilmington merchants have achieved splendid results. Indeed there has been progress all along the line, resulting in a general diffusion of prosperity.

But no other factor leading to these notable results has been so effective as the business inaugurated by the firm of Alexander Sprunt & Son.

The combined production of cotton in North Carolina and in South Carolina in a good season is approximately two and a half million bales, of which the local mills take by far the greater part. Of the residue, the principal export house in

Wilmington, Alexander Sprunt & Son, buys from the producers directly through their local agents at a hundred and fifteen interior stations about half a million bales. These large exports, of the value of thirty million dollars, pay tribute to Wilmington to the extent of over a million dollars annually in railroad freight, in handling expenses, trucking, compressing, and storing; and besides, from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars are left by the trans-Atlantic steamers in the port of Wilmington for port charges and expenses. Indeed, the eight hundred employees of this company, white and black, contribute much of the money in circulation in Wilmington that supports the retail trade.

Nearly thirty years ago the present senior partner in this house foresaw that the sources of cotton supply and demand would ultimately be brought into closer relations; and he made a tour of seventeen foreign countries in which American cotton was used, and established direct business relations between the foreign consumers and the Wilmington firm. It was the pioneer movement, and the working details were difficult. Indeed, some of the obstacles seemed almost insurmountable. The depth of water in the Cape Fear and on the bar was not sufficient to float safely the most desirable class of vessels for the export trade, and shipowners were slow to trust their vessels upon a tortuous stream in shallow water with only three feet rise of tide. Moreover, the capital of the firm was limited, and their business was conducted strictly on the conservative principles laid down by the founder of the firm which still bears his name; but in the end caution and perseverance established confidence and brought success. It is a remarkable fact that from the beginning of the firm in 1865-66 up to the present time, although hundreds of millions of dollars have passed through the main office in Wilmington and their branches in Boston and Houston and Liverpool, Bremen and Havre, not on any occasion has their paper ever been dishonored.

As circumstances permitted, the requisite accessories were installed. The Champion cotton compress was put in operation by the firm, and the Wilmington Compress and Ware-

house is chiefly owned and operated by them. The plant is among the best and most complete in the South, representing a large outlay in capital, and it is so conveniently arranged as to afford the most improved facilities for the loading and unloading of five large steamships simultaneously.

It is noteworthy that the partners in the Boston office, the Houston office, and in the Bremen and Havre firms were all trained from boyhood in the Wilmington office; Mr. William H. Sprunt, now the most active partner, having been born in Wilmington. It has been a Wilmington business, first and last, fortunate in its operations and beneficent in its results.

All through life Mr. Sprunt has had close association with the Cape Fear River and the bark bearing his hopes and fortunes has had its home on the bosom of that historic stream. Not only his business but the pleasures and happy incidents of his daily life have been so blended with its waters that he cherishes a warm affection for the river itself. Thus he has been minded to preserve its traditions and its tales—the preparation being indeed a labor of love, undertaken in a spirit of grateful return for the many blessings he has enjoyed both at his home in the city and at his home at Orton, which alike are redolent with delightful reminiscence.

S. A. Ashe.

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Foreword

From early youth I have loved the Cape Fear, the ships and the sailors which it bears upon its bosom. As a boy I delighted to wander along the wharves where the sailing ships were moored with their graceful spars and rigging in relief against the sky line, with men aloft, whose uncouth cries and unknown tongues inspired me with a longing for the sea, which I afterwards followed, and for the far-away countries whence they had come.

In later years, I heard the stories of the old time Cape Fear gentlemen, whose memories I revere, and I treasured those annals of our brave and generous people; I knew all the pilots of the Cape Fear, whose record of brave deeds and unswerving loyalty to the Confederacy, under great trial and temptation, and whose steadfast industry in their dangerous calling are worthy of all praise; and now, actuated by an earnest desire to render a public service after many years' contact with its men and affairs, I have essayed to write in the following pages a concise narrative of the sources and tributary streams of the Cape Fear River, the origin of its name, the development of its commerce, and the artificial aids to its navigation, with a few historical incidents of its tidewater region.

The limited scope of this undertaking does not reach beyond the mere outlines of its romantic dramatic history, of which much has been ably written by George Davis, Alfred Moore Waddell, Samuel A. Ashe, and other historians of the Cape Fear.

No more is heard the long-drawn cry of the stevedore, "go ahead horse" and "back down lively," nor the cheerful chants of the old time sailor-men as they tramped around the windlass from wharf to wharf. The distracting hammering against rusting steel plates, the clanking of chains against the steamship's sides, and the raucous racket of the steam donkey, betoken a new era in the harbor of Wilmington; but the silent river flows on with the silent years as when

Yeamans came with the first settlers, or as when Flora Macdonald sailed past the town to the restful haven of Cross Creek; and the Dram Tree still stands to warn the outgoing mariner that his voyage has begun and to welcome the incoming storm-tossed sailor to the quiet harbor beyond.

I have largely obtained the data of the commercial development of the river from official sources or reliable records, and I have copied verbatim, in some technical details, the generous responses to my inquiries by Maj. H. W. Stickle, Corps of Engineers U. S. A.; Capt. C. S. Ridley, U. S. A., Assistant Engineer; Mr. R. C. Merritt, Assistant Engineer; Mr. Joseph Hyde Pratt, State Geologist; Dr. Joseph A. Holmes, Director Bureau of Mines; Capt. G. L. Carden, Commanding U. S. Revenue Cutter *Seminole;* Mr. H. D. King, Inspector Lights and Lighthouses, Sixth District, and Hon. S. I. Kimball, General Superintendent of the Life Saving Service, to each of whom I make this grateful acknowledgment.

James Sprunt.

Exploration and Settlement

ORIGIN OF THE NAME, CAPE FEAR.

The origin of the name, Cape Fear, and its confusion in some of our early maps with *Cape Fair* led many years ago to a discussion by the Historical and Scientific Society of Wilmington, of which this writer was the secretary. A prominent Wilmingtonian of his day, Mr. Henry Nutt, to whose indefatigable, intelligent efforts and public spirit the closure of New Inlet was largely due, stoutly maintained in a forceful address before that body that the name was originally *Fair* and not *Fear*.

Mr. George Davis subsequently took the opposite view in his valuable contribution entitled *An Episode in Cape Fear History,* published in the *South Atlantic Magazine,* January, 1879.

Would that our youth of the rising generation who daily pass the bronze effigy of this foremost scholar and statesman of the Cape Fear knew more of one whose wisdom truly illustrated the principles of law and equity, whose eloquence commanded the admiration of his peers, who was beloved for his stainless integrity, and, shining in the pure excellence of virtue and refinement, exemplified with dignity and simplicity, with gentle courtesy and Christian faith, the true heart of chivalry in Southern manhood.

Said Mr. Davis: "Is it Cape Fair? Or Cape Fear? Adjective or noun? 'Under which King, Bezonian?' This old, familiar name under which our noble river rolls its waters to the sea, is it the true prince of the ancient line, or a base pretender, usurping the seat of the rightful heir, and, after the fashion of usurpers, giving us terror for beauty, storm for sunshine?

"There are some among our most intelligent citizens who maintain that the true name was, and ought to be now, Cape Fair; and that it was originally so given because the first adventurers, seeing with the eye of enthusiasm, found everything here to be fair, attractive and charming. And it has

even been said very lately that it was never called by its present name until after 1750, and never officially until 1780. (Address of H. Nutt before H. and S. Society.) Unfortunately, in the mists which envelop some portions of our early history, it is sometimes very difficult to guard against being betrayed into erroneous conjectures by what appear to be very plausible reasons; and the materials for accurate investigation are not of easy access. It is not surprising, therefore, that this opinion should have existed for some time, not generally, but to a limited extent. Beyond all doubt it is erroneous, and the proofs are conclusive that our people have been right in finally rejecting the Beautiful theory, and accepting the Fearful. I know of no authority for this opinion, except the occasional spelling of the word. The strength of the argument seems to be this—Captain Hilton was sent in 1663 for the purpose of examining the country; he did examine it, reported in glowing terms as to its beauty and attractiveness, and throughout his report spelled the name Fair. I answer—Very true. But three years later, in 1666, Robert Horne published his *Brief Description of Carolina,* under the eye, and no doubt by the procurement of the Proprietors; he describes the country in much more glowing terms of praise than Hilton did, but spells the name, throughout, Fear. And where are we then? And later still, in 1711, a high authority, Christopher Gale, Chief Justice of North Carolina, like a prudent politician who has not made up his mind which party to join, spells it neither Fair nor Fear, but Fare. (2 Hawks, 391.) That the name in early times was not infrequently spelt Fair is unquestionable. Besides Hilton's report, it is so given in the Letter of the English Adventurers to the Proprietors, 1663; in the Instructions of the Proprietors to Governor Yeamans, 1665; in Lawson's history and map, 1709; and on Wimble's map, 1738. And perhaps other instances may be found.

"But all these, if they stood alone and unopposed, could hardly form the basis of any solid argument. For all who

are accustomed to examine historical documents will know too well how wildly independent of all law, if there was any law, our ancestors were in their spelling, especially of proper names. Pen in hand, they were accustomed to dare every vagary, and no amount of heroic spelling ever appalled them.

"Some examples will be instructive in our present investigation. Take the great name of him who was 'wholly gentleman, wholly soldier,'—who, falling under the displeasure of a scoundrel King, and languishing for twelve long years under sentence of ignominious death, sent forth through his prison bars such melodious notes that the very King's son cried out, 'No monarch in Christendom but my father would keep such a bird in a cage'; who, inexhaustible in ideas as in exploits, after having brought a new world to light, wrote the history of the old in a prison; and then died, because God had made him too great for his fellows—that name which to North Carolinian ears rings down through the ages like a glorious chime of bells—the name of our great Sir Walter. We know that it was spelt three different ways, Raleigh, Ralegh, and Rawlegh.

"And Sir Walter's heroic kinsman, that grand old sea-king who fought his single ship for fifteen straight hours against fifteen Spaniards, one after another, muzzle to muzzle, and then yielded up his soul to God in that cheerful temper wherewith men go to a banquet: 'Here die I, Richard Greenville, and with a joyful and quiet mind, having ended my life like a true soldier that has fought for his country, Queen, religion, and honor.' He was indifferently Greenville, Grenville, and Granville.

"And take another of these sea-kings of old who sailed to America in the early days—that brilliant, restless, daring spirit who crowded into a few brief years enough of wild adventure and excitement to season a long life, and then died but little more than a boy—he was indifferently Cavendish and Candish.

"Who, without assistance, could recognize Bermuda in the 'still vexed Bermoothes' of Shakespeare? And Horne's

pamphlet of which I have spoken could only improve it into Barmoodoes.

"Coming down to the very time of which we are speaking, one of the first acts of the Lords Proprietors after receiving their magnificent grant was to publish the important document to which I have alluded, the *Declaration and Proposals to all who will plant in Carolina.* It is signed by some of the most famous names in English History—George, Duke of Albemarle, the prime mover in bringing about the restoration of the King; Edward, Earl of Clarendon, Lord High Chancellor, and grandfather of two English queens, but far more famous as the author of that wonderful book, the *History of the Great Rebellion;* Anthony, Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord High Chancellor and one of the greatest parliamentary leaders that England ever produced, but far greater as the author of that second charter of Anglo-Saxon liberties, the Habeas Corpus Act. This very gifted and very famous Earl of Shaftesbury, who, I am sorry to say, was more distinguished for brilliant talents than for virtuous principles, besides being one of the Proprietors had an additional claim to our remembrance which has not been generally known. He was the first Chief Justice of North Carolina. At a meeting of the Proprietors held at the Cockpit the 21st of October, 1669, (Rivers, 346) he was elected the first Chief Justice of Carolina. As he never visited America I presume his office was in a great degree purely honorary. But he certainly executed its functions to the extent at least of its official patronage. For the record has been preserved which shows that on the 10th of June, 1675, by virtue of that office, he appointed Andrew Percival to be Register of Berkeley Precinct. He had not then been raised to the peerage, but was only Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper. He gave his two family names to the rivers at Charleston, and then took himself the title of Shaftesbury.

"Such were some of the signers of this pamphlet. Surely these men knew. Surely they would give us some unimpeachable English. Well, we have an exact copy of the pam-

phlet and I give you my word that, according to our notions the spelling of it is enough to put the whole school of lexicographers in a madhouse. Instance the following: Clarending, Northine, plantacon, proposealls, grannte, ingaige, groathe, etc., etc. These examples, which might be indefinitely multiplied, are sufficient to show that he is a bold speculator who will venture to build an opinion on the spelling of a name.

"But the opposing proofs are quite conclusive, and I do not scruple to promise that for every authentic map or document, prior to the year 1700, in which the name is written Fair, I will point out at least two in which it is written as at present. An examination of some of the most important of them will remove all doubt from the subject.

"In DeBry's map of Lane's expedition, 1585, no name is given to the Cape, but we find it distinctly laid down, and indicated by two Latin words which are very significant, *promontorium tremendum.* And in the narrative of Sir Richard Greenville's first expedition, in the same year, we find the very first recorded mention of the name, which ought to be sufficient of itself to fix its certainty for all time. For we read there, for the month of June, 1585, this entry: 'The 23d we were in great danger of a wreck on a breach called the Cape of Fear.'

"And two years later, in the narrative of the first voyage under White, we are told in July, 1587, that 'had not Captain Stafford been more careful in looking out than our Simon Fernando, we had been all cast away upon the breach called the Cape of Fear.'

"And here we have another orthographic problem to solve. Both of these old worthies speak of the Cape of Fear as being not a *beach,* but a *breach;* and, on the strength of that, possibly some severe precisian may hereafter start the theory, and prove it too, that the Cape was no Cape at all, but only a breach or channel through the Frying Pan Shoals.

"Coming down near a hundred years to the time of the first settlements, we find the original spelling preserved in the

Letter of the Proprietors to Sir William Berkeley, 1663; in the Proposals of the Proprietors already mentioned, 1663; in Horne's *Brief Description of Carolina,* and on the accompanying map, 1666; in the map styled *A New Description of Carolina,* 1671; in the Instructions of the Proprietors to the Governor and Council of Carolina, 1683, and in a great many others.

"These proofs would seem to leave nothing wanting to a clear demonstration of the real name. But there is something yet to be added. They show that during the same period of time the name was spelt both ways indifferently, not only by different persons, but by the same persons, who had peculiar means of knowing the truth. It is clear, therefore, that the two modes were not expressive of two different ideas, but only different forms of expressing the same idea. What then was the true idea of the name—its *raison d'etre?*

"In pursuing that inquiry our attention must be directed to the Cape alone, and not to the River. For, as we have seen, the Cape bore its name for near a hundred years during which the River was nameless, if not unknown. And, when brought into notice afterwards, the River bore at first a different name and, only after some time, glided into the name of the Cape. Thus, in the Letter of the Proprietors to Sir William Berkeley, 8th September, 1663, after directing him to procure a small vessel to explore the Sounds, they say, 'And whilst they are aboard they may look into Charles River a very little to the Southward of Cape Fear.' And so in the Proposals of the Proprietors, 15th August, 1663, 'If the first colony will settle on Charles River, near Cape Fear,' etc., etc., and in Horne's map, 1666, the name is Charles River.

"Looking then to the Cape for the idea and reason of its name, we find that it is the southernmost point of Smith's Island—a naked, bleak elbow of sand, jutting far out into the ocean. Immediately in its front are the Frying Pan Shoals pushing out still farther twenty miles to sea. Together they stand for warning and for woe; and together they catch the long majestic roll of the Atlantic as it sweeps through a

thousand miles of grandeur and power, from the Arctic towards the Gulf. It is the playground of billows and tempests, the kingdom of silence and awe, disturbed by no sound, save the sea gull's shriek and the breaker's roar. Its whole aspect is suggestive, not of repose and beauty, but of desolation and terror. Imagination cannot adorn it. Romance cannot hallow it. Local pride cannot soften it. There it stands to-day, bleak, and threatening, and pitiless, as it stood three hundred years ago, when Greenville and White came nigh unto death upon its sands. And there it will stand bleak, and threatening, and pitiless, until the earth and the sea shall give up their dead. And, as its nature, so its name, is now, always has been, and always will be, the Cape of Fear."

SOURCES AND TRIBUTARIES OF THE CAPE FEAR RIVER.

The Cape Fear River, said to have been known to the Indian aborigines as "Sapona," later to the explorers and to the promoters in England as the Charles River, the Clarendon River, and as the Cape Fair River, is formed by the junction of the Haw and Deep Rivers in Chatham County, North Carolina. From their confluence, which is about 173 miles by river above Wilmington, it flows in a southeasterly direction through Harnett, Cumberland, and Bladen Counties, and between Brunswick and New Hanover to the sea. The Haw River rises in Rockingham and Guilford Counties and flows in a southeasterly direction through Alamance, Orange, and Chatham Counties to its junction with the Deep River, a distance of about 80 miles measured along its general course. The Deep River is of about the same length as the Haw. It rises in Guilford County and flows through Randolph and Moore Counties, and joins the Haw in Chatham.

The Deep River drains about 1,400 square miles. Its tributaries are only small creeks, the most important being

Rocky River. The Haw River drains about 1,800 square miles, and its tributaries are also small, but are larger than those of the Deep River. The principal ones, descending from the headwaters, are Reedy Fork, Alamance Creek, Cane Creek, and New Hope River.

Between the junction of the Deep and the Haw Rivers and Fayetteville, a distance of about 58 miles, the most important tributaries which join the Cape Fear are Upper Little River, from the west, 32 miles long; and Lower Little River, from the west, 45 miles long. There are other small creeks, the most important being Carvers Creek and Blounts Creek.

Between Wilmington and Fayetteville the most important tributary is Black River, which enters from the east about 15 miles above Wilmington and has a drainage basin of about 1,430 square miles. There are several creeks which enter below Fayetteville, the principal one being Rockfish Creek, which enters 10 miles below Fayetteville.

The entire drainage basin above Fayetteville covers an area of 4,493 square miles, and the total drainage area of the Cape Fear and all its tributaries is about 8,400 square miles.

At Wilmington the Cape Fear River proper is joined by the Northeast Cape Fear River. Their combined average discharge at Wilmington for the year is about 14,000 feet a second. Floods in their tributaries have but little effect on the water level at Wilmington. The lower river is tidal, and the effects of tidal variations are felt about 40 miles above the city on both branches.

The City of Wilmington is on the east side of the river, opposite the junction of the two branches, and nearly all wharves, mills, and terminals are situated on the same side. The width of the river at Wilmington is 500 to 1,000 feet. Four miles below, it becomes 1 1-2 miles wide, and is of the nature of a tidal estuary, varying in width from 1 to 3 miles. The distance from Wilmington to the ocean is 30 miles.

Below Wilmington.

The improvement of the river was begun by the State of North Carolina between Wilmington and Big Island by embankments, jetties, and dredging, in 1822, and continued until 1829, when the Federal Government undertook the work of improvement, and continued it to 1839. Work was resumed in 1847 and continued up to the War between the States. It was again resumed in 1870 and has been carried on continuously since that date.

The condition of the river prior to the opening of New Inlet (which occurred during an equinoctial storm in 1761) is rather uncertain, but old maps indicate that there was a low-water depth of 14 feet across the bar at the mouth, the least depth between Wilmington and the mouth being 7.5 feet. There is also some uncertainty as to the conditions in 1829, when the improvement was undertaken by the United States, but the most reliable information is that there was then about 7 to 7.5 feet at low water in the river, about 9 feet in Baldhead channel, 9 feet in the Rip channel, and 10 feet at New Inlet. Work on the bar was begun in 1853, at which time the bar depths at low water were 7.5 feet in Baldhead channel, 7 feet in Rip channel, and 8 feet at New Inlet, the governing low-water depths in the river having been increased to 9 feet.

The original project of 1827 was to deepen by jetties the channel through the shoals in the 8 miles next below Wilmington. This project resulted in a gain of 2 feet available depth. The project of 1853 was to straighten and deepen the bar channel by dredging, jettying, diverting the flow from the New Inlet and closing breaches in Zekes Island. This project was incomplete when the War between the States began. Up to that time, $363,228.92 had been spent on the improvement.

After the war the first project was that of 1870, to deepen the bar channel by closing breaches between Smiths and Zekes Islands, with the ultimate closure of New Inlet in view. The project of 1873 included that of 1870 and in

addition the dredging of the bar channel and the closing of New Inlet. The project of 1874 was to obtain by dredging a channel 100 feet wide and 12 feet deep at low water up to Wilmington. The project of 1881 was to obtain by dredging a channel 270 feet wide and 16 feet deep at low water up to Wilmington. These projects had been practically completed in 1889. At that time the expenditure since the war amounted to $2,102,271.93.

The project adopted September 19, 1890, was to obtain a mean low-water depth of 20 feet and a width of 270 feet from Wilmington to the ocean. This project has been modified several times, the latest modification being that of July 25, 1912, which provides for a mean low-water channel 26 feet deep, 300 feet wide in the river, and 400 feet wide across the ocean bar. Work is now progressing on this project and to June 30, 1913, there had been spent on it $2,906,900.27, exclusive of receipts from sales and rents. To complete this project in 1915 and maintain it until completion, as estimated June 30, 1913, will cost $748,767.80, of which $508,767.80 was on hand June 30, 1913.

The cost of the improvement of the river by the United States Government to June 30, 1913, was $5,372,401.12, the expenditure of which has resulted in increasing the available mean low water channel depth from 7 feet to 26 feet. At present there is a 26-foot mean low-water channel from Wilmington to the ocean, varying in width from 100 to 400 feet.

The various projects adopted by the Federal Government involved the closing of New Inlet, and the construction of a defensive dike from Zekes Island, on the south side of New Inlet, to Smiths Island. The dam closing New Inlet was constructed between 1875 and 1881, and is 5,300 feet long. It is built of stone, its first cost being $540,237.11. It was badly damaged by a storm in 1906, and the cost of its restoration and of other minor repairs made since its completion was $103,044.75, making its total cost to date $643,281.86. Swash Defense dam, south of New Inlet, was constructed

between 1883 and 1889, and is 12,800 feet long. It is also built of stone, the first cost being $225,965. The cost of restoring this dam after the storm of 1906, including other repairs made since its completion, was $170,109.53, making the total cost to date $396,074.53. With the exception of the construction of these two dams, the results have been accomplished almost wholly by dredging.

It is interesting to note in this connection that the total expenditures of the Federal Government upon Charleston bar and harbor to the present time are $5,047,016, and the total expenditures on Cape Fear River at and below Wilmington to the present time are $5,881,168.92.

Northeast Cape Fear River.

Northeast Cape Fear River enters Cape Fear River from the east at Wilmington. It has a total length of 130 miles (70 miles in a straight line) and has been under improvement since 1890, the project including the clearing of the natural channel for small steamers to Hallsville, 88 miles above its mouth, and for pole boats to Kornegay's Bridge, 103 miles above its mouth.

The work has consisted in removing snags and other incidental obstructions from the channel and leaning trees from the banks. For several years past, work has been for the purpose of maintenance only. To June 30, 1913, there had been spent on this stream for improvement and maintenance $33,738.86. At present 8 feet can be carried to Rocky Point Landing, 35 miles from the mouth, 5 feet to Smith's Bridge, 52 miles up, and 3 feet to Croom's Bridge, 8 miles further,—at all stages. Above that point it is only navigable during freshets.

Black River.

Black River is tributary to Cape Fear River, entering it from the east about 14 miles above Wilmington. This stream has been under improvement since 1887. The original project of 1885 included clearing the natural channel and banks to Lisbon, and cutting off a few points at bends,

modified in 1893, and omitting the part above Clear Run, 66 miles above the mouth. This was completed in 1895. Since that time it has been under maintenance. The total amount expended to June 30, 1913, for improvement and maintenance was $32,877.26. The work has consisted in removing obstructions from the channel and leaning trees from the banks, and in a small amount of dredging.

At present a depth of 5 feet can be carried to Point Caswell at low stages, above which point there is but little navigation excepting during freshet stages.

Town Creek.

Town Creek is a tributary to Cape Fear River, entering it from the west about 7 1-2 miles below Wilmington. It is not now under improvement, but was placed under improvement in 1881, the project being to obtain 4-feet navigation at low water by removing obstructions from the mouth to Saw Pitt Landing, 20 miles above. After spending $1,000, this project was abandoned. An appropriation of $8,500 was made in 1899 to be expended in obtaining a mean low-water channel 5 feet deep and 40 feet wide to Russell's Landing, 19 3-4 miles above the mouth, and to clear the creek to Rocks Landing, about 4 miles farther up. The 5-foot channel was obtained to Russell's Landing by dredging, and snags were removed from the channel for the next mile above, when the funds were exhausted, and no further appropriation has been made.

Brunswick River.

About four miles above Wilmington, the Cape Fear River divides, the western branch forming Brunswick River. It flows in a southerly direction and again enters the Cape Fear River about four miles below Wilmington. Its total length is 8 miles.

This river has never been under improvement, but the River and Harbor Act of June 13, 1902, provides for the expenditure of not exceeding $1,000 of the money appropriated for the improvement of Cape Fear River, at and

below Wilmington, in removing obstructions at the lower mouth of Brunswick River. Obstructions were removed from a width of 100 feet during 1903 at a cost of $519, securing a channel at its mouth 100 feet wide and 7 feet deep.[1]

According to the recitals in the oldest deeds for lands on Eagles Island and in its vicinity on either side, the Northeast and the Northwest branches of the Cape Fear River came together at the southern point of that island. What is now called Brunswick River on the west side of the island was then the main river; and Wilmington was on the Northeast branch, and not on the main stream of the Cape Fear. That portion of the river which runs from the Northeast branch by Point Peter, or Negrohead Point, as it is called, to the Northwest branch at the head of Eagles Island, is called in the old deeds and statutes of the State "the thoroughfare," and sometimes the "cut through" from one branch to the other; and the land granted to John Maultsby, on which a part of Wilmington is situated, is described as lying opposite to the mouth of the "thoroughfare." At another time, what is now known as Brunswick River was called "Clarendon" River.

THE CAPE FEAR INDIANS.

The tribal identity of the Cape Fear Indians has never been clearly established. We find Indian mounds, or tumuli, along the river and coast, and in the midland counties, and we are told that the head waters of the Cape Fear River were known to our aborigines as "Sapona," a tribal name also known farther north, and that "King" Roger Moore exterminated these Indians at Big Sugar Loaf after they had raided Orton; but there is nothing in the mounds, where hundreds of skeletons are found, nor in the pottery and rude implements discovered therein, to identify the tribe or prove the comparatively unsupported statements which we have hith-

[1]The foregoing technical information is from the reports of the U. S. Corps of Engineers, by the courtesy of Major Stickle.

erto accepted as facts. Capt. S. A. Ashe says: "The Cape Fear Indians along the coast were Southern. The Saponas who resided higher up were probably Northern. They were not exterminated by "King" Roger; in fact, in 1790 there were still some in Granville, and a considerable number joined the Tuscaroras on the Tuscarora Reservation on the Roanoke. They were both Northern, probably, otherwise the Saponas would not have been welcome."

There is reason to believe the tradition, generally known to our older inhabitants, that the Indians from the back country came regularly in the early springtime to the coast of the Cape Fear for the seawater fish and oysters which were abundant, and that their preparation for these feasts included the copious drinking of a strong decoction of yopon leaves, which produced free vomiting and purgation, before they gorged themselves to repletion with the fish and oysters.

The beautiful evergreen leaf and brilliant red berries of the yopon still abound along the river banks near the remains of the Indian camps. The leaves were extensively used as a substitute for tea, which was unobtainable during our four years' war, and the tea made from them was refreshing and tonic in its effects. The leaves indicate by analysis about two per cent caffeine.

Dr. Curtis, an eminent botanist of North Carolina, says: "*Yopon I. Cassine,* Linn. An elegant shrub ten to fifteen feet high, but sometimes rising to twenty or twenty-five feet. Its native place is near the water (salt), from Virginia southward, but never far in the interior. Its dark green leaves and bright red berries make it very ornamental in yards and shrubberies. The leaves are small, one-half to one inch long, very smooth and evenly scalloped on the edges, with small rounded teeth. In some sections of the lower district, especially in the region of the Dismal Swamp, these are annually dried and used for tea, which is, however, oppressively soporific — at least for one not accustomed to it."

Our yopon (the above), is the article from which the

famous Black Drink of the Southern Indians was made. At a certain time of the year they came down in droves from a distance of some hundred miles to the coast for the leaves of this tree. They made a fire on the ground, and putting a great kettle of water on it, they threw in a large quantity of these leaves, and setting themselves around the fire, from a bowl holding about a pint, they began drinking large draughts, which in a short time occasioned them to vomit easily and freely. Thus they continued drinking and vomiting for a space of two or three days, until they had sufficiently cleansed themselves, and then, every one taking a bundle of the leaves, they all retired to their habitations.

It is with no small satisfaction that I have obtained by the courtesy of such eminent authority as that of Mr. David I. Bushnell, jr., of the Bureau of American Ethnology, who is now in Wilmington for investigations on the vanished race, the following paper, which he has kindly prepared for this volume.

I also include a paper by Capt. S. A. Ashe, and Dr. Joseph A. Holmes's report upon his personal investigations of the mounds in Duplin; and Mr. Bushnell has quoted from Mr. W. B. McKoy's valuable contributions on the same subject.

NOTES ON THE ARCHÆOLOGY OF NEW HANOVER COUNTY.

In reference to the Woccon, Saxapahaw, Cape Fear, and Warrennuncock Indians, we find it stated: "Of the North Carolina tribes bearing the foregoing names almost nothing is known, and of the last two even the proper names have not been recorded. The Woccon were Siouan; the Saxapahaw and Cape Fear Indians presumably were Siouan, as indicated from their associations and alliance with known Siouan tribes; while the Warrennuncock were probably some people better known under another name, although they cannot be identified."[1] Unfortunately the identity of the

[1]Mooney, James. The Siouan Tribes of the East. Bulletin Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, 1894, p. 65.

Cape Fear Indians has not been revealed, and it may ever remain a mystery. The name was first bestowed, by the early colonists, upon the Indians whom they found occupying the lands about the mouth of the Cape Fear River, and more especially the peninsula now forming the southern part of New Hanover County. It is also possible the term "Cape Fear Indians" was applied to any Indians found in the vicinity, regardless of their tribal connections, and, as will be shown later, the area was frequented by numbers of different tribes. Although the native people were often mentioned in early writings, it is doubtful whether the Indian population of the peninsula ever exceeded a few hundred.

Evidently Indians continued to occupy the lower part of the peninsula until about the year 1725, at which time, according to a well-substantiated tradition, they were driven from the section. "Roger Moore, because of his wealth and large number of slaves, was called King Roger. There is a tradition on the Cape Fear that he and his slaves had a battle with the Indians at the Sugar Loaf, nearly opposite the town of Brunswick. Governor Tryon, forty years later, mentions that the last battle with the Indians was when driving them from the Cape Fear in 1725. The tradition would seem to be well founded."[1]

At the present time, nearly two centuries after the expulsion of the last Indian inhabitants from the peninsula, we find many traces of their early occupancy of the area. Oysters, and other mollusks as well, served as important articles of food, and vast quantities of shells, intermingled with numerous fragments of pottery of Indian make, are encountered along the mainland, facing the sounds. These masses of shells do not necessarily indicate the sites of villages, or of permanent settlements, but rather of places visited at different times by various families or persons for the purpose of gathering oysters, clams, etc. The majority of these were probably consumed on the spot, while others, following the custom of the more northern tribes, may have

[1]Ashe, S. A. History of North Carolina. Greensboro, 1908. Vol. 1, p. 213.

been dried in the smoke of the wigwam and thus preserved for future use.

The many small pieces of pottery found, mingled with the shells, are pieces of vessels, probably cooking utensils, of the Indians. Many pieces bear on their outer or convex surfaces, the imprint of twisted cords; other fragments show the impressions of basketry. In a paper read before the Historical and Scientific Society, June 3, 1878, Mr. W. B. McKoy described this stage of pottery-making, after the clay had been properly prepared: "The mortar is then pressed by the hand on the inside of a hastily constructed basket of wickerwork and allowed to dry for a while; the basket is then inverted over a large fire of pitch pine and the pot is gradually hardened and blackened by the smoke, having the appearance of a thick iron pot. By constant use afterwards the particles of carbon that have entered the pores of the clay are burnt out and then the pot has a red appearance."[1] Fragments occur upon which the designs are characteristic of pottery from the interior and farther south; other pieces are undoubtedly the work of the southern Algonquin tribes. Within a radius of about one hundred miles were tribes of the Algonquin, Siouan, and Iroquoian stocks. Small parties of the different tribes were ever moving from place to place, and it is within reason to suppose that members of the various tribes, from time to time, visited the Cape Fear peninsula; thus explaining the presence of the variety of pottery discovered among the shell-heaps on the shore of the sound.

The most interesting village site yet examined is located about one and one-half miles south of Myrtle Sound, three miles north of the ruins of Fort Fisher, and less than one hundred yards from the sea beach. Three small shell-mounds are standing near the center of the area. The largest is about thirty inches in height and twenty feet in diameter. Quantities of pottery are scattered about on the surface, and a few pieces of stone are to be found. Sugar

[1]Published in the *Daily Review*, Wilmington, July 6, 1878.

Loaf, the scene of the last encounter with the Indians, in 1725, is less than one mile from this site in a northwesterly direction. Here, in the vicinity of the three shell mounds, was probably the last Indian settlement on the peninsula.

A level area of several acres at the end of Myrtle Sound was likewise occupied by a settlement, and fragments of pottery are very plentiful, these being intermingled with quantities of oyster and clamshells scattered over the surface. Many pieces of the earthenware from this site are unusually heavy and are probably parts of large cooking vessels.

Northward along the Sound are other places of equal interest, some having the appearance of having been occupied during comparatively recent years. This may be judged from the condition of the shells and the weathering of the pottery. Other remains may date from a much earlier period; but all represent the work of the one people, the Indians, who had occupied the country for centuries before the coming of the Europeans.

On both sides of Hewlets Creek, near its mouth, are numerous signs of Indian occupancy. On the north side, in the rear of the old McKoy house, are traces of an extensive camp, and many objects of Indian origin are said to have been found here during past years. On the opposite side of the creek is a large shell-heap in which fragments of pottery occur. Several miles northward, on the left bank of Barren Inlet Creek, about one-half mile from the Sound, are signs of a large settlement. Here an area of four or five acres is strewn with pottery. This was probably the site of a permanent village as distinguished from the more temporary camps met with on the shore of the Sound.

A careful examination of various sites existing on the peninsula would be of the greatest interest. The burial places of the ancient inhabitants of the country would undoubtedly be discovered, and this would assist in the identification of the people who bore the name "Cape Fear Indians," all traces of whom are so rapidly disappearing.

THE INDIAN MOUNDS OF THE CAPE FEAR.

By Prof. J. A. Holmes.

(Wilmington, N. C. Weekly Star, Oct. 26, 1883. Reprinted Journal Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society 1883-4, pages 73 to 79).

So far as is known to me, no account of the Indian burial mounds which are to be found in portions of eastern North Carolina, has, as yet, been published. This fact is considered a sufficient reason for the publication of the following notes concerning a few of these mounds which have been examined in Duplin and a few other counties in the region under consideration.

It is expected that the examination of other mounds will be carried on during the present year, and it is considered advisable to postpone generalized statements concerning them until these additional examinations have been completed. It may be stated, however, of the mounds that have been examined already, that they are quite different from those of Caldwell and other counties of the western section of the State, and of much less interest so far as contents are concerned. As will be seen from the following notes, they are usually low, rarely rising to more than three feet above the surrounding surface, with circular bases, varying in diameter from 15 to 40 feet; and they contain little more than the bones of human (presumably, Indian) skeletons, arranged in no special order. They have been generally built on somewhat elevated, dry, sandy places, out of a soil similar to that by which they are surrounded. No evidence of an excavation below the general surface has as yet been observed. In the process of burial, the bones or bodies seem to have been laid on the surface, or above, and covered up with soil taken from the vicinity of the mound. In every case that has come under my own observation charcoal has been found at the bottom of the mound.

Mound No. 1.—Duplin County, located at Kenansville, about one-half mile southwest from the courthouse, on a somewhat elevated, dry, sandy ridge. In form, its base is

nearly circular, 35 feet in diameter; height 3 feet. The soil of the mound is like that which surrounds it, with no evidence of stratification. The excavation was made by beginning on one side of the mound and cutting a trench 35 feet long, and to a depth nearly 2 feet below the general surface of the soil (5 feet below top of mound), and removing all the soil of the mound by cutting new trenches and filling up the old ones. In this way all the soil of the mound, and for two feet below its base, was carefully examined. The soil below the base of the mound did not appear to have been disturbed at the time the mound was built. The contents of the mound included fragments of charcoal, a few small fragments of pottery, a handful of small shells, and parts of sixty human skeletons. No implements of any kind were found. Small pieces of charcoal were scattered about in different portions of the mound, but the larger portion of the charcoal was found at one place, 3 or 4 feet square, near one side of the mound. At this place the soil was colored dark and seemed to be mixed with ashes. There were here with the charcoal fragments of bones, some of which were dark colored, and may have been burned; but they were so nearly decomposed that I was unable to satisfy myself as to this point. I could detect no evidence of burning, in case of the bones, in other portions of the mound. Fragments of pottery were few in number, small in size, and scattered about in different parts of the mound. They were generally scratched and cross-scratched on one side, but no definite figures could be made out. The shell "beads" were small in size—10 to 12 mm. in length. They are the *Marginella roscida* of Redfield, a small gasteropod, which is said to be now living along the coasts of this State. The specimens, about 75 in number, were all found together, lying in a bunch near the skull and breast bones of a skeleton. The apex of each one had been ground off obliquely so as to leave an opening passing through the shell from the apex to the anterior canal—probably for the purpose of stringing them.

The skeletons of this mound were generally much softened

from decay—many of the harder bones falling to pieces on being handled, while many of the smaller and softer bones were beyond recognition. They were distributed through nearly every portion of the mound, from side to side, and from the base to the top surface, without, so far as was discovered, any definite order as to their arrangement. None were found below the level of the surface of the soil outside the mound. In a few cases the skeletons occurred singly, with no others within several feet; while in other cases, several were found in actual contact with one another; and in one portion of the mound, near the outer edge, as many as twenty-one skeletons were found placed within the space of six feet square. Here, in the case last mentioned, several of the skeletons lay side by side, others on top of these, parallel to them, while still others lay on top of and across the first. When one skeleton was located above another, in some cases, the two were in actual contact; in other cases, they were separated by a foot or more of soil.

As to the position of the parts of the individual skeletons, this could not be fully settled in the present case on account of the decayed condition of many of the bones. The following arrangement of the parts, however, was found to be true of nearly every skeleton exhumed. The bones lay in a horizontal position, or nearly so. Those of the lower limbs were bent upon themselves at the knee, so that the thigh bone (femur) and the bones of the leg (tibia and fibula) lay parallel to one another, the bones of the foot and ankle being found with or near the hip bones. The knee cap, or patella, generally lying at its proper place, indicated that there must have been very little disturbance of the majority of the skeletons after their burial. The bones of the upper limbs also were seemingly bent upon themselves at the elbow; those of the forearm (humerus) generally lying quite or nearly side by side with the bones of the thigh and leg; the elbow joint pointing toward the hip bones, while the bones of the two arms below the elbow joint (radius and ulna) were in many cases crossed, as it were, in front of the body. The ribs and

vertebræ lay along by the side of, on top of, and between the bones of the upper and lower limbs, generally too far decayed to indicate their proper order or position. The skulls generally lay directly above or near the hip bones, in a variety of positions; in some cases the side, right or left, while in other cases the top of the skull, the base, or the front, was downward.

But two of the crania (A and B of the following table) obtained from this mound were sufficiently well preserved for measurement; and both of these, as shown by the teeth, are skulls of adults. C of this table is the skull of an adult taken from mound No. 2, below.

Crania.	Length.	Breadth.	Height.	Index of Breadth.	Index of Height.	Facial Angle.
A	193 mm.	151 mm.	144 mm.	.746	.746	74°
B	172 mm.	133 mm.	136 mm.	.772	.790	66°
C	180 mm.	137 mm.	147 mm.	.761	.816	63°

The skeletons were too much decomposed to permit the distinguishing of the sexes of the individuals to whom they belonged; but the size of the crania (adults) and other bones seem to indicate that a portion of the skeletons were those of women. One small cranium found was evidently that of a child—the second and third pair of incisor teeth appearing beyond the gums.

Mound No. 2.—Located 1 3-4 miles east of Hallsville, Duplin County, on a somewhat elevated, dry, sandy region. Base of mound nearly circular, 22 feet in diameter; height, 3 feet, surface rounded over the top. Soil similar to that which surrounds the mound—light sandy. Excavations of one-half of the mound exposed portions of eight skeletons, fragments of charcoal and pottery, arranged in much the same way as described above in case of mound No. 1. The bones being badly decomposed, and the mound being thoroughly penetrated by the roots of trees growing over it, the excavation was stopped. No implements or weapons of any kind were found. There was no evidence of any excavation hav-

ing been made below the general surface, in the building of the mound, but rather evidence to the contrary. The third cranium (C) of the above table was taken from this mound.

Mound No. 3.—Located in a dry, sandy, and rather elevated place about one-third of a mile east of Hallsville, Duplin County. In size and shape this mound resembles those already mentioned: Base circular, 31 feet in diameter; height 2 1-2 feet. No excavation was made, other than what was sufficient to ascertain that the mound contained bones of human skeletons.

Mound No. 4.—Duplin County, located in a rather level, sandy region, about one mile from Sarecta P. O., on the property of Branch Williams. Base of mound circular, 35 feet in diameter; height 2 1-2 feet. Soil sandy, like that which surrounds it. Around the mound, extending out for a distance varying from 5 to 10 yards, there was a depression, which, in addition to the similarity of soils mentioned above, affords ground for the conjecture that here, as in a number of other cases, it is probable the mound was built by the throwing on of soil from its immediate vicinity. Only a partial excavation was made, with the result of finding human bones, and a few small fragments of charcoal and pottery.

Since the above mounds were visited, I have obtained information as to the localities of mounds, similar to those described, in the eastern, southern, and western portions of Duplin County; and I can hardly doubt but that a closer examination of this region will prove them to be more numerous than they are now generally supposed to be.

In Sampson County, the localities of several mounds have been noted; only one of these, however, so far as I am informed, has been examined with care. This one (Mound No. 5), examined by Messrs. Phillips and Murphy of the Clinton School, is located about 2 1-2 miles west of Clinton (Sampson County), on the eastern exposure of a small hill. In general character it resembles the mounds already described. Base circular, 40 feet in diameter; height 3 1-2

feet; soil sandy loam, resembling that surrounding the mound. Contents consisted of small fragments of charcoal, two bunches of small shell "beads," and parts of 16 human skeletons. These skeletons were not distributed uniformly throughout the portion of the mound examined. At one place there were 9, at another 6, and at a third 5 skeletons, lying close to, and in some cases on top of, one another. In this point as in the position of the parts of the skeletons ("doubled-up") this mound resembles those described above. The bones were generally soft from decay. The small shells were found in bunches under two skulls; they are of the same kind (*Marginella roscida,* Redfield) as those from Mound No. 1, and their ends were ground off in the same way. No bones were found below the surface level, and there was no evidence of excavations having been made below this point. No stone implements of any kind were found in the mound. One-half of this mound was examined.

In Robeson and Cumberland Counties several mounds have been examined; and for information concerning these, I am indebted to Mr. Hamilton McMillan.

Five mounds are reported as having been examined in Robeson County, averaging 60 feet in circumference, and 2 feet high, all located on elevated, dry ridges, near swamps, or water-courses; and all contained bones of human skeletons. One of these mounds, located about two miles east of Red Springs, examined by Mr. McMillan, in 1882, contained about 50 skeletons. Many of these bones near the surface of the mound, in Mr. McMillan's opinion, had been partly burned—those nearer the bottom were in a better state of preservation. There was an "entire absence of skulls and teeth" from this mound—a somewhat remarkable fact. A broken stone "celt" was found among the remains; but with this one unimportant exception, no mention has been made of implements having been found.

In addition to the above, Mr. D. Sinclair, of Plain View, Robeson County, has informed me that he has seen four mounds in the southern portion of this county—two near

Brooklyn P. O., and two between Leesville and Fair Bluff, about five miles from the latter place.

In Cumberland County, two mounds are reported by Mr. McMillan as having been examined. One of these, located about ten miles south of Fayetteville, was found to contain the crumbled bones of a single person, lying in an east and west direction. There was also found in this mound a fragment of rock rich in silver ore. The other mound, located ten miles southwest from Fayetteville, near Rockfish Creek, was examined by Mr. McMillan in 1860, and found to contain a large number of skeletons, * * * bones were well preserved and, without exception, those of adults." The mound was located on a high, sandy ridge, its base about 20 feet in diameter; height 2 1-2 feet.

In Wake County one mound has been reported as being located on the northeast and several on the southwest side of the Neuse River, about seven miles east from Raleigh; and from the former it is stated that a large number of stone implements have been removed. But I have been unable to examine these or to obtain any definite information concerning them. One mound in this county, examined in 1882 by Mr. W. S. Primrose, of Raleigh, is worthy of mention in this connection, as it resembles in general character the mounds of Duplin County. This mound is located about ten miles south of Raleigh, on a small plateau covered with an original growth of pines. Base of mound circular, about 14 feet in diameter; height 2 feet. The contents of the mound consisted of small fragments of charcoal, and the bones of 10 or 12 human skeletons, much decayed, and arranged, so far as could be determined, without any reference to order or regularity. No weapons or implements of any kind were found.

THE INDIANS OF THE LOWER CAPE FEAR.

By S. A. Ashe.

The Indians along the Pamlico and Albemarle were of Northern origin; those on the Cape Fear were of Southern origin. The Yamassees, who originally lived along the coast east of Savannah, were driven back into Georgia soon after the settlement. The Indians dwelling on the Santee, the Pee Dee, and their branches, seem to have been different from the Yamassees, and offshoots from one tribe or nation —the Old Cheraws. There was an Indian tradition that before the coming of the Englishmen the principal body of that tribe, called Cheraw- (or Chero-) kees, after a long fight with the Catawbas, removed to the mountains; but the minor offshoots, along the rivers of South Carolina, were not disturbed.

When the Cape Fear Indians were at war with the settlers at Old Town, the Indians along the southern Carolina coast knew of it, but did not take up arms against the English, and were very friendly with those who, along with Sandford, visited them in 1665. The Indians on the lower Cape Fear are said to have been Congarees, a branch of the Old Cheraws. Soon after the settlement, they were driven away. In 1731, Dr. Bricknell, who made an extended journey to the western part of North Carolina in an embassy to the Indians in the mountains, in his *Natural History of North Carolina,* said: "The Saponas live on the west branch of the Cape Fear River; the Toteros are neighbors to them; the Keyawees live on a branch that lies to the Northwest."

Two or three years later, Governor Burrington mentioned that the small tribes that had resided near the settlements had entirely disappeared; and in 1733, he also mentioned the fact that "some South Carolina grants had been located on the north side of the Waccamaw River, on lands formerly occupied by the Congarees."

The ending "ee" signifies, perhaps, "river." It is sur-

mised that the true name of Lumber River was Lumbee. Another termination was "aw"—Wax-haw, Saxapahaw, Cheraw, Burghaw. The Burghaw Indians occupied what we call Burgaw.

THE FIRST ATTEMPTED SETTLEMENT, CHARLESTOWN.

The first trading on the Cape Fear River of which we have any record was by a party of adventurers from Massachusetts in the year 1660.

The Historian Bryant says: "There were probably few bays or rivers along the coast, from the Bay of Fundy to Florida, unexplored by the New Englanders, where there was any promise of profitable trade with the Indians. The colonist followed the trader wherever unclaimed lands were open to occupation. These energetic pioneers explored the sounds and rivers south of Virginia in pursuit of Indian traffic, and contrasted the salubrity of the climate and the fertility of the soil with that region of rocks where they made their homes, and where winter reigns for more than half the year. In 1660 or 1661, a company of these men purchased of the natives and settled upon a tract of land at the mouth of the Cape Fear River. Their first purpose was apparently the raising of stock, as the country seemed peculiarly fitted to grazing, and they brought a number of neat cattle and swine to be allowed to feed at large under the care of herdsmen. But they aimed at something more than this nomadic occupation, and a company was formed in which a number of adventurers in London were enlisted, to found a permanent colony."

The most authentic account of the first settlement on the river states that about the time the New Englanders explored that region, John Vassall and others at Barbadoes, purposing to make a settlement on the coast of Virginia, sent out Captain William Hilton in his ship, the *Adventurer,* to explore the Cape Fear; and he made a favorable

report. Soon afterwards, the New England colonists arrived, but learning of Hilton's visit, thought it best not to make a settlement at that time; so they turned loose their cattle on the island and left a paper in a box stating that it was a bad place for a settlement. Because of this, Vassall again sent Hilton and with him Anthony Long and Peter Fabian to make a more thorough examination.

On Monday, October 12, 1663, the *Adventurer* came to anchor a second time in what they called "The Cape Fear Roads," and then the explorers proceeded to examine the lands along the river. Their "main river" was our "Northeast." They called the northwest branch, the Hilton, and the "Cut-off" the Green. They ascended both branches about seventy-five miles, and were much pleased. Along the main river, they named Turkey Quarter, Rocky Point and Stag Park, names that have been perpetuated to this day.

While these explorations were being made, the King granted the whole country south of Virginia to the Lords Proprietors, and the promoters of the proposed colony, both in New England and in Barbadoes, applied to the Lords Proprietors for terms of settlement. These gentlemen sought to foster the enterprise, and in compliment to the King named the river, the Charles, and the town to be built, Charlestown, and the region they called Clarendon County. Eventually, the New England Association, John Vassall and his friends at Barbadoes, and Henry Vassall and the other London merchants who were to supply the colony, were all brought into a common enterprise; and on May 24, 1664, the first settlers disembarked at the junction of the river and Town Creek, about 20 miles from the bar. These were followed by accessions from New England and Barbadoes until the number of colonists reached six hundred. John Vassall was appointed the surveyor and was the chief man in the colony, being the leading promoter of the enterprise, while Henry Vassall managed affairs at London. The Proprietors, however, selected as governor the man

they thought of greatest influence at Barbadoes, Colonel John Yeamans; and the King, to show his favor to the colony, conferred on Yeamans the honor of knighthood, and he also made a gift to the colony of cannon and munitions for defense. In November, 1665, Sir John reached the colony, and shortly thereafter the first assembly was held on the Cape Fear. There was already a war with the Indians, arising, according to some accounts, from the bad faith of the Massachusetts men who had sold into slavery some Indian children, as well as the Indians they were able to take prisoners. There was also dissatisfaction with the regulations of the Proprietors, and especially because the colonists were not allowed to elect their own governor, as the people of Massachusetts did. Sir John soon left the colony and returned to Barbadoes; and as some of the Proprietors had died, and, England being at war with Holland, the others were too busy to attend to the affairs of the infant colony, for more than a year Vassall's appeals to the Proprietors received no answer. The settlers becoming disheartened, Vassall did all he could to satisfy them, but they felt cut off and abandoned. After they had found a way to reach Albemarle and Virginia by land, he could no longer hold them. On October 6, 1667, Vassall wrote from Nansemond, Virginia, a touching account of the failure of the colony.

REPORT OF COMMISSIONERS SENT FROM BARBADOES TO EXPLORE THE RIVER CAPE FEAR IN 1663.

(Lawson's History of North Carolina, p. 113.)

From Tuesday, the 29th of September, to Friday, the 2nd of October, we ranged along the shore from lat. 32 deg. 20 min. to lat. 33 deg. 11 min., but could discern no entrance for our ship, after we had passed to the northward of 32 deg. 40 min. On Saturday, October 3, a violent storm overtook us, the wind being north and east; which easterly winds and foul weather continued till Monday, the 12th; by reason of which storms and foul weather we were forced to get off to sea, to secure ourselves and ship, and were driven by the rapidity of a strong current to Cape Hatteras, in lat. 35 deg. 30 min. On Monday, the 12th, aforesaid, we came to an anchor in seven fathoms at Cape Fair Road, and took the meridian altitude of the sun, and were in lat. 33 deg. 43 min., the wind still continuing easterly, and foul weather till Thursday, the 15th; and on Friday, the 16th, the wind being N.W., we weighed and sailed up Cape Fair River some four or five leagues, and came to an anchor in six or seven fathom, at which time several Indians came on board and brought us great store of fresh fish, large mullets, young bass, shads, and several other sorts of very good, well-tasted fish. On Saturday, the 17th, we went down to the Cape to see the English cattle, but could not find them, though we rounded the Cape, and having an Indian guide with us. Here we rode till October 24th. The wind being against us, we could not go up the river with our ship; but went on shore and viewed the land of those quarters.

On Saturday we weighed and sailed up the river some four leagues or thereabouts.

Sunday, the 25th, we weighed again and rowed up the river, it being calm, and got up some fourteen leagues from the harbor's mouth, where we moored our ship.

On Monday, October 26th, we went down with the yawl to Necoes, an Indian plantation, and viewed the land there.

On Tuesday, the 27th, we rowed up the main river with our long boat and twelve men, some ten leagues or thereabouts.

On Wednesday, the 28th, we rowed up about eight or ten leagues more.

Thursday, the 29th, was foul weather, with much rain and wind, which forced us to make huts and lie still.

Friday, the 30th, we proceeded up the main river seven or eight leagues.

Saturday, the 31st, we got up three or four leagues more, and came to a tree that lay across the river; but because our provisions were almost spent, we proceeded no further, but returned downward before night; and on Monday, the 2nd of November, we came aboard our ship.

Tuesday, the 3rd, we lay still to refresh ourselves.

On Wednesday, the 4th, we went five or six leagues up the river to search a branch that run out of the main river toward the northwest. In which we went up five or six leagues; but not liking the land, returned on board that night about midnight, and called that place, Swampy Branch.

Thursday, November 5th, we stayed aboard.

On Friday, the 6th, we went up Green's River, the mouth of it being against the place at which rode our ship.

On Saturday, the 7th, we proceeded up the said river, some fourteen or fifteen leagues in all, and found it ended in several small branches. The land, for the most part, being marshy and swamps, we returned towards our ship, and got aboard it in the night.

Sunday, November the 8th, we lay still; and on Monday, the 9th, went again up the main river, being well stocked with provisions and all things necessary, and proceeded upward till Thursday noon, the 12th, at which time we came to a place where were two islands in the middle of the river; and by reason of the crookedness of the river at that place, several trees lay across both branches, which stopped the passage of each branch, so that we could proceed no further with our boat; but went up the river by land some three or four miles, and found the river wider and wider. So we

returned, leaving it as far as we could see up, a long reach running N.E., we judging ourselves near fifty leagues north from the river's mouth.

* * * * * * *

We saw mulberry trees, multitudes of grapevines, and some grapes, which we eat of. We found a very large and good tract of land on the N.W. side of the river, thin of timber, except here and there a very great oak, and full of grass, commonly as high as a man's middle, and in many places to his shoulders, where we saw many deer and turkeys; one deer having very large horns and great body, therefore called it Stag-Park.

It being a very pleasant and delightful place, we traveled in it several miles, but saw no end thereof. So we returned to our boat, and proceeded down the river, and came to another place, some twenty-five leagues from the river's mouth on the same side, where we found a place no less delightful than the former; and, as far as we could judge, both tracts came into one. This lower place we called Rocky Point, because we found many rocks and stones of several sizes upon the land, which is not common. We sent our boat down the river before us, ourselves traveling by land many miles. Indeed we were so much taken with the pleasantness of the country, that we traveled into the woods too far to recover our boat and company that night.

The next day, being Sunday, we got to our boat; and on Monday, the 16th of November, proceeded down to a place on the east side of the river, some twenty-three leagues from the harbour's mouth, which we called Turkey Quarters, because we killed several turkeys thereabouts. We viewed the land there and found some tracts of good ground, and high, facing upon the river about one mile inward; but backward, some two miles, all pine land, but good pasture-ground.

We returned to our boat and proceeded down some two or three leagues, where we had formerly viewed, and found it a tract of as good land as any we have seen, and had as good

timber on it. The banks on the river being high, therefore we called it High Land Point.

Having viewed that we proceeded down the river, going on shore in several places on both sides, it being generally large marshes, and many of them dry, that they may more fitly be called meadows. The woodland against them is, for the most part pine, and in some places as barren as ever we saw land, but in other places good pasture ground.

On Tuesday, November the 17th, we got aboard our ship, riding against the mouth of Green's River, where our men were providing wood, and fitting the ship for sea. In the interim we took a view of the country on both sides of the river there, finding some good land, but more bad, and the best not comparable to that above.

Friday the 20th was foul weather; yet in the afternoon we weighed, went down the river about two leagues, and came to an anchor against the mouth of Hilton's River, and took a view of the land there on both sides which appeared to us much like that at Green's River.

Monday, the 23d, we went with our long-boat, well victualed and manned, up Hilton's River; and when we came three leagues or thereabouts up the same, we found this and Green's River to come into one, and so continued for four or five leagues, which makes a great island betwixt them. We proceeded still up the river till they parted again; keeping up Hilton's River, on the larboard side, and followed the said river five or six leagues further, where we found another large branch of Green's River, to come into Hilton's which makes another great island. On the starboard side going up, we proceeded still up the river, some four leagues, and returned, taking a view of the land on both sides, and then judged ourselves to be from our ship some eighteen leagues W. by N.

* * * * * * *

Proceeding down the river two or three leagues further, we came to a place where there were nine or ten canoes all together. We went ashore there and found several Indians,

but most of them were the same which had made peace with us before. We stayed very little at that place but went directly down the river, and came to our ship before day.

Thursday, the 26th of November, the wind being at south, we could not go down to the river's mouth; but on Friday the 27th we weighed at the mouth of Hilton's River, and got down a league towards the harbor's mouth.

On Sunday, the 29th, we got down to Crane Island, which is four leagues, or thereabouts, above the entrance of the harbor's mouth. On Tuesday, the 1st of December, we made a purchase of the river and land of Cape Fair, of Wat Coosa, and such other Indians as appeared to us to be the chief of those parts. They brought us store of fresh fish aboard, as mullets, shads, and other sorts, very good.

There was a writing left in a post, at the point of Cape Fair River, by those New England men that left cattle with the Indians there, the contents whereof tended not only to the disparagement of the land about the said river, but also to the great discouragement of all such as should hereafter come into those parts to settle. In answer to that scandalous writing, we, whose names are underwritten, do affirm, that we have seen, facing both sides of the river and branches of Cape Fair aforesaid, as good land and as well timbered as any we have seen in any other part of the world, sufficient to accommodate thousands of our English nation, and lying commodiously by the said river's side. On Friday, the 4th of December, the wind being fair, we put to sea, bound for Barbadoes; and on the 6th of February, 1663-4, came to an anchor in Carlisle Bay—it having pleased God, after several apparent dangers both by sea and land, to bring us all in safety to our long-wished for and much-desired port, to render an account of our discovery, the verity of which we do assert.

Anthony Long.
William Hilton.
Peter Fabian.

SANFORD'S ACCOUNT OF CONDITIONS IN CHARLES RIVER.

(Colonial Records, Vol. I, p. 120.)

The Right Honoble the Lords Proprietors of the Province of Carolina in prosecucon of his sacred Ma^tles^ pious intencons of planting and civillizing there his domin^s^ and people of Northerne America, w^ch^ Neighbour Southward on Virginia (by some called Florida) found out and discovered by S^r^ Sebastian Cabott in the year 1497 at the charges of H: 7: King of England co.) constituted S^r^. John Yeamans Baronet their L^t^ Generall with ample powers for placing a Colony in some of the Rivers to the Southward and Westward of Cape S^t^ Romania who departing from the Island Barbadoes in Octob: 1665 in a Fly boate of about 150 Tonns accompanyed by a small Friggatt of his owne and a Sloope purchased by a Comon purse for the service of the Colonyes after they had been separated by a great storme att Sea (wherein the Friggatt lost all her Mast and himselfe had like to have foundred and were all brought together againe in the beginning of November to an Anchor before the mouth of Charles River neere Cape Feare in the County of Clarendon, part of the same Province newly begunn to be peopled and within the L^t^ Gen^lls^ Commission. They were after blowne from their Anchors by a suddaine violent Gust, the Fly boate S^r^ John was in narrowly escapeing the dangerous shoales of the Cape. But this proved but a short difference in their Fate, for returning with a favorable winde to a second viewe of the entrance into Charles River but destituted of all pilates (save their owne eyes which the flattering Gale that conducted them did alsoe delude by covering the rough visage of their objected dangers with a thicke vaile of smoth waters) they stranded their vessell on the middle ground of the harbours mouth to the Westward of the Channell where the Ebbe presently left her and the wind with its owne multeplyed forces and the auxiliaryes of the tide of flood beate her to

peeces. The persons were all saved by the neighborhood of the shore but the greatest part of their provision of victualls clothes &c: and of the Magazine of Armes powder and other Military furniture shipped by the Lords Proprietors for the defence of the designed settlement perished in the waters the L^{t} Gen^{ll} purposed at first immediately to repaire his Friggatt which together with the Sloop gate safely into the River when the Fly boate was driven off) and to send her back to Barbados for security whilst himself in person attended the issue of that discovery which I and some other Gentlemen offered to make Southwards in the Sloope, But when the great and growing necessityes of the English Colony in Charles River (heightened by this disaster) begann clamorously to crave the use of the Sloope in a voyage to Virginia for their speedy reliefe, S^{r} John altered that his first resolution and permitting the sloope to goe to Virginia returned himself to Barbados in his Friggatt. Yett that the designe of the Southern Settlement might not wholy fall, Hee considered with the freighters of the sloope that in case she miscarryed in her Virginia voyage they should hire Captain Edward Stanyons vessell (then in there harbour but bound for Barbadoes) to performe the Discovery and left a commission with mee for the effecting it upon the returne of the Sloope or Stanion which should first happen.

The sloope in her comeing home from Virginia loaded with victualls being ready by reason of her extreme rottenness in her timbers to Sinke was driven on shoare by a storme in the night on Cape looke out (the next head land to the north and Eastward of Cape Feare and about 20 Le: distant her men all saved except two and with many difficulties brought by their boate through the great Sound into Albemarle River neare the Island Roanoke (within this same Province of Carolina, to the English Plantation there—

Captain Stanyon in returning from Babados weakly maned and without any second to himselfe driven to and agen on the seas for many weekes by contrary winds and conquered with

care, vexation and watching lost his reason, and after many wild extravagances leapt over board in a frenzye leaveing his small Company and vessell (to the much more quiet and constant though but little knowing and prudent conduct of a child, who yett assisted by a miraculous providence after many wanderings brought her safe to Charles River in Clarendon her desire port and haven. * * *

[Then Sandford gives an account of his voyage along the coast of southern Carolina, the following extract being of interest.]

Indeed all along I observed a kind of emulation amongst the three principall Indians of the Country (vizt:) those of Keywaha Eddistowe and Port Royall concerning us and our Friendshipp each contending to assure it to themselves and jealous of the other though all be allyed and this notwithstanding that they knew wee were in actuall warre with the natives att Clarendon and had killed and sent away many of them For they frequently discoursed with us concerning the warre, told us that the Natives were noughts, the land sandy and barren, their Country sickly, but if wee would come amongst them wee should finde the contrary to all their evills, and never any accasion of dischargeing our gunns but in merryment and for pastime.

* * * * * * *

ROBT: SANDFORD.

MASSACHUSETTS SENDING SOME RELIEF.

(Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts, page 238.)

In 1667 the people at Cape Fear being under distressing circumstances, a general contribution by order of court was made through the colony for their relief. Although this was a colony subject to the proprietary government of Lord Clarendon and others, yet the foundation was laid about the time of the Restoration by adventurers from New England who supposed they had a right to the soil as first occupants and purchasers from the natives, and, issuing from Massachusetts, to the same civil privileges; but they were disappointed as to both.

THE END OF CHARLESTOWN.

JOHN VASSALL TO SIR JOHN COLLETON.

(P. P. R. O. Shaftesbury Papers, Bdle. 48, No. 8.)

NANCYMOND IN VIRGINNY 6th October 1667.

Honnorable Sir,

I presume you have heard of the unhapy Loss of our Plantation on Charles River the reason of which I could never soe well have understood had I not com hither to heare; how that all that came from us made it their business soe to exclaime against the Country as they had rendered it unfitt for a Christian habitation; which hindered the coming of the people & supplys to us soe as the rude Rable of our INhabitants ware dayly redy to mutany against mee for keeping them there soe long; insomuch that after they had found a way to com hither by land all the arguments and authority I could use wold noe longer prevail which inforced mee to stop the first ship that came till I could send for more shipping to carry us all away togeather espetially such weak persons as ware not able to goe by land the charge and trouble whereof and the loss of my Estate there having soe ruened mee as I am not well able to settle myself heare or in any other place to live comfortably. But had it pleased God to bring my Cauzen vassall safe hither wee had bin yett in a flourishing condition. I sent one Whiticar last November on purpose at my owne charge to give the Lords an account of our condition but hee was taken by the way soe as I have not heard a word from any of you since I receaved my Commissions by Mr. Sanford and indeed we ware as a poore Company of deserted people little regarded by any others and noe way able to supply ourselves with clothing and necessaries nor any number considerable to defend ourselves from the Indians all which was occationed by the hard termes of your Consetions which made our friends that sett us out from Barbadoes to forsake us, soe as they would neither suply us with necessaries nor find shipping to fetch us away, yet had wee had but 200£ sent us in Clothing wee had made a com-

fortable shift for annother yeare, and I offered to stay there if but twenty men would stay with mee till wee had heard from your Lordships, for wee had corne enough for two yeares for a farr greater number and tho' the Indians had killed our Cattle yett wee might have defended ourselves but I could not find 6. men that wold be true to me to stay: soe was constrained to leave it to my greate loss & ruin, and I fear you will not have a much better account of your plantation at Roanoke unless a better course be taken to incorage their stay for they are not without greate cause of complaints.

This with my very humble servis presented is all at present From Your honnors humble servant

JOHN VASSALL

To the Honorable Sir John Coliton
Knight and Barronett at Nerehald
These present
In Essex.

SAMUEL MAVERICKE TO SEC. L[d] ARLINGTON.

(P. P. R. O. Shaftesbury Papers, Vol. XXI, 134.)

The plantations at Cape Feare are deserted, the inhabitants have since come hither, some to Virginia.

Yo most obliged
humble Servant
SAMUELL MAVERICKE

Boston
Oct. 16, 1667.

CAPE FEAR PIRATES OF 1719.

After the departure of the colonists from Charlestown in 1667 Clarendon County again became a solitude. A few years later a new Charlestown was begun further south, and in its management, Sir John Yeamans proved himself a wise and efficient Governor, and a meritorious and beneficent administrator.

There was a wide breadth of wilderness between the settlements in North and South Carolina, and before 1725 it was not determined to which province the Cape Fear River

belonged. About 1692 Landgrave Smith located a grant of 48,000 acres on that river, and other South Carolina grants were located near the confluence of its two branches; but there was no permanent settlement made. One Lockwood, from Barbadoes, however, made a settlement farther to the south, which the Indians destroyed, and hence the name to this day of "Lockwood's Folly."

The solitude remained unbroken until in 1719, when Steed Bonnet, an infamous pirate, established himself within the harbor and made such depredations on the commerce of Charleston that Colonel Rhett organized an expedition against him. A notable battle took place near where Southport now stands, ending in the destruction of Bonnet's vessel and the capture of many of the pirates. Two days later other pirate vessels were taken at sea, and more than a hundred pirates were hanged at one time on the wharves of Charleston. It is supposed that some of Bonnet's men escaped and made their way up the river, eventually amalgamating with a small tribe of Indians on the Lumber River, where, soon after the settlement of the Cape Fear, in 1725, a considerable number of English-speaking people were found.

Permanent Settlement

THE TOWN OF BRUNSWICK.

On the 24th of January, 1712, was commissioned the first Governor of the Province of North Carolina, separate and distinct from the Province of South Carolina.

In the year 1711 a horrible massacre of the colonists in Albemarle occurred, which was characterized by such fiendish cruelty on the part of the Indians, led principally by Tuscaroras, that the colony on the Neuse and Pamlico was blighted for years and well-nigh destroyed. One hundred and thirty persons were butchered in two hours under the most appalling circumstances. Women were laid upon the house floors and great stakes driven through their bodies; other atrocities were committed too frightful to think of, and more than eighty unbaptized infants were dashed to pieces against trees. Although it appears that there were occasional difficulties with the Indians during the early settlements, this seems to have been the first general uprising in the Province. It led to the Tuscarora War, which would probably have exterminated the white people in North Carolina but for the timely and generous assistance of South Carolina, which voted £4,000 Sterling, and dispatched troops immediately to Albemarle without so much as asking for security or promise to pay. It appears, however, that Virginia, a near neighbor, failed to render any aid, although urged to do so by Governor Spottswood in an eloquent speech to the Legislature of that Province. It is this war which leads us to the introduction of Colonel James Moore, son of Governor James Moore, of South Carolina, who came from South Carolina with a second force of troops to the help of our colonists, and by his active and efficient campaign made short work of the Tuscaroras and restored peace to our sorely troubled people.

Meanwhile, a third army had come from South Carolina under Major Maurice Moore, a younger brother of Colonel James Moore, who after peace remained in Albemarle. The

next year the people of South Carolina were themselves in danger of extermination because of a most terrible Indian war, and Major Maurice Moore was dispatched with a force to their relief. He marched along the coast, crossing the Cape Fear near Sugar Loaf, and was so well pleased with the river lands that he conceived the idea of settling them. The Lords Proprietors, however, had prohibited the making of any settlement within twenty miles of that river, and it was some time before he could carry out his plan. Finally, in 1725, he and his kindred and friends in Albemarle and South Carolina joined in settling the Cape Fear country. His brother, Roger Moore, had married a daughter of Landgrave Smith, who in 1692 had located a grant of 48,000 acres on the Cape Fear, and perhaps this had an influence in bringing about the settlement. Roger Moore came with his hundreds of slaves and built Orton, while Maurice Moore selected a most admirable site on a bluff near Orton, fifteen miles below the present city of Wilmington, and laid out a town which he called Brunswick, in honor of the reigning family. Brunswick quickly prospered, for a steady stream of population flowed in, and the trade of the river grew rapidly. In 1731 Dr. Brickell wrote in his *Natural History of North Carolina,* "Brunswick has a great trade, a number of merchants and rich planters." At that early period forty-two vessels, carrying valuable cargoes, sailed from the port in one year.

In its early years Brunswick was in Carteret Precinct, for when Carteret Precinct, as the counties were formerly called, was established in 1722, it ran down the coast to the unknown confines of North Carolina, and back into the wilderness without limitation.

So the settlement at Brunswick, in 1725, was in Carteret, until New Hanover Precinct was established; and then it was in New Hanover, which at first embraced the territory now in Duplin, Sampson, Bladen, and Brunswick Counties. It was not until shortly before the Revolution that Brunswick was cut off from New Hanover.

As the Cape Fear region was originally in Carteret Precinct, some of the early grants and deeds for lands in New Hanover and Brunswick were registered at Beaufort, the county seat of Carteret.

A VISIT TO THE CAPE FEAR IN 1734.

(Georgia Historical Papers, Vol. II, p. 54.)

I intend after my return to Charleston to take a journey, by land, to Cape Fear in North Carolina, which I have heard so much talk of. * * *

I set out from Charleston on the 10th of June, on my travels to Cape Fear, in North Carolina, in company with thirteen more, and the first night reached Mr. More's, in Goose Creek. * * *

The next morning, just as we were setting out from thence, our tired horses came in, when we ordered them to be left there till further orders; we left the boys behind to come after us as well as they could. We reached Little Charlotta by dinner time, which is about fifteen miles from Ash's, or Little River; we dined there, and in the afternoon crossed the ferry, where we intended to sleep that night. We reached there about eight the same night, after having crossed the ferry.

It is so named after one Lockwood, a Barbadian, who with several others attempted to settle it some time ago; but, by his cruel behavior to the Indians, they drove him from thence, and it has not been settled above ten years. We left Lockwood's Folly about eight the next morning, and by two reached the town of Brunswick, which is the chief town in Cape Fear; but with no more than two of the same horses which came with us out of South Carolina. We dined there that afternoon. Mr. Roger More hearing we were come, was so kind as to send fresh horses for us to come up to his house, which we did, and were kindly received by him; he being the chief gentleman in all Cape Fear. His house is built of brick, and exceedingly pleasantly situated about two

miles from the town, and about half a mile from the river; though there is a creek comes close up to the door, between two beautiful meadows about three miles length. He has a prospect of the town of Brunswick, and of another beautiful brick house, a building about half a mile from him, belonging to Eleazar Allen, Esq., late speaker to the Commons House of Assembly, in the province of South Carolina. There were several vessels lying about the town of Brunswick, but I shall forbear giving a description of that place; yet on the 20th of June we left Mr. Roger More's, accompanied by his brother, Nathaniel More, Esq., to a plantation of his, up the northwest branch of Cape Fear River. The river is wonderfully pleasant, being, next to Savannah, the finest on all the continent.

We reached the Forks, as they call it, that same night, where the river divides into two very beautiful branches, called the Northeast and the Northwest, passing by several pretty plantations on both sides. We lodged that night at one Mr. Jehu Davis's, and the next morning, proceeded up the Northwest branch; when we got about two miles from thence, we came to a beautiful plantation, belonging to Captain Gabriel, who is a great merchant there, where were two ships, two sloops, and a brigantine, loaded with lumber for the West Indies: it is about twenty-two miles from the bar; when we came about four miles higher up, we saw an opening on the northeast side of us, which is called Black River, on which there is a great deal of good meadow land, but there is not any one settled on it.

The next night we came to another plantation belonging to Mr. Roger More, called the Blue Banks, where he is a going to build another very large brick house. This bluff is at least a hundred feet high, and has a beautiful prospect over a fine large meadow, on the opposite side of the river; the houses are all built on the southwest side of the river, it being for the most part high champaign land: the other side is very much subject to overflow, but I cannot learn they have lost but one crop. I am credibly informed they

have very commonly fourscore bushels of corn on an acre of their overflowed land. It very rarely overflows but in the winter time, when their crop is off. I must confess I saw the finest corn growing there that I ever saw in my life, as likewise wheat and hemp. We lodged there that night at one Captain Gibb's, adjoining to Mr. More's plantation, where we met with very good entertainment. The next morning we left his house, and proceeded up the said river to a plantation belonging to Mr. John Davis, where we dined. The plantations on this river are very much alike as to the situation; but there are many more improvements on some than on others; this house is built after the Dutch fashion, and made to front both ways—on the river, and on the land, he has a beautiful avenue cut through the woods for above two miles, which is a great addition to the house. We left his house about two in the afternoon, and the same evening reached Mr. Nathaniel More's plantation, which is reckoned forty miles from Brunswick. It is likewise a very pleasant place on a bluff upwards of sixty feet high. I forebore mentioning any thing either as to the goodness or the badness of the land in my passage from South Carolina, it being, in short, nothing but a sandy bank from Winneaw Ferry to Brunswick; and, indeed, the town itself is not much better at present: it is that which has given this place such a bad name on account of the land, it being the only road to South Carolina, from the northern part of the continent, and as there are a great many travellers from New York, New England, &c., who go to Charleston, having been asked what sort of land they have in Cape Fear, have not stuck out to say that it is all a mere sand bank; but let those gentlemen take a view of the rivers, and they will soon be convinced to the contrary, as well as myself, who, must confess, till then was of their opinion, but now am convinced by ocular demonstration, for I have not so much as seen one foot of bad land since my leaving Brunswick. About three days after my arrival at Mr. More's, there came a sloop of one hundred tons, and upward, from South Carolina, to be laden with

corn, which is sixty miles at least from the bar. I never yet heard of any man who was ever at the head of that river, but they tell me the higher you go up the better the land, and the river grows wider and wider. There are people settled at least forty miles higher up, but indeed the tide does not flow, at the most, above twenty miles higher. Two days after, I was taken very ill of an ague and fever, which continued on me for near a month, in which time my companions left me, and returned to South Carolina. When I began to recover my health a little, I mentioned to Mr. More the great desire I had to see Waccamaw Lake, as I had heard so much talk of it, and been myself a great way up the river, that I was sure by the course of the country, I could not be above twenty miles from thence, he told me he had a negro fellow, who he thought could carry me to it, and that he would accompany me himself, with some others of his acquaintance. On the 18th of July we set out from his house on horseback, with every one his gun, and took the negro with us. We rode about four miles on a direct course through an open pine barren, when we came to a large cane swamp, about half a mile through, which we crossed in about an hour's time, but I was astonished to see the innumerable sight of musquetoes, and the largest that I ever saw in my life, for they made nothing to fetch blood of us through our buckskin gloves, coats, and jackets. As soon as we got through that swamp, we came to another open pine barren, where we saw a great herd of deer, the largest and fattest that ever I saw in those parts: we made shift to kill a brace of them, which we made a hearty dinner on. We rode about two miles farther, when we came to another cane swamp, where we shot a large she-bear and two cubs. It was so large that it was with great difficulty we got through it. When we got on the other side, it began to rain very hard, or otherwise, as far as I know, we might have shot ten brace of deer, for they were almost as thick as in the parks in England, and did not seem to be in the least afraid of us, for I question much whether they had ever seen a man in

their lives before, for they seemed to look on us as amazed. We made shift as well as we could to reach the lake the same night, but had but little pleasure; it continued to rain very hard, we made a large fire of lightwood, and slept as well as we could that night. The next morning we took a particular view of it, and I think it is the pleasantest place that ever I saw in my life. It is at least eighteen miles round, surrounded with exceedingly good land, as oak of all sorts, hickory, and fine cypress swamps. There is an old Indian field to be seen, which shows it was formerly inhabited by them, but I believe not within these fifty years, for there is scarce one of the Cape Fear Indians, or the Waccumaws, that can give any account of it. There is plenty of deer, wild turkeys, geese, and ducks, and fish in abundance; we shot sufficient to serve forty men, though there were but six of us. We went almost round it, but there is on the northeast side a small cypress swamp, so deep that we could not go through it; we returned back again on a direct line, being resolved to find how far it was on a straight course from the northwest branch of Cape Fear River, which we found did not exceed ten miles.

We returned back to Mr. More's that same night, having satisfied our curiosity, and the next morning set out with an intent to take a view of the northeast branch, on which there is a great deal of good land, but not in my opinion, for the generality, so good as on the northwest, but I think the river is much more beautiful. We lay that first night at Newtown, in a small hut, and the next day reached Rocky Point, which is the finest place in all Cape Fear. There are several very worthy gentlemen settled there, particularly Colonel Maurice More, Captain Herne, John Swan, Esq., and several others. We stayed there one night, and the next morning set out on horseback to take a view of the land backward, imagining that there might be only a skirt of good land on the river, but I am sure I rode for about twenty miles back, through nothing but black walnut, oak, and hickory; we returned the same night to Rocky Point, and

the next morning set out for a plantation belonging to Mr. John Davis, within six miles of Brunswick, where I was a second time taken ill, so that I thought I should have died; but by the providence of God, and the care of good Mrs. Davis, I recovered in a fortnight's time, so that I was able to set out on my journey to South Carolina. I took leave of that worthy family on the 10th of August, when she was so kind as to force me to take a bottle of shrub, and several other things with me. I reached Mr. Roger More's the same night, where I was again handsomely received, but being resolved to set out on my journey the next morning, he generously offered me a horse to carry me to the house where I was obliged to leave mine on the road, as likewise a servant to attend me, which I refused. I left his house the next morning, being the 11th of August, at half an hour after seven, and reached Brunswick by eight. I set out from thence about nine, and about four miles from thence met my landlord of Lockwood's Folly, who was in hopes I would stay at his house all night. * * *

When I was about half way over the bay, I intended to stop at the next spring and take a tiff of punch; but by some unfortunate accident, I know not how, when I came within sight of the spring, my bottle unluckily broke, and I lost every drop of my shrub; but examining my bags, I accidentally found a bottle of cherry brandy, with some gingerbread and cheese, which I believe good Mrs. More ordered to be put up unknown to me. I drank two drams of that, not being willing it should all be lost in case it should break, and mounting my horse, took some gingerbread and cheese in my hand and pursued my journey.

* * * * * * *

I reached Witton's by noon, and had my possum dressed for dinner. * * * I arrived at Charleston on the 7th day of August, where I remained till the 23d of November, when I set sail for England and arrived safe in London on the 3d of January, 1734-5.

ERECTION OF WILMINGTON—DECAY OF BRUNSWICK.

In the cove near Governor Tryon's residence, still known as Governor's Cove, were anchored in Colonial times His Majesty's sloops *Viper, Diligence,* and *Cruiser;* and the frigate *Rose,* a prison ship, was anchored in the stream. This roadstead proved to be unsafe in stormy weather, and because of that fact and of the growth of a village 15 miles farther up the river called New Liverpool, afterwards Newton, and lastly Wilmington, which absorbed the trade of the two branches of the river near that point, and prospered, a gradual exodus from Brunswick began and continued; so that while Wilmington flourished and became the capital of the Province, Brunswick dwindled and during the Revolutionary War was wholly abandoned.

In 1731 John Maultsby took out a warrant for 640 acres of land opposite the "thoroughfare," and John Watson located a similar warrant adjoining and below that. In 1732 a few enterprising men settled on Maultsby's grant for trade, and called the place New Liverpool. The next spring Michael Higgins, Joshua Granger, James Wimble and John Watson joined in laying off a town on Watson's entry, which they called Newton.

Governor Gabriel Johnston arrived in November, 1734, and he at once espoused the cause of Newton as against Brunswick, the older town. He bought land near Newton and led his friends to do so. Determined to give it importance, he ordered that the council should meet there, and also that the courts should be held there instead of at Brunswick; and, indeed, as a sort of advertisement, he made May 13, 1735, a gala day for the village. On that day he had the land office opened there, also the Court of Exchequer to meet there, as well as the New Hanover Court, and, likewise, the council. Then he sought to have the village incorporated, under the name of Wilmington. For a brief time the influence of Brunswick prevailed against him; but he finally succeeded.

The Act of Incorporation,[1] passed in 1739 by the Assembly, is as follows:

An Act, for erecting the village called Newton, in New Hanover County, into a town and township, by the name of Wilmington; and regulating and ascertaining the bounds thereof.

Section 1. Whereas, several merchants, tradesmen, artificers, and other persons of good substance, have settled themselves at a village called Newton, lying on the east branch of Cape Fear; and whereas, the said village by reason of its convenient situation at the meeting of the two great branches of Cape Fear River, and likewise, by reason of the depth of water, capable of receiving vessels of considerable burthen, safety of its roads beyond any other part of the river, and the secure and easy access from all parts of the different branches of the said river, is, upon all those and many other accounts, more proper for being erected into a town or township, than any other part of the said river.

Sec. 2. Be it therefore enacted by His Excellency Gabriel Johnston, Esq., Governor, by and with the advice and consent of His Majesty's Council and General Assembly of this province, and it is hereby enacted, by the authority of the same, that the village heretofore called Newton, lying on the east side of the northeast branch of Cape Fear River, in New Hanover County, shall, from and after the passage of this Act, be a town and township, and the said village is hereby established a town and township by the name of Wilmington, the bounds whereof shall be and are circumscribed in manner following: That is to say, to the northeast, by the lands of His Excellency Gabriel Johnston, Esq.; upwards and below, by the lands of Michael Dyer; to the westward by the northeast branch of Cape Fear River; and to the eastward, by a line drawn between the said lands of His Excellency Gabriel Johnston, Esq.; and Michael Dyer, one hundred and twenty poles distant from the river.

[1]Swann's Collections Public Acts, North Carolina, Chapter LV, page 99.

SEC. 3. And be it further enacted, by the authority aforesaid, that forever, after passing of this Act, the inhabitants of and near the said town, qualified as hereinafter mentioned shall have the privilege of choosing one representative for the said town, to sit and vote in General Assembly.

SEC. 4. And for ascertaining the method of choosing the said representative, be it further enacted, by the authority aforesaid, that every tenant of any brick, stone, or framed inhabitable house, of the length of twenty feet, and sixteen feet wide, within the bounds of the said town, who, at the day of election, and for three months next before, inhabited such house, shall be entitled to vote in the election for the Representative of the said town, to be sent to the General Assembly, and in case there shall be no tenant of such house in the said town, on the day of election, qualified to vote as aforesaid, that then, and in such case, the person seized of such house, either in fee-simple, or fee-tail, or for term of life, shall be entitled to vote for the Representative aforesaid.

SEC. 5. And be it further enacted, by the authority aforesaid, that every person who, on the day of election, and for three months next before, shall be in actual possession or an inhabitant of a brick house, of the length of thirty feet, and sixteen feet wide, between the bounds of the said town upwards, and Smith Creek, and within one hundred and twenty poles of the northeast branch of Cape Fear River, shall be entitled to, and have a vote in the election of a Representative for the said town (unless such person be a servant), and shall, as long as he continues an inhabitant of such house, within the said bounds, enjoy all the rights, privileges, and immunities, to which any inhabitant within the said town shall be entitled, by virtue of said Act.

SEC. 6. And be it further enacted, by the authority aforesaid, that no person shall be deemed qualified to be a Representative for the said town, to sit in the General Assembly, unless, on the day of election, he be, and for three months next before, was seized, in fee-simple, or for the term of life,

of a brick, stone or framed house of the dimensions aforesaid, with one or more brick chimney or chimnies.

Sec. 7. And be it further enacted, by the authority aforesaid, that forever, after the passing of this Act, the court of the county of New Hanover, and the election of the Representatives to be sent to the General Assembly, and the election of Vestrymen, and all other public elections, of what kind or nature soever, for the said county and town, shall be held and made in the town of Wilmington, and at no other place whatsoever, any law, statute, usage, or custom, to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Sec. 8. And be it further enacted, by the authority aforesaid, that from and after the passing of this Act, the Collector and Naval Officers of the port of Brunswick (of which port the said town of Wilmington is the most central and convenient place, both for exportation and importation, by reason of its navigation and situation), shall constantly reside in the said town, and there keep their respective offices, until his Majesty shall be pleased to give his directions to the contrary. And likewise, the Clerk of the Court of the County of New Hanover, and the Register of the said county, shall constantly hold and execute their respective offices in the said town of Wilmington; and that if either of the said officers neglect or refuse so to do, he so neglecting or refusing, shall, for every month he shall be a delinquent, forfeit and pay the sum of five pounds proclamation money; to be sued for and recovered, by him who shall sue for the same, in the general court of this province, or in the county court of New Hanover, by action of debt, bill, plaint, or information, wherein no essoin, protection, injunction, or wager of law shall be allowed, and one-half of such forfeiture shall be for the use of the person who sues for the same, and the other half shall be paid to the commissioners, for the time being, appointed for regulating the said town.

Sec. 9. And for the due regulating the said town, be it further enacted, by the authority aforesaid, that Robert Halton, James Murray, Samuel Woodard, William Farris,

Richard Eagles, John Porter and Robert Walker, Esquires, are hereby established and appointed commissioners for the said town; and the said commissioners, or a majority of them, and their successors shall have, and be invested with all powers and authorities within the bounds of the said town of Wilmington, in as full and ample manner, as the commissioners for the town of Edenton have or possess, by virtue of any law heretofore passed.

Sec. 10. And whereas the justices of the County Court of New Hanover, at the court held at Brunswick, on Tuesday the eleventh day of December last, have imposed a tax of five shillings per poll, to be levied on the tithable inhabitants of the said county, between the first day of January, and the first day of March, one thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine; and afterwards, one other tax of five shillings per poll, to be levied on the said inhabitants, between the first day of January and the first day of March, one thousand seven hundred and forty, towards building a courthouse and gaol in the town of Brunswick, for the said county.

Sec. 11. Be it enacted, by the authority aforesaid, that the justices of the said County Court shall, and are hereby directed to apply the said levy or tax towards finishing and completing the courthouse already erected in the said town of Wilmington, and towards building a gaol in the said town.

Sec. 12. And be it further enacted, by the authority aforesaid, that if any one or more of the said commissioners shall die, or remove out of the county, that then and in such case, the surviving or remaining commissioners shall, within six months after the death or removal of such commissioner, present to his Excellency the Governor or Commander in Chief for the time being, three persons, one of which the said Governor or Commander in Chief is hereby empowered to nominate and appoint; and the commissioners so appointed shall be invested with the same powers and authorities, as any commissioner nominated by this Act.

Gabriel Johnston, Esq., *Gov.*
William Smith, *President.*
John Hodgson, *Speaker.*

THE SPANISH INVASION.

On November 20, 1740, a considerable force enlisted on the Cape Fear left Wilmington under the command of Capt. James Innes to fight the Spaniards at Carthagena; they were carried off by disease and but few returned. The next year the Spaniards in retaliation seized Ocracoke Inlet and committed tremendous depredations. And again, in 1744, they scoured the coast. Three years later, they made another foray. In July, 1747, they entered the Cape Fear, but the militia were prompt in meeting them, and held them in check, taking some prisoners. From there they went north, entered Beaufort Harbor, and, on August 26th, after several days' fighting, gained possession of the town. Emboldened by this victory, they returned to the Cape Fear, and, on September 4, 1747, began to ascend the river. New Hanover County then included what has since become Brunswick, and the people from Duplin to Lockwood's Folly sprang to their horses and hurried to Brunswick. Eleazar Allen, Roger Moore, Edward Moseley, and William Forbes were appointed the commissioners to take measures for defense; while Maj. John Swann was invested with the immediate command of the troops. The companies of Capt. William Dry, Capt. John Ashe, and Capt. John Sampson, from the upper part of the county, alone numbered 300 men; so the defenders doubtless were about a thousand. On the 6th, the Spaniards possessed themselves of Brunswick, and for four days the battle raged. At length, on September 10th, one of the Spanish vessels was blown up and the others were driven off. All that day Colonel Dry was burying dead Spaniards, for a considerable number of them perished, and 29 were taken alive. It was from the destroyed vessel that the painting in the vestry room of St. James Church in Wilmington, "Ecce Homo," was taken. The spoils from the wreck were appropriated for the use of the churches in Brunswick and Wilmington.

Because of these incursions, a fort was built the next year

to guard the river—Fort Johnston. It was garrisoned by companies raised in the vicinity, and some of the young officers trained to arms there afterwards became distinguished in the French and Indian wars and in the Revolution; among them Generals James Moore and Robert Howe.

COLONIAL PLANTATIONS ON THE CAPE FEAR.

In his admirable History of New Hanover County, a labor of love for which the accomplished author never received the smallest compensation, the late Col. Alfred Moore Waddell describes sixty-six prominent plantations and their proprietors on the lower Cape Fear, in Colonial times. Of the manner of life of these planters, he says in *A Colonial Officer and His Times:*

"In the Southern end of the Province, at Brunswick and Wilmington, and along the Cape Fear, there was an equally refined and cultivated society and some very remarkable men. No better society existed in America, and it is but simple truth to say that for classical learning, wit, oratory, and varied accomplishments, no generation of their successors has equaled them.

"Their hospitality was boundless and proverbial, and of the manner in which it was enjoyed there can be no counterpart in the present age. Some of them had town residences, but most of them lived on their plantations, and they were not the thriftless characters that by some means it became fashionable to assume all Southern planters were. There was much gayety and festivity among them, and some of them rode hard to hounds, but as a general rule they looked after their estates, and kept themselves as well informed in regard to what was going on in the world as the limited means of communication allowed. There was little display, but in almost every house could be found valuable plate, and, in some, excellent libraries. The usual mode of travel was on horseback, and in "gigs," or "chairs," which were vehicles without springs but hung on heavy straps, and to which

one horse, and sometimes by young beaux, two horses, tandem, were driven; a mounted servant rode behind, or, if the gig was occupied by ladies, beside the horse. The family coach was mounted by three steps, and had great carved leather springs, with baggage rack behind, and a high, narrow driver's seat and box in front. The gentlemen wore clubbed and powdered queues and knee-breeches, with buckled low-quartered shoes, and many carried gold or silver snuffboxes which, being first tapped, were handed with grave courtesy to their acquaintances when passing the compliments of the day. There are persons still living who remember seeing these things in their early youth. The writer of these lines himself remembers seeing in his childhood the decaying remains of old "chairs" and family coaches, and knew at that time several old negroes who had been body servants in their youth to the proprietors of these ancient vehicles. It is no wonder they sometimes drove the coaches four-in-hand. It was not only grand style, but the weight of the vehicle and the character of the roads made it necessary.

"During the period embraced in these pages, four-wheeled pleasure vehicles were rare, and even two-wheeled ones were not common, except among the town nabobs and well-to-do planters. The coaches, or chariots, as a certain class of vehicles was called, were all imported from England, and the possession of such a means of locomotion was evidence of high social position. It was less than twenty years before the period named, that the first stage wagon in the Colonies, in 1738, was run from Trenton to New Brunswick, in New Jersey, twice a week, and the advertisement of it assured the public that it would be fitted up with benches and covered over 'so that passengers may sit easy and dry.' "

Some of the prominent lower Cape Fear men of Colonial and Revolutionary days were, Governor Burrington, of Governor's Point; Gen. Robert Howe, of Howe's Point; Nathaniel Moore, of York; Gov. Arthur Dobbs, of Russellboro; all below Orton. "King" Roger Moore, of Orton;

James Smith, of Kendal; Eleazar Allen, of Lilliput; John Moore, of Pleasant Oaks; Nathaniel Rice, of Old Town Creek; John Baptista Ashe, of Spring Garden, afterwards called Grovely; Chief Justice Hasell, of Belgrange; Schencking Moore, of Hullfields; John Davis, of Davis Plantation; John Dalrymple (who commanded Fort Johnston), of Dalrymple Place; John Ancrum, of Old Town; Marsden Campbell, of Clarendon; Richard Eagles, of The Forks; Judge Alfred Moore, of Buchoi; John Waddell, of Belville; Gov. Benjamin Smith, of Belvidere. These were all below Wilmington. Many others equally important resided on their plantations above Wilmington. All are recorded in Colonel Waddell's History of New Hanover County, but these are mentioned here in support of the statement that the Cape Fear planters of olden time were men of mark.

SOCIAL CONDITIONS.

In McRee's valuable *Life and Correspondence of James Iredell,* that gifted Wilmingtonian said:

"Mr. Hooper was nine years Mr. Iredell's senior, and already a man of mark at the bar and in the Assembly. To estimate at its full value his deference to Iredell, these facts must be borne in mind. Mr. Hooper was a native of Boston, and a graduate of Cambridge, Mass. After studying law with James Otis, he removed to North Carolina, in 1764. He became a citizen of Wilmington. That town and its vicinity was noted for its unbounded hospitality and the elegance of its society. Men of rare talents, fortune, and attainment, united to render it the home of politeness, and ease, and enjoyment. Though the footprint of the Indian had, as yet, scarcely been effaced, the higher civilization of the Old World had been transplanted there, and had taken vigorous root. There were Col. John Ashe (subsequently General Ashe), the great popular leader, whose address was consummate, and whose quickness of apprehension

seemed intuition, the very Rupert of debate; Samuel Ashe, of stalwart frame, endowed with practical good sense, a profound knowledge of human nature, and an energy that eventually raised him to the Bench and the post of Governor; Harnett (afterwards President of the Provincial Council), 'who could boast a genius for music and taste for letters,' the representative man of the Cape Fear; Dr. John Eustace, the correspondent of Sterne, 'who united wit, and genius, and learning, and science'; Col. Thomas Boyd, 'gifted with talents, and adorned with classical literature'; Howe (afterwards General Howe), 'whose imagination fascinated, whose repartee overpowered, and whose conversation was enlivened by strains of exquisite raillery'; Dr. John Fergus, of stately presence, with velvet coat, cocked hat, and gold headed cane, a graduate of Edinburgh, and an excellent Latin and Greek scholar; Wm. Pennington (Comptroller of the Customs, and afterwards Master of the Ceremonies at Bath), 'an elegant writer, admired for his wit, and his highly polished urbanity'; Judge Maurice Moore, of 'versatile talents, and possessed of extensive information, as a wit, always prompt in reply; as an orator, always daring the mercy of chance'; Maclaine, irascible, but intellectual, who trod the path of honor early *pari passu* with Iredell and Hooper and Johnston, and 'whose criticisms on Shakespeare would, if they were published, give him fame and rank in the republic of letters'; William Hill, 'a most sensible, polite gentleman, and though a Crown officer, replete with sentiments of general liberty, and warmly attached to the cause of American Freedom'; Lillington, destined soon at Moore's Creek to render his name historical; James Moore, whose subsequent appointment as major general, and whose promises of a brilliant career were soon to be terminated by a premature death; Lewis Henry DeRosset, member of the Council, a cultivated and elegant gentleman; Adam Boyd, editor of the *Cape Fear Mercury* (subsequently chaplain to the Continental Line), 'who, without pretensions to wit or humor, possessed the rare art of telling a story with spirit

and grace, and whose elegiac numbers afforded a striking contrast to the vivid brilliancy of the scenes in which he figured'; Alfred Moore, subsequently an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; Timothy Bloodworth, stigmatized by his enemies as an impracticable radical, 'everything by turns,' but withal a true exponent of the instincts and prejudices, the finest feelings and the noblest impulses of the masses. These were no ordinary men. They were of the remarkable class that seem ever to be the product of crises in human affairs. Though inferior to many of them in the influence that attends years, opulence, and extensive connections, yet in scholarship and genius, Mr. Hooper was preëminent. I use the word genius in contradistinction to talent. He had much nervous irritability, was imaginative and susceptible. With a well-disciplined mind, and of studious habits, he shone with lustre whenever he pleased to exert himself."

To the above we add the name of Lieut. Thomas Godfrey, who having served in the War against the French at the North, in 1760, at the age of 23, moved from Philadelphia and located at Wilmington. His father is distinguished as the inventor of Hadley's quadrant. He himself possessed the creative faculty in an eminent degree, and he was a poet and well versed in literature. His poem, *The Court of Fancy,* and his elegies and pastorals are said to have remarkable beauty. But he is distinguished above all as being the author of the first American drama, a tragedy, *The Prince of Parthia,* written at Wilmington. He doubtless enjoyed congenial association with Hooper, Maclaine, Moore and others on the Cape Fear; but unhappily his career was cut short from over exertion in swimming in the river, on August 3, 1763, at the early age of 26 years.

COLONIAL ORTON.

Many of the old homesteads described by Colonel Waddell have fallen into decay and some of the residences have entirely disappeared, but Orton, on the lower Cape Fear River, still stands as it did in Colonial days, when it was the home of "King" Roger Moore, of Gov. Benjamin Smith, of Richard Quince, and in later years of Dr. Fred J. Hill and Col. Kenneth McKenzie Murchison.

It is a majestic domain of more than ten thousand acres, and the house is still regarded by competent critics as one of the finest examples of pure Colonial architecture in America.

The lordly residence of Chief Justice Eleazar Allen, upon the adjacent plantation of Lilliput, which was distinguished in his day by a large and liberal hospitality, has long since disappeared, but the grand old oaks which lifted their majestic branches to the soft south breezes in Colonial times, still sing their murmured requiem above a "boundless contiguity of shade."

Here, upon the banks of our historic river, which stretches two miles to the eastern shore, is heard the booming of the broad Atlantic as it sweeps in its might and majesty from Greenland to the Gulf. Along the shining beach, from Fort Fisher to Fort Caswell, its foaming breakers run and roar, the racing steeds of Neptune, with their white-crested manes, charging and reforming for the never-ending fray.

The adjacent plantation of Kendal, originally owned by "King" Roger Moore, from whom it passed to his descendants, was later the property of James Smith, a brother of Gov. Benjamin Smith, and it was here, near the banks of Orton Creek, which divides this estate from the splendid domain of Orton, that the quarrel between the Smith brothers ended by the departure of James to South Carolina (where, assuming his mother's name, Rhett, he became the founder of the famous Rhett family), leaving his intolerant and choleric brother, Benjamin, to a succession of misfortunes, disappointments, and distresses, which brought him at

last to a pauper's grave. Aide-de-camp to Washington, a general of the State Militia, a governor of the State, a benefactor of the University—he became a melancholy example of public ingratitude.

Behind Kendal is McKenzie's milldam, the scene of a battle between the British troops and the minute men from Brunswick and Wilmington, when, in 1775, the British fleet lay in the river.

We linger at Orton, the most attractive of all the old Colonial estates on the Cape Fear. For a hundred and eighty-nine years it has survived the vicissitudes of war, pestilence, and famine, and it still maintains its reputation of Colonial days for a refined and generous hospitality. Here, in the exhilaration of the hunter, the restful seclusion of the angler, the quiet quest of the naturalist, the peaceful contemplation of the student, is found surcease from the vanities and vexations of urban life. For nearly two centuries it has been a haven of rest and recreation to its favored guests.

> "Here, like the hush of evening calm on hearts opprest,
> In silence falls the healing balm of quiet rest,
> And softly from the shadows deep
> The grand oaks sing the soul to sleep
> On Nature's breast."

The house, or Hall, built by "King" Roger Moore in 1725, with its stately white pillars gleaming in the sunshine through the surrounding forest, is a most pleasing vista to the passing mariner. The river view, stretching for ten miles southward and eastward, includes "Big Sugar Loaf," Fort Anderson, Fort Buchanan, and Fort Fisher.

We love its traditions and its memories, for no sorrow came to us there. The primeval forest with its dense undergrowth of dogwood blossoms, which shine with the brightness of the falling snow; the thickets of Cherokee roses, which surpass the most beautiful of other regions; the brilliant carpet of wild azaleas, the golden splendor of the yellow jessamine, the modest drosera, the marvelous dionea mucipula, and the trumpet saracenias; the river drive to the

white beach, from which are seen the distant breakers; the secluded spot in the wilderness commanding a wide view of an exquisite landscape, where, safe from intrusion, we sat upon a sheltered seat beneath the giant pines and heard the faint "yo ho" of the sailor, outward bound; a place apart for holy contemplation when the day is far spent, where the overhanging branches cast the shadow of a cross, and where, later, through the interlacing foliage, the star of hope is shining; the joyful reception at the big house, the spacious hall with its ample hearth and blazing oak logs; around it, after the bountiful evening meal, the old songs sung and the old tales told, and fun and frolic to keep dull care beyond the threshold.

Through the quiet lanes of Orton to the ruins of the Provincial Governor Tryon's palace is half a mile. Here is the cradle of American independence; for upon this spot, until recently hidden by a dense undergrowth of timber, occurred, between six and seven o'clock on the evening of the 19th of February, 1766, the first open resistance to the British Stamp Act in the American colonies, by 450 armed men, who surrounded the palace and demanded the surrender of the custodian of the obnoxious symbols of the King's authority.

Ten minutes' walk farther down brings us to the ruins of the Colonial Parish Church of St. Philip, the scene of many notable incidents and the resting place of the early pioneers. It was built by the citizens of Brunwick, and, principally, by the landed gentry, about the year 1740. In the year 1751, Mr. Lewis Henry DeRosset, a member of Gov. Gabriel Johnston's council, and subsequently an expatriated Royalist, introduced a bill appropriating to St. Philip's Church at Brunswick and to St. James' Church at Wilmington, equally, a fund that was realized by the capture and destruction of a pirate vessel, which, in a squadron of Spanish buccaneers, had entered the river and plundered the plantations. A picture, "Ecce Homo," captured from this pirate ship, is still preserved in the vestry room of St. James' Church

in Wilmington. The walls of St. Philip's Church are nearly three feet thick, and are solid and almost intact still, while the roof and floor have disappeared. It must have possessed much architectural beauty and massive grandeur, with its high-pitched roof, its lofty doors, and its beautiful chancel windows.

A little to the west, surrounded by a forest of pines, lies Liberty Pond, a beautiful lake of clear spring water, once stained with the blood of friend and foe in a deadly conflict —hence its traditional name. It is now a most restful, tranquil spot, with its profound stillness, the beach of snow white sand, the unbroken surface of the lake reflecting the foliage and the changing sky line.

Turning to the southeast, we leave the woodland and reach a bluff upon the river bank, still known as Howe's Point, where the Revolutionary patriot and soldier, Gen. Robert Howe, was born and reared. His residence, long since a ruin, was a large frame building on a stone or brick foundation, still remembered as such by several aged citizens of Brunswick.

A short distance from the Howe place, the writer found some years ago, in the woods and upon a commanding site near the river, under many layers of pine straw, the clearly defined ruins of an ancient fort, which was undoubtedly of Colonial origin. Mr. Reynolds, who lived at his place near by, said that his great grandfather informed him forty years ago that long before the War of the Revolution this fort was erected by the Colonial Government for the protection of the colonists against buccaneers.

Hence to the staid old county seat is a journey of an hour; it was originally known as Fort Johnston, a fortification named for the Colonial Governor, Gabriel Johnston. It was established about the year 1748 for the protection of the river settlement from the threatened attacks of the Spaniards. The adjacent hamlet was subsequently called Smithville, in honor of Benjamin Smith, to whom reference has been made, who had behaved with conspicuous gallantry under Moultrie

when he drove the British from Port Royal, and who was subsequently elected fifteen times to the Senate and became Governor of the Commonwealth in 1810. By recent authority of the State Legislature the name has been changed to Southport. In the old courthouse, which is its principal building, may be seen the evidence that on the death of Mr. Allen, the 17th of January, 1749, aged 57 years, of Lilliput, where he was buried, that plantation became the property (and, it is said, the residence for a brief period) of the great-grandson of Oliver Cromwell, Sir Thomas Frankland, Admiral of the *White* in the British Navy, and Commander of the frigate *Rose*.

In connection with the inscription on Chief Justice Allen's tomb—that he died in January, 1749—it is to be noted that in December, 1749, he was acting as Chief Justice. At that period the calendar year began and ended in March, so that January, 1749, followed December of that year. The alteration in the calendar was made by Act of Parliament in 1751.

ORTON.

A stately mansion girt by God's great woods,
Each clod of earth a friend to me and mine.
Each room a home within the one vast home,
Where naught of all its perfect pomp
Can mar the sweet simplicity and ease of entertainment.
There dwells the warmth of generous hospitality
That counts no act a favor and no gift a sacrifice.
There sordid things and anxious cares come not.
No strangers' words or presence there intrude.
There love of life—clean, wholesome, healthful life—prevails.
And there the peace of God pervades
Each hour of perfect day and night.
One day within its woods,
One night beneath its roof,
To tired body gives a newborn vigor,
To wearied mind a keen creative power,
To the soul a sense of clean, sweet peace,
And to the hour of regretful leaving
A loving and lasting benediction.

Rev. Richard W. Hogue.

LIBRARIES ON THE CAPE FEAR.

It is to be much regretted that so few memorials of the social and intellectual life of the old Cape Fear people have been preserved. They enjoyed the elegance that attends wealth and they possessed libraries that bespeak culture.

When Edward Moseley was passing through Charleston in 1703, he was employed to make a catalogue of the library books there; and, on locating in Albemarle, he at once began the collection of a library. Later, he presented a library to the town of Edenton. When, about 1735, he removed to Rocky Point and built Moseley Hall, he brought his library with him.

But, perhaps, superior to Moseley's was the library of Eleazar Allen, at Lilliput. The inventory of this collection of books has been preserved. Made at his death, about 1749, it shows over three hundred volumes in English and Latin, including the standard works of that era—the classics, poetry, history, works of fiction, as well as works of a religious nature; and then, besides, some fifty in French, not only histories, travels, poetry, and fiction, but also French translations of the most celebrated Latin authors. One finds in that atmosphere a culture unsurpassed elsewhere in America.

The Hasells likewise had a good library; also Judge Maurice Moore; and Gen. John Ashe had one he prized so highly that he made special efforts to preserve it, but unfortunately it was destroyed during the last year of the Revolutionary War.

While there were libraries at the homes of the gentlemen in the country, at Wilmington there was the Cape Fear Library, one volume of which, at least, has been preserved—a volume of Shakespeare, with notes made by Archibald Maclaine, of Wilmington, a nephew of the historian Mosher, which are of unusual merit. Many of the Rocky Point books appear to have been collected at Lillington Hall, and others have been preserved in the Hasell collection. A part

of the Hasell collection, embracing books of Moseley printed before 1700, of Alexander Lillington, and of others, have been placed in the State Library at Raleigh.

THE PROVINCIAL PORT OF BRUNSWICK.

I have before me the original book of entries and clearances of his Britannic Majesty's Custom House at the port of Brunswick, in the Province of North Carolina, beginning with A. D. 1773, in the reign of George III, and running for three years. It is strongly bound in leather, somewhat injured by abuse for other purposes during Revolutionary times, but it contains in fine, legible handwriting, wonderfully well preserved, a record of over three hundred vessels, with the particulars of their cargoes and crews. Among the names of the trading vessels, some of which are remarkable, are the brig *Orton,* the brig *Wilmington,* and the schooner *Rakes Delight.*

Some of the cargoes are significant; 20 negroes, 50 hogsheads of rum, 1,000 bags salt, etc. The outward cargoes to ports in the Provinces, to the West Indies, and to London, Bristol, and other distant destinations, were mostly lumber, staves, tar, indigo, rice, corn, wheat, and tobacco.

The full-rigged ship *Ulysses,* Captain Wilson, brought from Glasgow, Scotland, October 18, 1773, to Brunswick, furniture, leather, saddles, earthenware, shoes, linen, hats, gunpowder, silks, glass, iron, lead, and "shott," also port wine, rugs, toys, and household articles.

Other Scotch brigs, notably the *Baliol,* brought many settlers to the Cape Fear, most of whom went farther up to Cross Creek, now Fayetteville. Among these was the distinguished lady, Flora Macdonald.

There are no available records of trade and commerce pertaining to Brunswick or to the new settlement at Wilmington. It appears, however, that many of the plantations established sawmills from which lumber, along with the

products of the farms, was shipped in plantation brigs and schooners to distant ports. At Orton a large sawmill was run by water power, and vessels were loaded in the river opposite the mill with lumber, rice, and indigo.

THE STAMP ACT ON THE CAPE FEAR.

(Extracts from an Address Delivered by Captain S. A. Ashe before the North Carolina Society of Colonial Dames at Old Brunswick, N. C.)

But when the next year a bill was introduced to carry the resolution into effect, it met with considerable opposition in the House of Commons, for the protests of the Colonists were not unheeded. Still, the ministry, under Lord Bute, persisted, and the measure was carried. All America was at once stirred. Bold and courageous action was taken in every Colony, but in none was a more resolute spirit manifested than here upon the Cape Fear. The Governor was Tryon, who had but lately succeeded to that office. He was an officer of the Army, a gentleman by birth and education, a man calculated by his accomplishments and social qualities to shine in any community. He sought the Speaker of the House, and asked him what would be the action of the people. "Resistance to the death," was the prompt reply. That was a warning that was full of meaning. It pledged the Speaker to revolution and war in defense of the people's rights.

The Assembly was to meet in May, 1765. But Tryon astutely postponed the meeting until November, and then dissolved the Assembly. He did not wish the members to meet, confer, consult, and arrange a plan of opposition. He hoped by dealing with gentlemen, not in an official capacity, to disarm their antagonism and persuade them to a milder course. Vain delusion! The people had been too long trained to rely with confidence on their leaders to abandon them now, even though Parliament demanded their obedience.

The first movement was not long delayed. Within two

months after the news had come that the odious act had been passed, the people of North Carolina discarded from their use all clothes of British manufacture and set up looms for weaving their own clothes. Since Great Britain was to oppress them, they would give the world an assurance of the spirit of independence that would sustain them in the struggle. In October information was received that Doctor Houston, of Duplin County, had been selected in England as Stamp-Master. At once proceedings were taken to nullify the appointment. At that time Wilmington had less than 500 white inhabitants, but her citizens were very patriotic and very resolute.

Rocky Point, fifteen miles to the northward, had been the residence of Maurice Moore, of Speaker Moseley, Speaker Swann, and Speaker Ashe, Alexander Lillington, John Swann, George Moore, John Porter, Colonel Jones, Colonel Merrick, and other gentlemen of influence. It was the center from which had radiated the influences that directed popular movements. Nearer to Onslow, Duplin, and Bladen, than Wilmington was, and the residence of the Speaker and other active leaders, it was doubtless there that plans were considered, and proceedings agreed upon that involved the united action of all the neighboring counties. At Wilmington and vicinity, were Harnett, DeRosset, Toomer, Walker, Clayton, Gregg, Purviance, Eustace, Maclaine, and DuBois; while near by were Howe, Smith, Davis, Grange, Ancrum, and a score of others of the loftiest patriotism. All were in full accord with the Speaker of the Assembly; all were nerved by the same spirit; all resolved to carry resistance, if need be, to the point of blood and death.

We fortunately have a contemporaneous record of some of their proceedings. "On Saturday, the 19th of last month," says the *North Carolina Gazette,* published at Wilmington, in its issue of November 20, 1765:

> About 7 o'clock in the evening, near five hundred people assembled together in this town and exhibited the effigy of a certain honorable gentleman; and after letting it hang by the neck for some time, near the courthouse they made a large bonfire with a

number of tar barrels etc., and committed it to the flames. The reason assigned for the people's dislike to that gentleman was from being informed of his having several times expressed himself much in favor of the Stamp Duty. After the effigy was consumed, they went to every house in town, and brought all the gentlemen to the bonfire, and insisted on their drinking "Liberty, Property, and No Stamp Duty," and "Confusion to Lord Bute and all his adherents"; giving three huzzahs at the conclusion of each toast. They continued together until 12 of the clock, and then dispersed without doing any mischief.

Doubtless it was a very orderly crowd, since the editor says so. A very orderly, harmless, inoffensive gathering; patriotic, and given to hurrahing; but we are assured that they dispersed without any mischief.

And continues the same paper:

On Thursday, the 31st of the same month, in the evening, a great number of people assembled again, and produced an effigy of Liberty, which they put in a coffin and marched in solemn procession with it to the churchyard, a drum in mourning beating before them, and the town bell, muffled, ringing a doleful knell at the same time; but before they committed the body to the ground, they thought it advisable to feel its pulse, and, finding some remains of life, they returned back to a bonfire ready prepared, placed the effigy before it in a large two-armed chair, and concluded the evening with great rejoicings on finding that Liberty had still an existence in the Colonies.

Not the least injury was offered to any person.

The editor of that paper, Mr. Stewart, was apparently anxious to let his readers know that the people engaged in these proceedings were the very soul of order and the essence of moderation. So far they had done no mischief and offered no injury to anyone. But still they had teeth, and they could show them. Ill fared any man who stood in their way.

The next item reads:

Saturday, the 16th of this instant, that is November: William Houston, Esq., distributor of stamps for this Province, came to this town; upon which three or four hundred people immediately gathered together, with drums beating and colors flying, and repaired to the house the said Stamp-Master put up at, and insisted upon knowing "Whether he intended to execute his said office or not." He told them, "He should be very sorry to execute any office disagreeable to the people of this Province." But they, not content with such

declaration, carried him into the courthouse, where he signed a resignation satisfactory to the whole. They then placed the Stamp-Master in an armchair, carried him around the courthouse, giving at every corner three loud huzzahs, and finally set him down at the door of his lodging, formed a circle around him and gave three cheers. They then escorted him into the house, where were prepared the best liquors, and treated him very genteelly. In the evening a large bonfire was made and no person appeared on the streets without having "Liberty" in large capital letters on his hat. They had a table near the bonfire well furnished with several sorts of liquors, where they drank, in great form, all the favorite American Toasts, giving three cheers at the conclusion of each.

"The whole was conducted," says the editor, "with great decorum, and not the least insult offered to any person."

This enforced resignation of the Stamp-Master was done under the direction of Alderman DeRosset, who received from Houston his commission and other papers, and necessarily it was a very orderly performance. The ringing huzzas, the patriotic toasts, the loud acclaim, echoing from the courthouse square, reverberated through the streets of the town, but Mr. Stewart is quite sure that no mischief was done, and not the least insult was offered to any person. These and other similar proceedings led the Governor to send out a circular letter to the principal inhabitants of the Cape Fear region, requesting their presence at a dinner at his residence at Brunswick on Tuesday, the 19th of November, three days after Dr. Houston resigned; and after the dinner, he conferred with these gentlemen about the Stamp Act. He found them fully determined to annul the Act, and prevent its going into effect. He sought to persuade them, and begged them to let it be observed at least in part. He pleaded that if they would let the Act go into partial operation in the respects he mentioned, he himself would pay for all the stamps necessary. It seems that he liked the people, and they liked and admired him, and difficult indeed was his position. He was charged with the execution of a law which he knew could not be executed, for there was not enough specie in the Province to buy the necessary stamps, even if the law could be enforced; but, then, the people were resolved against recognizing it in any degree. The authority

of the King and of the Parliament was defied, and he, the representative of the British Government, was powerless in the face of this resolute defiance. While still maintaining dignity in his intercourse with the people, the Governor wrote to his superiors in London strongly urging the repeal of the law. A week later, the stamps arrived in the sloop of war *Diligence*. They remained on the sloop and were not landed at that time.

Now was there a lull; but the quietude was not to remain unbroken. In January two merchant vessels arrived in the harbor, the *Patience* and the *Dobbs*. Their clearance papers were not stamped as the Act required. The vessels were seized and detained while the lawfulness of their detention was referred to the Attorney-General, Robert Jones, then absent at his home on the Roanoke. But the leaders of the people were determined not to submit to an adverse decision. They held meetings and agreed on a plan of action.

In view of the crisis, on January 20th, the Mayor of the town retired to give place to Moses John DeRosset, who had been the foremost leader in the action previously taken by the town. One whose spirit never quailed was now to stand forth as the head of the Corporation.

On the 5th of February, Captain Lobb, in command of the *Viper*, had made a requisition for an additional supply of provisions, and Mr. Dry, the contractor, sent his boat to Wilmington to obtain them. The inhabitants, led by the Mayor, at once seized the boat, threw the crew into the jail, and, in a wild tumult of excitement, placed the boat on a wagon and hauled it through the streets with great demonstration of fervid patriotism. The British forces on the river were to receive no supplies from Wilmington; their provisions were cut off, and they were treated as enemies—not friends—so long as they supported the odious law of Parliament. Ten days later came the opinion of the Attorney-General to the effect that the detained merchantmen were properly seized and were liable to be confiscated under the law. This was the signal for action. The news was spread

throughout the counties, and the whole country was astir. Every patriot "was on his legs." There was no halt in carrying into effect the plan agreed upon. Immediately the people began to assemble, and detachments, under chosen leaders, took up their march from Onslow, Bladen, and Duplin. On the 18th of February, the inhabitants of the Cape Fear counties, being then assembled at Wilmington, entered into an association, which they signed, declaring they preferred death to slavery; and mutually and solemnly they plighted their faith and honor that they would at any risk whatever, and whenever called upon, unite, and truly and faithfully assist each other, to the best of their power, in preventing entirely the operation of the Stamp Act.

The crisis had now arrived. The hand of destiny had struck with a bold stroke the resounding bell. The people, nobly responding, had seized their arms. At all times, when some patriot is to throw himself to the front and bid defiance to the established authority of Government, there is a Rubicon to be crossed and he who unsheathes his sword to resist the law must win success or meet a traitor's doom. But the leaders on the Cape Fear did not hesitate at the thought of personal peril. At their call, the people, being armed and assembled at Wilmington, chose the men who were to guide, govern, and direct them. They called to the helm John Ashe, the trusted Speaker of the Assembly, and associated with him Alexander Lillington and Col. Thomas Lloyd, as a Directory to manage their affairs at this momentous crisis. Their movement was not that of an irresponsible mob. It was an orderly proceeding, pursuant to a determined plan of action, under the direction of the highest officer of the Province, who was charged with maintaining the liberties of the people. In effect, it was the institution and ordaining of a temporary government.

It was resolved to organize an armed force and march to Brunswick, and Col. Hugh Waddell was invested with the command of the military. Let us pause a moment and take a view of the situation at that critical juncture. Close to

Brunswick in his mansion, was Governor Tryon, the representative of the King; no coward he, but resolute, a military man of experience and courage. In the town itself were the residences and offices of Colonel Dry, the collector of the port, and of other officers of the Crown. Off in the river lay the detained merchant vessels and the two sloops of war, the *Viper,* commanded by Captain Lobb, and the *Diligence,* commanded by Captain Phipps, whose bristling guns, 26 in number, securely kept them; while Fort Johnston, some miles away, well armed with artillery, was held by a small garrison. At every point flew the meteor flag of Great Britain. Every point was protected by the ægis of his Sacred Majesty. For a subject to lift his hand in a hostile manner against any of these was treason and rebellion. Yes, treason and rebellion, with the fearful punishment of attainder and death—of being hanged and quartered.

Well might the eloquent Davis exclaim, "Beware, John Ashe: Hugh Waddell, take heed!"

Their lives, their fortunes were at hazard and the dishonored grave was open to receive their dismembered bodies! But patriots as they were, they did take care—not for themselves, but for the liberties of their country. At high noon, on the 19th day of February, the three Directors, the Mayor and Corporation of Wilmington, the embodied soldiery, and the prominent citizens, moved forward, crossed the river, passed like Cæsar the fateful Rubicon, and courageously marched to the scene of possible conflict. It was not only the Governor with whom they had to deal, but the ships of war with their formidable batteries, that held possession of the detained vessels. It was not merely the penalties of the law that threatened them, but they courted death at the cannon's mouth, in conflict with the heavily armed sloops of war, from whose power they had come to wrest the merchantmen. But there was neither halt nor hesitation.

As they crossed the river, a chasm yawned deep and wide, separating them from their loyal past. Behind them they left their allegiance as loyal British subjects, before them

was rebellion—open, flagrant war, leading to revolution. Who could tell what the ending might be of the anticipated conflict!

There all the gentlemen of the Cape Fear were gathered, in their cocked hats, their long queues, their knee-breeches and shining shoe buckles. Mounted on their well-groomed horses, they made a famous cavalcade as they wound their way through the sombre pine forests that hedged in the highway to old Brunswick. Among them was DeRosset, the mayor, in the prime of manhood, of French descent, with keen eye, fine culture, and high intelligence, who had been a soldier with Innes at the North; bold and resolved was he as he rode, surrounded by Cornelius Harnett, Frederick Gregg, John Sampson, and the other aldermen and officers of the town.

At the head of a thousand armed men, arranged in companies, and marching in order, was the experienced soldier, Hugh Waddell, not yet thirty-three years of age, but already renowned for his capacity and courage. He had won more distinction and honors in the late wars at the North and West than any other Southern soldier, save only George Washington; and now in command of his companies, officered by men who had been trained in discipline in the war, he was confident of the issue. Of Irish descent, and coming of a fighting stock, his blood was up, and his heroic soul was aflame for the fray.

Surrounded by a bevy of his kinsmen, the venerable Sam and John Swann; and his brothers-in-law, James, George, and Maurice Moore; by his brother, Sam Ashe, and Alexander Lillington, whose burly forms towered high above the others; by Horne, Davis, Colonel Lloyd, and other gallant spirits, was the Speaker, John Ashe, now just forty-five years of age, on whom the responsibility of giving directions chiefly lay. Of medium stature, well knit, olive complexion, and with a lustrous hazel eye, he was full of nervous energy—an orator of surpassing power, of elegant carriage and commanding presence. Of him Mr. Strudwick has

said: "That there were not four men in London his intellectual superior," and that at a time when Pitt, Fox, Burke, and others of that splendid galaxy of British orators and statesmen gave lustre to British annals.

How, on this momentous occasion, the spirits of these men and of their kinsmen and friends who gathered around, must have soared as they pressed on, resolved to maintain the chartered rights of their country! Animated by the noble impulses of a lofty patriotism, with their souls elevated by the inspiring emotions of a perilous struggle for their liberties, they moved forward with a resolute purpose to sacrifice their lives rather than tamely submit to the oppressive and odious enactments of the British Parliament.

It was nightfall before they reached the vicinity of Brunswick, and George Moore and Cornelius Harnett, riding in advance, presented to Governor Tryon a letter from the Governing Directory, notifying him of their purpose. In a few minutes the Governor's residence was surrounded, and Captain Lobb was inquired for—but he was not there. A party was then dispatched towards Fort Johnston, and thereupon Tryon notified the British Naval Commanders and requested them to protect the Fort, repelling force with force. In the meantime, a party of gentlemen called on the Collector, Mr. Dry, who had the papers of the ship *Patience;* and in his presence broke open his desk and took them away. This gave an earnest of the resolute purpose of the people. They purposed to use all violence that was necessary to carry out their designs. Realizing the full import of the situation, the following noon a conference of the King's officers was held on the *Viper,* and Captain Lobb, confident of his strength, declared to the Governor that he would hold the ship *Patience* and insist on the return of her papers. If the people were resolved, so were the officers of the Government. The sovereignty of Great Britain was to be enforced. There was to be no temporizing with the rebels. The honor of the Government demanded that the British flag should not droop in the face of this hostile array. But two short hours

later, a party of the insurgents came aboard and requested to see Captain Lobb. They entered the cabin, and there, under the royal flag, surrounded by the King's forces, they demanded that all efforts to enforce the Stamp Act cease. They would allow no opposition. In the presence of Ashe, Waddell, DeRosset, Harnett, Moore, Howe, and Lillington, the spirit of Captain Lobb quailed. The people won. In the evening the British commander, much to the Governor's disgust, reported to that functionary, "That all was settled." Yes. All had been settled. The vessels were released; the grievances were redressed. The restrictions on the commerce of the Cape Fear were removed. The attempt to enforce the Stamp Act had failed before the prompt, vigorous, and courageous action of the inhabitants. After that, vessels could come and go as if there had been no act of Parliament. The people had been victorious over the King's ships; with arms in their hands, they had won the victory.

But the work was not all finished. There, on the *Diligence,* were the obnoxious stamps, and by chance some loyal officer of the Government might use them. To guard against that, the officers were to be forced to swear not to obey the Act of Parliament, but to observe the will of the people. Mr. Pennington was his Majesty's controller, and understanding that the people sought him, he took refuge in the Governor's Mansion, and was given a bed and made easy, but early the next morning, Col. James Moore called to get him. The Governor interfered, to prevent; and immediately the Mansion was surrounded by the insurgent troops, and the Directory notified the Governor, in writing, that they requested His Excellency to let Mr. Pennington attend, otherwise it would not be "in the power of the Directors appointed to prevent the ill consequences that would attend a refusal." In plain language, said John Ashe, "Persist in your refusal, and we will come and take him." The Governor declined to comply. In a few moments he observed a body of nearly five hundred men move towards his house. A detachment of sixty entered his avenue. Cornelius Har-

nett accompanied them, and sent word that he wished to speak with Mr. Pennington. The Governor replied that Mr. Pennington was protected by his house. Harnett thereupon notified the Governor that the people would come in and take him out of the house, if longer detained. Now the point was reached. The people were ready; the Governor was firm. But Pennington wisely suggested that he would resign, and immediately wrote his resignation and delivered it to the Governor— and then he went out with Harnett and was brought here to Brunswick, and required to take an oath never to issue any stamped paper in North Carolina; so was Mr. Dry, the collector; and so all the clerks of the County Courts, and other public officers. Every officer in all that region, except alone the Governor, was forced to obey the will of the people and swear not to obey the Act of Parliament.

On the third day after the first assemblage at Wilmington, on the 18th, the Directors, having completed their work at Brunswick, took up the line of march to return. With what rejoicing they turned their backs on the scene of their bloodless triumph. It had been a time of intense excitement. It had been no easy task to hold more than a thousand hot and zealous patriots well in hand, and to accomplish their purposes without bloodshed. Wisdom and courage by the Directors, and prudence, foresight, and sagacity on the part of the military officers were alike essential to the consummation of their design. They now returned in triumph, their purposes accomplished. The odious law was annulled in North Carolina. After that, merchant vessels passed freely in and out of port, without interference. The stamps remained boxed on shipboard, and no further effort was made to enforce a law which the people had rejected.

Two months after these events on the Cape Fear, Parliament repealed the law, and the news was hurried across the Atlantic in the fleetest vessels. The victory of the people was complete. They had annulled an act of Parliament, crushed their enemies, and preserved their liberties. Thus once more were the courageous leaders on the Cape Fear, in

their measures of opposition to encroachments on the rights of the people, sustained by the result. On former occasions they had triumphed over their Governors: now, in coöperation with the other provinces, they had triumphed over the British Ministry and the Parliament of Great Britain.

While in every other province the people resolutely opposed the Stamp Act, nowhere else in America was there a proceeding similar to that which was taken at Wilmington. Nowhere else was the standard of Liberty committed to the care of a Governing Board, even though its creation was for a temporary purpose; nowhere else was there an army organized, under officers appointed, and led to a field where a battle might have ensued. Had not His Majesty's forces yielded to the will of the insurgents, the American Revolution would probably have begun then—and here—on the soil of Old Brunswick.

RUSSELLBOROUGH, SCENE OF FIRST ARMED RESISTANCE.

About half a mile to the south of Orton House, and within the boundary of the plantation, are the ruins of Governor Tryon's residence, memorable in the history of the United States as the spot upon which the first overt act of violence occurred in the war of American Independence, nearly eight years before the Boston Tea incident, of which so much has been made in Northern history; while this colonial ruin, the veritable cradle of American liberty, is probably unknown to nine-tenths of the people of the Cape Fear at the present day.

This place, which has been eloquently referred to by two of the most distinguished sons of the Cape Fear, and direct descendants of Sir John Yeamans, the late Hon. George Davis and the Hon. A. M. Waddell, and which was known as Russellborough, was bought from William Moore, son and successor of "King" Roger, by Capt. John Russell, Commander of his Britannic Majesty's sloop of war *Scorpion,*

who gave the tract of about fifty-five acres his own name. It subsequently passed into the possession of his widow, who made a deed of trust, and the property ultimately again became a part of Orton plantation. It was sold March 31, 1758, by the executors of the estate of William Moore to the British Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Arthur Dobbs, who occupied it and who sold it or gave it to his son, Edward Bryce Dobbs, captain of His Majesty's 7th Regiment of Foot or Royal Fusileers, who conveyed it by deed, dated February 12, 1767, to His Excellency, William Tryon, Governor, etc. It appears, however, that Governor Tryon occupied this residence prior to the date of this deed, as is shown by the following official correspondence in 1766 with reference to the uprising of the Cape Fear people in opposition to the Stamp Act:

BRUNSWICK, 19th February, 1766,
Eleven at Night.

SIR:—Between the hours of six and seven o'clock this evening, Mr. Geo. Moore and Mr. Cornelius Harnett waited on me at my house, and delivered me a letter signed by three gentlemen. The inclosed is a copy of the original. I told Mr. Moore and Mr. Harnett that I had no fears or apprehensions for my person or property, I wanted no guard, therefore desired the gentlemen might not come to give their protection where it was not necessary or required, and that I would send the gentlemen an answer in writing to-morrow morning. Mr. Moore and Mr. Harnett might stay about five or six minutes in my house. Instantly after their leaving me, I found my house surrounded with armed men to the number, I estimate, at one hundred and fifty. I had some altercation with some of the gentlemen, who informed me their business was to see Captain Lobb, whom they were informed was at my house; Captain Paine then desired me to give my word and honor whether Captain Lobb was in my house or not. I positively refused to make any such declaration, but as they had force in their hands I said they might break open my locks and force my doors. This, they declared, they had no intention of doing; just after this and other discourse, they got intelligence that Captain Lobb was not in my house. The majority of the men in arms then went to the town of Brunswick, and left a number of men to watch the avenues of my house, therefore think it doubtful if I can get this letter safely conveyed. I esteem it my duty, sir, to inform you, as Fort Johnston has but one officer and five men in garrison, the Fort will stand in need of all the assistance the *Viper* and *Diligence* sloops can give the commanding officer there, should any insult be offered to His Majesty's fort or stores, in which case it is my duty

to request of you to repel force with force, and take on board His Majesty's sloops so much of His Majesty's ordnance, stores, and ammunition, out of the said fort as you shall think necessary for the benefit of the service.

I am, your most humble servant, WM. TRYON.

To the Commanding Officer, either of the *Viper* or *Diligence*, Sloops of War.

The writer, who has made his home at Orton, had often inquired for the precise location of the ruins of Governor Tryon's Russellborough residence without success; but about fifteen years ago, acting upon Colonel Waddell's reference to its site on the north of Old Brunswick, the service of an aged negro who had lived continuously on the plantation for over seventy years was engaged. He, being questioned, could not remember ever having heard the name Russellborough, nor of Governor Dobbs, nor of Governor Tryon, nor of an avenue of trees in the locality described. He said he remembered, however, hearing when he was a boy about a man named "Governor Palace," who lived in a great house between Orton and old Brunswick.

We proceeded at once to the spot, which is approached through an old field, still known as Old Palace Field, on the other side of which, on a bluff facing the east, and affording a fine view of the river, we found hidden in a dense undergrowth of timber the foundation walls of Tryon's residence. The aged guide showed us the well-worn carriage road of the Governor, and also his private path through the old garden to the river landing, a short distance below, on the south of which is a beautiful cove of white and shining sand, known, he said, in olden times, as the Governor's Cove. The stone foundation walls of the house are about two feet above the surface of the ground. Some sixty years ago the walls stood from about twelve to fifteen feet high, but the material was unfortunately used by one of the proprietors for building purposes.

The old servant pointed out a large pine tree near by, upon which he said had been carved in Colonial times the names of two distinguished persons buried beneath it, and which in

his youthful days was regarded with much curiosity by visitors. The rude inscription has unhappily become almost obliterated by several growths of bark, and the strange mysterious record is forever hidden by the hand of time.

A careful excavation of this ruin would doubtless reveal some interesting and possibly valuable relics of Governor Tryon's household. Near the surface was found, while these lines were being written, some fragments of blue Dutch tiling, doubtless a part of the interior decorations; also a number of peculiarly shaped bottles for the favorite sack of those days, which Falstaff called Sherris sack, of Xeres vintage, now known as dry sherry.

In recent years the site of Governor Tryon's palace upon this spot has been marked by a substantial monument built of bricks and stones taken from the foundation of the place, and suitably inscribed by the North Carolina Society of Colonial Dames of America.

The Revolution

THE INSTITUTION OF THE REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT.

On July 21, 1774, there was an important meeting of the inhabitants of the Wilmington district held at Wilmington.

It being understood that the Royal Governor had determined that the legislature should not meet, this meeting was called to take steps for the election of delegates to a Revolutionary Convention.

William Hooper presided; and Col. James Moore, John Ancrum, Fred Jones, Samuel Ashe, Robert Howe, Robert Hogg, Francis Clayton, and Archibald Maclaine were appointed a committee to prepare a circular letter to the several counties of the Province, requesting them to elect delegates to represent them in the Convention.

This was the first movement to provide for a Revolutionary Government, and the delegates elected were the first elected by the people in any Province in right of the sovereignty of the people. It was at this same meeting that the declaration was made that "the Cause of Boston was the Cause of All." It was "Resolved that we consider the cause of Boston as the common cause of British America." Money and a shipload of provisions were at once subscribed for the suffering people of Boston, and Parker Quince offered his vessel to carry the provisions and himself went to deliver them.

In response to the letter sent out by the committee, delegates were chosen in every county except five, and the Convention met at New Bern on August 25, 1774, and a Revolutionary Government was instituted.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SAFETY COMMITTEE.

(Extracts.)

Wilmington, November 23, 1774.

At a meeting of the Freeholders in the Courthouse at Wilmington for the purpose of choosing a Committee of said

town to carry more effectually into execution the resolves of the late Congress held at Philadelphia, the following names were proposed and universally assented:

Cornelius Harnett, Jno. Quince, Francis Clayton, William Hooper, Robert Hogg, Arch[d] McLain, Jno. Robinson, James Walker.

Wednesday, January 4, 1775.

The Committee met at the Courthouse. Present, Cornelius Harnett, Archibald McLaine, John Ancrum, William Hooper, and John Robinson.

At the same time the freeholders of New Hanover County assembled to choose a committee for the county to join and coöperate with the committee of the town, which the members present agreed to. Then the freeholders present, having Cornelius Harnett in the chair, unanimously chose George Moore, John Ashe, Samuel Ashe, James Moore, Frederick Jones, Alex. Lillington, Sampson Moseley, Samuel Swann, George Merrick, Esquires, and Messrs. John Hollingsworth, Samuel Collier, Samuel Marshal, William Jones, Thomas Bloodworth, James Wright, Wm. Jones, John Larkins, Joel Parrish, John Devane, Timothy Bloodworth, Thomas Devane, John Marshall, John Calvin, Bishop Dudley, and William Robeson, Esquires, a committee to join the committee of Wilmington.

Monday, March 6, 1775.

The Committee met according to adjournment.

The following association was agreed on by the Committee and annexed to the resolves of the General Congress, to be handed to every person in this county and recommended to the Committees of the adjacent counties, that those who acceded to the said resolves, may subscribe their names thereto.

We, the subscribers, in testimony of our sincere approbation of the proceedings of the late Continental Congress, to the annexed have hereto set our hands, and we do most solemnly engage by the most sacred ties of honor, virtue, and

love of our country, that we will ourselves strictly observe every part of the Association recommended by the Continental Congress.

Mr. James Kenan, Chairman of the Duplin Committee, pursuant to a letter from this committee at its last meeting attended.

Resolved that all the members of the committee now present go in a body and wait on all housekeepers in town, with the Association before mentioned and request their signing it, or declare their reasons for refusing, that such enemies to their country may be set forth to public view and treated with the contempt they merit.

Resolved that it is the opinion of this committee that all dances, private as well as public, are contrary to the spirit of the eighth article in the Association of the Continental Congress, and as such they ought to be discouraged, and that all persons concerned in any dances for the future should be properly stigmatized.

Mr. Harnett desired the opinion of the Committee respecting a negro fellow he bought in Rhode Island (a native of that place) in the month of October last, whom he designed to have brought with him to this Province, but the said negro ran away at the time of his sailing from Rhode Island. The question was put whether Mr. Harnett may import said negro from Rhode Island.

Resolved unanimously that Mr. Harnett may import the said negro from Rhode Island.

Tuesday, March 7, 1775.

Resolved that three members of this committee attend the meeting of the Committee at Duplin on the 18th instant. Mr. Samuel Ashe, Mr. Sampson Mosely, and Mr. Timothy Bloodworth were accordingly nominated to attend the said Committee.

COLONIAL MEMBERS OF GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

(Compiled by the North Carolina Historical Commission.)

Borough Members from Wilmington.

1739 (40)-1740	William Farris
1742-1743	William Farris
1744-1745	William Farris
1746	Thomas Clark
1746 (47)-1754	Lewis DeRosset
	Cornelius Harnett
1754-1760	Cornelius Harnett
1760	Cornelius Harnett
1761	Cornelius Harnett
1762 (April)	Cornelius Harnett
1762 (November)	Cornelius Harnett
1764-1765	Cornelius Harnett
1766-1768	Cornelius Harnett
1769	Cornelius Harnett
1770-1771	Cornelius Harnett
1773 (January)	Cornelius Harnett
1773-1774	Cornelius Harnett
1775	Cornelius Harnett

New Hanover County Members.

1734	John Swann
	Job Howe
	Maurice Moore
1736	Maurice Moore
	John Swann
1738-1739	Nathaniel Moore
	John Swann
1739-1740	John Swann
	Maurice Moore
1744-1745	John Swann
	George Moore
1746	Samuel Swann
	Rufus Marsden
	John Swann
1746-1754	Rufus Marsden
	John Swann
	John Ashe
1754-1760	George Moore
	John Ashe
1760	George Moore
	John Ashe
1761	George Moore
	John Ashe

1762 (April)	George Moore
	John Ashe
1762 (November)	John Ashe
	Alexander Lillington
1764-1765	John Ashe
	James Moore
1766-1768	John Ashe
	James Moore
1769	John Ashe
	James Moore
1770-1771	John Ashe
	James Moore
1773 (January)	John Ashe
	James Moore
1773-1774	John Ashe
	William Hooper
1775	John Ashe
	William Hooper

PROVINCIAL CONGRESSES.

Borough Members from Wilmington.

Aug. 1774	Francis Clayton
April 1775	Cornelius Harnett
Aug. 1775	Cornelius Harnett
	Archibald Maclaine
April 1776	Cornelius Harnett
Nov. 1776	William Hooper

New Hanover County Members.

Aug. 1774	John Hooper
	William Hooper
April 1775	William Hooper
	John Ashe
Aug. 1775	George Moore
	Alexander Lillington
	Samuel Ashe
	William Hooper
	James Moore
	John Ashe
April 1776	John Ashe
	John Devane
	Samuel Ashe
	Sampson Moseley
	John Hollingsworth
Nov. 1776	John Ashe
	Samuel Ashe
	John Devane
	Sampson Moseley
	John Hollingsworth

WHIGS AND TORIES.

On the last day of May, 1775, the Royal Governor of North Carolina, Josiah Martin, locked his palace at New Bern and fled to Fort Johnston, arriving there on June 2d. Two weeks later he issued his proclamation warning the people to desist from their revolutionary proceedings. As if in answer, on June 19th, the inhabitants of New Hanover, having assembled, united in an Association "to sacrifice their lives and fortunes to secure the freedom and safety of their country." The next day, June 20th, the Committeemen of Duplin, Bladen, Onslow, Brunswick, and New Hanover met at Wilmington and adopted the New Hanover Association, which was also signed, later, in Cumberland. Three weeks elapsed, and then the people of the lower Cape Fear, having determined to dislodge the garrison of the fort, on the 18th of July seized and burnt the fort, the Governor and his soldiers taking refuge on the vessels.

Knowing that there was a large number of loyal adherents in the interior, Governor Martin devised a plan by which a strong British force was to be sent from England to the Cape Fear, where they would be joined by the Loyalists from the upper counties, and the Province reduced to subjection. Accordingly, when the time approached for the British fleet to arrive, the Loyalists began to embody, the first movement being on February 5th, with instructions to concentrate at Campbellton. As quickly as this action was known, the news was hurried to Wilmington and other points throughout the Province. The messengers reached Wilmington on the 9th with the startling intelligence, and the greatest excitement prevailed.

For eighty hours, night and day, there was severe, unremitting service, making preparation for defense. Companies of troops rushed in from Onslow, Duplin, and Brunswick, the whole country being aroused. Colonel Moore with his Continentals, Colonel Lillington with his corps of Minutemen,

Colonel Ashe with his Independents, hurried to the vicinity of Campellton to arrest the progress of the Loyalists, while Colonel Purviance, in command of the New Hanover Militia, remained at Wilmington, throwing up breastworks, mounting swivels, and constructing fire-rafts to drive off the British vessels should they attempt to seize the town. The sloop of war *Cruiser* did ascend the river, but, avoiding Wilmington, tried to pass up the Clarendon, or Brunswick River, being, however, driven back by riflemen who lined the banks.

The battle of Moore's Creek followed on February 27th, and the plan of the Governor was defeated. All during March and April British vessels came into the harbor, but the grand fleet bearing the troops from England, being detained by storms, did not arrive until the end of April, when there were more than a hundred ships in the river. The plan of the Governor having failed, towards the end of May the fleet sailed, expecting to take possession of Charleston, leaving only a few ships in the river. Later, these likewise were withdrawn, and for nearly five years the people of Wilmington were left undisturbed.

At length, South Carolina being subjugated, Lord Cornwallis proposed to enter North Carolina, and as a part of his operations, on the 28th of January, 1781, Maj. James M. Craig took possession of Wilmington. His force consisted of eighteen vessels, carrying a full supply of provisions and munitions, and 400 regular troops, artillery and dragoons. At that time Brunswick was entirely deserted, and Wilmington contained but 200 houses and only 1,000 inhabitants. The entire Cape Fear region was defenseless. The losses of the Cape Fear counties at Camden and in other battles at the South had been heavy, while many of the militia and the whole Continental Line had been surrendered by Lincoln at Charleston. Thus the Whig strength had been greatly weakened, while there were in the country but few guns and no powder and lead. On the other hand, the Loyalists had been strengthened by accessions from those who wearied of the war.

Major Craig at once dispatched detachments to scour the country, seize prominent Whigs, collect forage, and arouse the Loyalists, who in some counties largely outnumbered the Whigs. After the Battle of Guilford Courthouse, Cornwallis retreated to Wilmington, his army arriving there on April 7th. When he had repaired his damage as well as he could, in the closing days of April, he marched through the eastern counties to Virginia, leaving the subjugation of North Carolina to Major Craig.

Large bodies of Loyalists, well supplied by the British with arms and ammunition, too strong to be successfully resisted, now marched at will throughout the upper Cape Fear country, suppressing the Whigs and taking many prisoners, confining them in prison ships or in Craig's "bull-pen" on shore.

After Cornwallis had passed on to Virginia, General Lillington returned to his former position at Heron Bridge over the Northeast; but in June he was forced to retire into Onslow County, and Craig established an outpost at Rutherford Mills on Ashe's Creek, seven miles east of Burgaw, where he constructed a bastion fort. In the meantime Craig had been active in organizing the Loyalists, and he issued a proclamation notifying the inhabitants that they were all British subjects and must enroll themselves as Loyal militia, and those who did not do so by the first day of August were to be harried, their property seized and sold, and themselves destroyed. On the last day of grace Craig began a march through the eastern counties, his loyal lieutenants being very vigorous in the counties on the Northwest and the Haw and the Deep Rivers. When he reached Rock Creek, two miles east of Wallace, he found Colonel Kenan with some five hundred militia ready to contest his passage; but Kenan's ammunition was soon exhausted and the British successfully crossed and dispersed the militia. For ten days Craig remained in Duplin and harried the Whigs, and then, after being joined by three hundred Loyalists, he moved towards New Bern. Lillington was at Limestone Bridge, but hurried on the road to the Trent to keep in Craig's front. He had about six hun-

dred men, but only three rounds of ammunition, and had been directed not to hazard a battle. On the 17th of August, General Caswell reported to the Governor: "General Lillington is between New Bern and the enemy, and I am fearful will risk an action. I have done everything I can to prevent it, and have let him have a sight of your Excellency's letter wherein you mention that no general action must take place." Craig entered New Bern, and then marched towards Kinston, but turned south and went to Richlands, and after obtaining a supply of forage, he returned to Wilmington. At the east the Whigs now rallied everywhere, those in Duplin, having suffered greatly, being thoroughly exasperated. They surprised a body of Tories, "cut many of them to pieces, took several, and put them to instant death." The retaliation on each side was fierce and ferocious, until at length the Tories subsided. But in Bladen and higher up the Tory detachments, each numbering several hundred, held the country and drove the Whigs out. However, on August 28th, Colonel Brown, with about 150 Bladen men, won a complete victory at Elizabethtown and broke the Tory power in Bladen. But a fortnight later, Fanning, whose force numbered 1,000 men, took Hillsboro, captured the Governor of the State, and fought the battle of Cane Creek.

It was not until October that General Rutherford was able to collect enough men to march to the relief of Wilmington. Early in November he reached the Northeast, ten miles above the town, and established himself there, hemming Craig in. But now momentous events happening at Yorktown had their effect on the Cape Fear. On the 17th of November Light Horse Harry Lee (the father of Gen. Robert E. Lee) arrived at Rutherford's camp, bringing the glad news of the surrender of Cornwallis. Immediately the whole camp united in a *feu de joie,* and then Rutherford crossed the river and took post at Schaw's, four miles from the town. On the following morning, November 18th, Major Craig and his troops boarded his ships and took their departure, and al-

though the Tory bands continued to wage a relentless and murderous warfare on the Haw and the Deep, Wilmington thereafter enjoyed quiet and repose.

THE BATTLE OF ELIZABETHTOWN.

(The Wilmington Weekly Chronicle, February, 1844.)

One of the most daring and successful onsets upon Tories by the Whigs during the Revolutionary War was at Elizabethtown, in the county of Bladen, of this State. No notice of the battle was found in any history of that period. We understood that there was an imperfect relation of it published in a Federal paper 25 or 30 years ago. That a memorial to so gallant an act might be revived and placed within reach of some future historian, we addressed a letter to a distinguished gentleman of Bladen, desiring such information in regard to the affair as he should possess or be able to collect. The annexed letter from him furnishes a very satisfactory account of the information sought for, and will doubtless be perused by every North Carolinian with much interest. Our respected correspondent, probably through inadvertence, omitted to put down the date of the battle. It was 1781, and, as near as we can ascertain, in the month of July.

BLADEN COUNTY, Feb. 21st, 1844.

A. A. BROWN, ESQ.,

Editor of the Wilmington Weekly Chronicle.

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 3d inst. was received, soliciting such information as I possess or may be able to collect respecting the battle fought at Elizabethtown during our Revolutionary struggle between the Whigs and Tories. I have often regretted that the actions and skirmishes which occurred in this and New Hanover County should have been overlooked by historians. The battle of Elizabethtown deserves a place in history and ought to be recollected by every true-hearted North Carolinian with pride and pleasure. Here sixty men, driven from their homes, their estates ravaged

and houses plundered, who had taken refuge with the Whigs of Duplin, without funds and bare of clothing, resolved to return, fight, conquer, or die. After collecting all the ammunition they could they embodied and selected Col. Thomas Brown in command. They marched fifty miles through almost a wilderness country before they reached the river, subsisting on jerked beef and a scanty supply of bread. The Tories had assembled, 300 or more, at Elizabethtown, and were commanded by Slingsby and Godden. The former was a talented man and well fitted for his station; the latter, bold, daring, and reckless, ready to risk everything to put down the Whigs. Every precautionary measure was adopted to prevent surprise and to render this the stronghold of Toryism. Nobody was suffered to remain on the east side of the river. Guards and sentries were regularly detached and posted. When the little band of Whig heroes after nightfall reached the river, not a boat was to be found. But it must be crossed and that speedily. Its depth was ascertained by some who were tall and expert swimmers. They, to a man, cried out, "It is fordable, we can, we will cross it." Not a murmur was heard, and without a moment's delay they all undressed, tied their clothing and ammunition on their heads (baggage they had none), each man grasping the barrel of his gun, raised the bridge so as to keep the lock above water, descended the banks, and entered the river. The taller men found less difficulty; those of lower stature were scarcely able to keep their mouths and noses above water; but all safely reached the opposite shore, resumed their dresses, fixed their arms for action, made their way through the low ground then thickly settled with men, ascended the hills which were high and precipitous, crossed King's road leading through the town, and took a position in its rear. Here they formed, and, in about two hours after crossing a mile below, commenced a furious attack, driving in the Tory sentries and guards. They continued rapidly to advance, keeping up a brisk and well directed fire, and were soon in the midst of the foe, mostly Highland Scotchmen, as brave, as high-minded as any of His Majesty's sub-

jects. So sudden and violent an onset for the moment produced disorder; but they were rallied by their gallant leader and made for a while the most determined resistance. Slingsby fell mortally wounded and Godden was killed, with most of the officers of inferior grade. They retreated, some taking refuge in houses, the others, the larger portion, leaping pell-mell in a deep ravine, since called the Tory Hole. As the Tories had unlimited sway from the river to the Little Pee Dee, the Whigs recrossed, taking with them their wounded. Such was the general panic produced by this action that the Tories became dispirited and never after were so troublesome. The Whigs returned to their homes in safety. In the death of Slingsby the Tories were deprived of an officer whose place it was difficult to fill; but few were equal to Godden in partisan warfare. This battle was mostly fought by river planters, men who had sacrificed much for their country. To judge it correctly it should not be forgotten that the country from Little Pee Dee to the Caharas was overrun by the Tories. Wilmington was in possession of the British and Cross Creek of the Tories. Thus situated the attack made on them at Elizabethtown assumed much of the character of a forlorn hope. Had the Whigs not succeeded they must have been cut off to a man. If they had fled southward the Tories would have arisen to destroy them. If eastward, the Tories in that case, flushed with victory, would have pursued them, and they would have sought in vain their former asylum. This action produced in this part of North Carolina as sudden and happy results as the battles of Trenton and Princeton in New Jersey. The contest was unequal, but valor supplied the place of numbers.

It is due to Colonel Brown, who, when a youth, marched with General Waddell from Bladen and fought under Governor Tryon at the battle of Alamance and was afterwards wounded at the Big Bridge, to say he fully realized the expectations of his friends and the wishes of those who selected him to command; and when the history of our State shall be written this action alone, apart from his chivalric conduct at

the Big Bridge, will place him by the side of his compatriots Horry, Marion, and Sumter of the South. It must, it will, form an interesting page in our history on which the young men of North Carolina will delight to dwell. It is an achievement which bespeaks not only the most determined bravery, but great military skill. Most of these men, like the Ten Thousands Greeks, were fitted to command. Owen had fought at Camden, Morehead commanded the nine-months' men sent to the South, Robeson and Ervine were the Percys of the Whigs and might justly be called the Hotspurs of the Cape Fear.

The foregoing narrative was detailed to me by two of the respective combatants who now sleep with their fathers; the substance of which I have endeavored to preserve with all the accuracy a memory not very retentive will permit. A respectable resident of Elizabethtown has recently informed me that he was a small boy at the time of the battle and lived with his mother in one of the houses to which the Tories repaired for safety; that he has a distinct recollection of the fire of the Whigs, which appeared like one continuous stream. Documentary evidence I have none.

With great respect,

The battle of Elizabethtown took place August 29, 1781. The consequences of that victory were far-reaching. Colonel Slingsby had at Elizabethtown a great number of Whigs held as prisoners, who were restored to liberty and augmented the Whig strength in Bladen. The guns, ammunition, provisions, and other spoils taken supplied the Whigs, who were in the extremest need. Not only were the Loyalists broken up and dispersed, but the Whigs were so strengthened that after that the Tories, who had been masters of Bladen, made no opposition to them. Still the condition of the Whigs in Bladen, as in all the other Cape Fear country, remained deplorable.

FLORA MACDONALD.

Shortly after the four years' war, a distinguished Scottish traveler and lecturer, David Macrae, visited Wilmington, and was entertained for several weeks by my father, the late Alexander Sprunt, who sent him with credentials to the Scotch Country, where he was cordially received and honored. Mr. Macrae delivered in Wilmington several lectures which were largely attended, and he generously devoted the proceeds to the benefit of local charities.

He subsequently wrote the following account of Highlanders in North Carolina, with particular reference to Flora Macdonald, whose romantic life on the Cape Fear is worthy of a more enduring memorial:

Visit to the Highland Settlement.

In the month of February, one clear, sharp morning, I left Wilmington on my way up the Cape Fear River to follow the old track of the Highland emigrants, and see their settlement.

The steamers on that river, as indeed on most of the long rivers in America, are stern-wheelers—large, slim, white, and deck-cabined, with only one paddle, but that of stupendous size, standing out like a mill-wheel from the stern and making one think, on seeing the steamer in motion, of a gigantic wheelbarrow drawn swiftly backwards. The advantage of the stern wheel for shallow and winding rivers is that it allows of a narrower beam than two paddles, and takes sufficient hold to propel a steamer in water too shallow for the screw. Our steamer that morning (flat-bottomed, of course, as all American river steamers are) drew only eighteen inches of water, and went at great speed.

We had not been steaming long up the broad pale earthy-brown river, through the flat expanse, with its rice plantations, its forest land, and its clearings, with the black stumps still standing like chessmen on a board, when I was struck with the extraordinary appearance of the leafless woods, which

looked as if a deluge had just subsided, leaving the trees covered with masses of sea-weed.

I gazed on this phenomenon with much wonder, till it suddenly occurred to me that this must be the famous Carolina moss (*Tillandsia*) of which I had often heard, but which I had not yet seen in any quantity. I satisfied myself by asking a tall, shaggy man, in leather leggings and a tattered cloak of Confederate gray, who was standing near me.

"Don't it grow whar you come from?" asked the man, with the usual inquisitiveness of thinly peopled regions. On learning that I was a stranger from the old country, he became exceedingly courteous, and told me that the moss I had inquired about was very common in that State, and was much used by the people for stuffing seats and cushions and bedding, being first boiled to kill it. He said it seemed to feed upon the air. You could take a handful and fling it over the branch of another tree, and it would grow all the same.

After a sail of some hours we reached a point from which a railway runs in a south-westerly direction, traversing part of the Scotch Country. Here we got into the "cars," and were soon bowling through the lonely forest on the narrow iron bed, sometimes over tracks that were irregularly covered for miles with still water, in which the trees and bushes that rose from it stood reflected as on the bosom of a lake. Now and then, at long intervals, we stopped at some little wayside station in the forest, with its cheerful signs of human life, its casks of turpentine and its piles of corded wood, around which the pines were being hewn down and cut, some of them into bars, others into cheese-like sections, for splitting into the shingles that are used for roofing instead of slates or tiles. Occasionally the train stopped in places where there was no station at all, to let some one out at the part of the forest nearest to his home. The conductor, who was continually passing up and down through the cars, stopped the train whenever necessary, by pulling the cord that is slung along the roof of all American trains and communicates with the engine.

We now began to get up into the higher country, amongst forests of giant pines, where the ground was rough, and where the sandy soil, looking in some places like patches of snow, seemed for the most part untouched by the hand of man. It was into these vast solitudes, of which we had as yet but touched the skirt, that the Highlanders, driven from their native land during the religious and political troubles of the last century, had come to find a home.

North Carolina was long a favourite field for Highland emigration. More than a hundred and forty years ago, when Alexander Clark, of Jura, went out to North Carolina, and made his way up the Cape Fear River to Cross Creek, he found already there one Hector McNeill, (known as "Bluff" Hector, from his occupying the bluffs over the river,) who told him of many others settled farther back, most of them exiles from Scotland, consequent on the troubles that followed the downfall of the Stuarts, some of them Macdonalds who had been fugitives from the massacre of Glencoe. The numbers were largely increased by the failure of the Jacobite Rebellion in 1745. The persecution to which the Highlanders were subjected after the scattering of the clans at Culloden made many of them eager to escape from the country; and when the Government, after the execution of many captured rebels, granted pardon to the rest on condition of their taking the oath of allegiance and emigrating to the plantations of America, great numbers availed themselves of the opportunity. They were followed gradually by many of their kith and kin, till the vast plains and forest lands in the heart of North Carolina were sprinkled with a Gaelic-speaking population.

In 1775, the Scotch Colony received a memorable accession in the person of Flora Macdonald, who, with her husband and children, had left Scotland in poverty to seek a home with their friends in the American forests. The heroine was received at Wilmington[1] and at various points along her route with Highland honours; and the martial

[1]At Wilmington a public ball was given in her honor.

airs of her native land greeted her as she approached Cross Creek, the little capital of the Highland settlement. She arrived, however, at an unhappy time. The troubles between Great Britain and the colonies were coming to a head, and in a few months hostilities began.

It is somewhat singular that many of these Highland colonists, the very men who had fought against the Hanoverian dynasty at home, were now forward to array themselves on its side. But they had been Jacobites and Conservatives in Scotland, and conservatism in America meant loyalty to the King. Many of them, however, espoused the cause of Independence, and the declaration prepared in the County of Cumberland, immediately after the famous declaration of the neighboring County of Mecklenburg, has many Highland names attached. The crafty Governor of the colony, fearing the spread of anti-British sentiment, and knowing the influence of Flora Macdonald amongst the Scottish settlers, commissioned one of her kinsfolk (Donald Macdonald), who had been an officer in the Prince's army in 1745, to raise a Highland regiment for the King, and gave the rank of captain to Flora's husband. This identified the heroine with the Royalist party, and had the effect of securing the adhesion of hundreds of gallant men who would otherwise have held back or joined the other side. When the Royal Standard was raised at Cross Creek, 1,500 Highlanders assembled in arms. Flora, it is said, accompanied her husband, and inspired the men with her own enthusiasm. She slept the first night in the camp, and did not return to her home till she saw the troops begin their march. The fate that awaited this gallant little force is known to all readers of history. It had got down the river as far as Moore's Creek, on its way to join Governor Martin, when, finding further advance checked by a force of Revolutionists under Lillington and Caswell, while another under Colonel Moore was hurrying up in pursuit, it was driven to attack the enemy in front on ground of his own choosing. In the first onslaught its officers fell, confusion ensued, and after a

severe struggle the Highlanders were routed. Flora's husband was taken prisoner and thrown into Halifax jail.

Many of those who escaped were said to have joined another Highland regiment which was raised for the King under the title of the North Carolina Highlanders and fought the Revolutionists till the close of the war. So deeply had they identified themselves with the Royal cause that when the war was ended most of them, including Flora Macdonald and her husband, left America and returned to Scotland. Those who remained in the settlement, divided by the war, were soon reunited by peace, became, as in duty bound, good citizens, and resumed the task of taming the savage wilderness in which they had cast their lot.

When the troubles between North and South were gathering to a head in 1860, the Highlanders, with their conservative instincts, were almost to a man opposed to secession. But, taught to believe that their allegiance was due primarily, not to the Federal Government but to the State, no sooner did North Carolina go out than they, with Highland loyalty, followed; and no men crowded to the front more eagerly, or fought more valiantly or more desperately to the bitter end.

Almost every man of those I met had served in the Confederate Army, and had left dead brothers or sons on the battlefield. Others, following the example of those who had left Scotland after the downfall of the Stuarts, and America after the triumph of the Revolution, had left the States altogether, and gone off to Mexico.

Amongst those I found at Wilmington was one who was a fine specimen of the material that the Highlands have given to Carolina, a tall, dark-visaged, soldierly fellow—Gen. William MacRae—whose personal valour and splendid handling of his troops in battle had caused him to be repeatedly complimented by Lee in general orders.

He seemed to belong to a fighting family. His eight brothers had all been either in the Army or Navy. One of

them was in the National Army when the war broke out, and considered that his oath bound him to the cause of the Union. He and his brothers accordingly fought on opposite sides, and in one battle, it is said, face to face. Their father, Gen. Alexander MacRae, had fought in the war with England in 1812, and, on the outbreak of the Confederate war, though then a man of seventy years of age, again took the field, and commanded what was known as MacRae's batallion. He died not many weeks after I parted from him at Wilmington. He was the grandson of the Rev. Alexander MacRae, minister of Kintail, two of whose sons fell fighting for the Pretender at Culloden. The others emigrated to North Carolina, and one of them, Philip, who had also served in the Prince's army, cherished so deadly a hate of the English in consequence of the atrocities of Cumberland, that he would never learn the English language but spoke Gaelic to the day of his death. The family settled in Moore County, which is part of what is still called "The Scotch Country."

The Life of Flora Macdonald had been published by her granddaughter in the form of an autobiography, said to be based on family records. The following is the passage in which the Scottish heroine is made to describe the episode in her life connected with America:

"In 1775 my husband put in practice a plan he and I often talked over—that of joining the emigrants who were leaving their native hills to better their fortunes on the other side of the Atlantic. We were induced to favour this scheme more particularly as a succession of failures of the crops and unforeseen family expenses rather cramped our small income. So, after making various domestic arrangements, one of which was to settle our dear boy Johnnie under the care of a kind friend, Sir Alexander McKenzie, of Delvin, near Dunkeld, until he was of age for an India appointment, we took ship for North America. The others went with us, my youngest girl excepted, whom I left with friends; she was only nine years old. Ann was a fine young woman, and my sons as promising fellows as ever a mother could desire.

Believe me, dear Maggie, in packing the things, the Prince's sheet was put up in lavender, so determined was I to be laid in it whenever it might please my Heavenly Father to command the end of my days. On reaching North Carolina, Allan soon purchased and settled upon an estate; but our tranquillity was ere long broken up by the disturbed state of the country, and my husband took an active part in that dreadful War of Independence. The Highlanders were now as forward in evincing attachment to the British Government as they had furiously opposed it in former years. My poor husband, being loyally disposed, was treated harshly by the opposite party, and was confined for some time in jail at Halifax. After being liberated he was officered in a royal corps — the North Carolina Highlanders; and although America suited me and the young people, yet my husband thought it advisable, at the conclusion of the war, to quit a country that had involved us in anxiety and trouble almost from the first month of our landing on its shores. So, at a favourable season for departure, we sailed for our native country, all of us, excepting our sons, Charles and Ronald, who were in New York expecting appointments, which they soon after obtained; Alexander was already, dear boy, at sea. Thus our family was reduced in number. On the voyage home all went well until the vessel encountered a French ship of war, and we were alarmed on finding that an action was likely to take place. The captain gave order for the ladies to remain below, safe from the skirmish; but I could not rest quiet, knowing my husband's spirit and energy would carry him into the thick of the fighting; therefore I rushed up the companion-ladder—I think it was so called—and I insisted on remaining on deck to share my husband's fate, whatever that might be. Well, dear Maggie, thinking the sailors were not so active as they ought to have been—and they appeared crest-fallen, as if they expected a defeat—I took courage and urged them on by asserting their rights and the certainty of the victory. Alas! for my weak endeavors to be of service; I was badly rewarded, being thrown down in the noise and

confusion on deck. I was fain to go below, suffering excruciating agony in my arm, which the doctor, who was fortunately on board, pronounced to be broken. It was well set, yet from that time to this it has been considerably weaker than the other. So you see I have periled my life for both the houses of Stuart and Brunswick, and gained nothing from either side!"

Major Jack Walker.

The Cape Fear Country has just cause for pride in the illustrious characters who adorned our annals during the troublous time of the Revolution. Among them was one whose career was almost as picturesque as that of Flora Macdonald—Maj. Jack Walker. He was born near Alnwick Castle under the shadow of the Grampian Hills, and while yet a youth of twenty he landed at Old Brunswick in 1761. In stature he stood six feet four, and he possessed enormous strength. There were no lions for him to conquer, but once when a mad bull raged through the streets of Wilmington, Samson-like, he seized the infuriated animal by the horns, threw him to the ground and held him. As major of the North Carolina Continentals, he fought valiantly at the North. He was ever a warm patriot and was violent against those who sympathized with the Tories. The people loved him and affectionately called him "Major Jack," and he wielded great power among them. Although he amassed a considerable fortune he never married, his large estate descending to a favorite nephew, Maj. John Walker, who was the father of Hon. Thomas D. Walker, Alvis Walker, John Walker, Capt. George Walker, Dr. Joshua C. Walker, Henry Walker, Calhoun Walker, and of the wives of Gen. W. H. C. Whiting, Maj. James H. Hill, Capt. C. P. Bolles, Capt. John Cowan and Mr. Frederick Fosgate.

Early Years

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT ON THE CAPE FEAR RIVER.

Let us contrast the swift steamer *Wilmington* with the primitive example of former days—let us turn back for three-quarters of a century, when the town of Wilmington contained only a tenth of its present population, and recall an incident, related to the writer by the late Col. J. G. Burr, which created the greatest excitement at the time, and which was the occasion of the wildest exuberance of feeling among the usually staid inhabitants of the town—the arrival of the first steamboat in the Cape Fear River. A joint stock company had been formed for the purpose of having one built to ply between Wilmington and Smithville or Wilmington and Fayetteville. Capt. Otway Burns, of privateer *Snap Dragon* fame during the War of 1812, was the contractor. The boat was built at Beaufort, where he resided. When the company was informed that the steamer was finished and ready for delivery, they dispatched an experienced sea captain to take command and bring her to her destined port. Expectations were on tiptoe after the departure of the captain; a feverish excitement existed in the community, which daily increased, as nothing was heard from him for a time, owing to the irregularity of the mails; but early one morning this anxiety broke into the wildest enthusiasm when it was announced that the *Prometheus* was in the river and had turned the Dram Tree. Bells were rung, cannon fired, and the entire population, without regard to age, sex, or color, thronged the wharves to welcome her arrival. The tide was at the ebb, and the struggle between the advancing steamer and the fierce current was a desperate one; for she panted fearfully, as though wind-blown and exhausted. She could be seen in the distance, enveloped in smoke, and the scream of her high-pressure engine reverberated through the woods, while she slowly but surely crept along. As she neared Market Dock, where the steamer *Wilmington* is at present moored,

the Captain called through his speaking-trumpet to the engineer below: "Give it to her, Snyder"; and while Snyder gave her all the steam she could bear, the laboring *Prometheus* snorted by, amid the cheers of the excited multitude. In those days the river traffic was sustained by sailing sloops and small schooners, with limited passenger accommodations and less comfort. The schedule time to Smithville, was four hours, wind and weather permitting, and the fare was one dollar each way.

NOTE.—In April, 1819, President Monroe was carried on the *Prometheus* from Wilmington to Smithville. Steamboats were used on the Cape Fear very early after their introduction.

On October 16, 1818, the *Henrietta* began to run regularly between Wilmington and Fayetteville.

THE DISASTROUS YEAR OF 1819.

The growth of Wilmington was naturally slow, notwithstanding the energy of her inhabitants. Indeed, because of the constant exodus of North Carolinians to the new country at the West and South, the population of the State hardly increased at all during the early years of the last century. The population of New Hanover County in 1810, was 11,465, and in 1820, it had fallen off to 10,866. In 1820, the population of Wilmington was whites, 1,098, slaves, 1,433, free negroes, 102; a total of 2,633.

Especially, because of the absence of good roads and facilities for transportation—save by the river to Fayetteville—there was but little opportunity for extending the trade of the town.

Further, the trouble with England, the embargo, the interruption of commerce by the War of 1812-15, with the attendant financial embarrassments, brought loss and ruin in their train.

Superadded was the scourge of yellow fever during the summer of 1819, the disease in that season being more prevalent throughout the Southern and Middle Atlantic States than has ever been known. Baltimore, as well as the more south-

ern ports, was entirely paralyzed. As in 1862, many families fled from Wilmington into the interior.

Hardly had the desolation subsided and commerce revived, when Wilmington was visited by the most disastrous conflagration recorded in its history. The total loss, as stated by some standard authorities, was about one million dollars, but the Wilmington *Recorder* estimated it at between six and seven hundred thousand dollars—an almost total obliteration of the wealth of the town.

We quote from the *Raleigh Register and North Carolina State Gazette* of Friday, November 12, 1819.

It is our painful duty to register a very extensive and calamitous fire which took place at Wilmington in our State; and we do it with those strong feelings of sympathy and regret which such events naturally inspire. We cannot portray the circumstances in which the town was placed more feelingly than it is depicted by the Editor of the *Cape Fear Recorder;* "who feels them most can paint them best."

FIRE! Wilmington (says the *Recorder*) has experienced more awful calamities by fire than any other place in the Union. Thrice, within twenty years, has the devouring element laid in ashes the abodes of her inhabitants. Enterprise, industry and the assistance of her neighbors, gave her, measurably, resuscitation, until the recent pressure of the times bended her down almost to the sinking point. Embarrassments in pecuniary matters had reached that state which appeared to baffle relief. Sickness and death followed in the melancholy train. Despair had almost concluded that she could not sink beyond this. Hope, the bright luminary by which man's path in this world of care is heightened and cheered, brought consolation, and pointed to better days. Disease had ceased—the periodical work of death completed—the late deserted abodes of her inhabitants filling—vessels arriving daily in her port—the appearance of business reviving. On Thursday morning, the 4th inst., about three o'clock, the cry of the fire was given, and the delusion vanished. Her bright hopes were destroyed.

The frightful picture is before us and it is our duty to present it to our distant readers. The fire originated back of a small building occupied by Mr. Samuel Adkins as a grocery store, situated on the wharf, near Dock Street, and adjoining the large brick warehouse lately occupied as the '76 Coffee-house, in part of which was the office and counting house of Gabriel Holmes, Esq.

From the best calculation we can make, the whole number of houses destroyed was about three hundred, of every description, including the Presbyterian Church, lately erected; and the total loss of property between six and seven hundred thousand dollars.

The following persons are those who have lost by the destruction of buildings:

Col. Archibald F. McNeill, John London, Col. Thos. Cowan, John Swann, jr., Wm. McKay, Estate of Thomas Jennings, Seth Hoard, Joseph Kellogg, Estate of J. London, Mrs. McRee, Jacob Levy, Richard Bradley, Edward B. Dudley, Wm. J. Love, S. Springs, James Dickson, Hanson Kelly, David Smith, Henry Urquhart, John Walker, Geo. Jennings, Robert Rankin, State Bank, Estate of Nehemiah Harris, Estate of James Allen, M. Blake, Estate of M. Murphy, James Usher, Mrs. Hoskins, Mrs. Toomer, William Harris, James Marshall, Estate of P. Harris, Louis Pagget, Estate of Hilliary Moore, Reuben Loring, Wm. C. Lord, Gilbert Geer. This list is no doubt incomplete.

Among those who suffered by the destruction of other property the principal in amount are, Isaac Arnold, Edmund Bridge, jr., Eleazar Tilden, Dudley and Van Cleef, Dudley and Dickinson, Miles Blake, Seth Hoard, Rd. Lloyd, J. Angomar, George Lloyd, H. Wooster, Patrick Murphy, B. C. Gillett, W. C. Radclift, Stewart Robson.

It is almost impossible to ascertain the amount of individual losses. Every person within the bounds of the fire, and all those without it who removed their property, lost more or less. But the extent of a loss, as it regards merely its amount, is not the criterion of its injury—it is he that has lost his all, the unprotected, the friendless, and the helpless, that ought to excite our pity and compassion, and calls for our assistance.

Only one life was lost—Captain Farquhar McRae, after the fire had almost subsided, who ventured within a building for the purpose of saving property not his own. The walls fell, he was crushed to atoms. He was a useful citizen in his sphere of life and would have been regretted even had he died on the couch of disease.

To the sufferings of others, Wilmington has never remained indifferent—limited as were her means, to know them was all that was necessary for her to contribute her mite. She is now in distress —hundreds of her inhabitants are suffering. The knowledge of her situation will, we are certain, confer relief.

And all this is the work of an incendiary. Suspicion has been afloat, but we suspect it has not been directed toward the right person. Higher views than those of plunder must have been the object, for we have heard of not much success and of very few attempts.

(Raleigh Register and North Carolina State Gazette, Friday, December 3, 1819.)

Wilmington Fire—We have pleasure in stating that a subscription has been opened for the relief of the sufferers by this disastrous event, not only among the citizens of Raleigh, but among the members of both houses of the Legislature. The precise amount is not at present ascertained; but we trust it will be such as will show the liberality of the subscribers, considering the hardness of the times.

NEGRO INSURRECTION.

A distressing incident took place on the Cape Fear just after the Nat Turner Insurrection in Virginia. All along the coast the negroes seem to have been excited and inflamed, and plots of insurrections were entered into at various points. At Wilmington such a plot was discovered, and there was much alarm felt on the Sound and on the isolated farms in the country, and the women and children who could hurried into town for safety. Information was at once dispatched to the officers at Fort Johnston, and immediately a company of soldiers hastened to Wilmington. Their arrival was entirely unexpected by the negro leaders, who quickly realized that their plans were known.

Colonel Burr has left an account of the trial of the ringleaders, from which the following is summarized: At the Fall Term of the Superior Court of New Hanover County, 1831, six negroes were placed on trial, charged with attempting to incite an insurrection among the blacks against the whites. The horrid massacre of the whites, men, women, and children, in the Nat Turner rising had recently occurred, but although there was much feeling in the community, the trial was conducted with the utmost fairness and impartiality. The negroes had the benefit of the ablest counsel their owners could obtain. That distinguished jurist, Honorable Robert Strange, subsequently United States Senator, and grandfather of Bishop Strange, presided with great dignity. Mr. Alexander Troy was Solicitor, and the Court appointed Mr. Joseph Alston Hill to assist the solicitor, and in fact he conducted the trial throughout. Colonel Burr says:

I shall never forget the impression made upon me by the deathlike silence that reigned in that crowded court room when Mr. Hill rose to address the jury. His exordium was delivered in calm and composed manner, and without the least exhibition of feeling, but as he proceeded in his argument he seemed to be transformed, his crest rose, his form dilated, and his eyes flashed continuous fire, while his rapid but graceful gesticulation added much to the impressiveness of the scene. His denunciation was overwhelming, his sarcasm withering, and his burning eloquence flowed onward and

onward like the rush of a mighty mountain torrent. The doom of the prisoners at the bar was sealed; it could be seen in the compressed lips and clinched hands of the jury.

Mr. Burr adds: "The six criminals who were convicted were executed together on the same scaffold."

As far as known this was the only movement of the kind in the history of the Cape Fear.

On the other hand, during the War between the States, which arose because of the existence of domestic slavery at the South—when the negroes knew that President Lincoln had declared them free—there was no insurrection anywhere in the Southern States; and while the country was denuded of the white men who were away from their farms in the Army, the negroes protected the white women and children, and served them with fidelity. This general fact and the general display of sincere affection and devotion by the negroes to the families of their owners record more certainly than words can the attitude of the races at the South towards each other during slavery times, even though one race was in subjection to the other.

PLANTATIONS ON THE NORTHEAST RIVER.

By Dr. John Hampden Hill.

About 41 years ago Dr. John Hampden Hill, a prominent Cape Fear planter of Lilliput, a gentleman of culture and refinement, generally respected and admired, wrote some interesting reminiscences of the lower Cape Fear and for personal reasons instructed his friend, Mr. DuBrutz Cutlar, to reserve them from publication until after the author's death. Upon my earnest solicitation, however, he permitted me to copy these papers in the year 1893 and to use them in a series of newspaper articles entitled *A Colonial Plantation*. I reproduce them here as worthy of more permanent record.

Doctor Hill was born April 28, 1807, at Hyrneham, and died February 19, 1893, at Goldsboro, full of years and the consolations of an honorable Christian life.

In the year 1665, Sir John Yeamans, of the Island of Barbadoes, fitted out a small vessel, and sent her under the command of a Captain Hilton, on a voyage of discovery. Hilton, according to instructions, explored the Cape Fear River. Sir John Yeamans, himself, afterwards visited the Cape Fear, and brought a colony with him, and made a settlement on the west bank of the river.

Not designing to follow the progress of Yeamans with his colony, we will return to the Cape Fear, of whose early tradition the writer has undertaken, at the solicitation of some highly valued friends, to narrate (so far as his memory serves) some imperfect sketches.

After this section began to be visited, and settlements made by emigrants from Europe and from the other provinces, amongst the earliest places that attracted attention, was Stag Park. It was first located and patented by George Burrington, then Governor of the Province of North Carolina. This Governor Burrington was a very worthless and profligate character, so much so, that on one occasion being at Edenton, he was presented by the Grand Jury of Chowan County for riotous and disorderly conduct on the streets, with a party of rowdy companions. Of such material as this did our English rulers make governors for the guardianship of the lives and fortunes of their loyal subjects in these provinces.

After having disgraced himself in America, Burrington returned to England, where, still pursuing his profligate habits, he not long after lost his life in a street brawl in the city of London. Before that event he had contracted a debt to a Mr. Strudwick, for which he mortgaged the Stag Park estate of ten thousand acres, and a large body of land which he owned in what was known as the Hawfields in Orange County. Mr. Strudwick sent his son, Edmund, to look after his property, thus acquired in this country.

The tradition was that this gentleman had fallen into disfavor with his friends on account of having married an actress in the city of London, which was the cause of his coming to settle in America. His residence was divided be-

tween Stag Park and the Hawfields. He left a son whom the writer has only heard mentioned as Major Strudwick and as quite an influential citizen of Orange County, where he chiefly resided. He married a Miss Shepperd, of Orange, by which marriage there were several sons and daughters, of whom the late Mr. Samuel Strudwick, of Alabama, was the eldest. This gentleman was a successful planter and acquired a large estate. He was of high intelligence, and remarkable for his fine conversational talent.

Dr. Edmund Strudwick, of Hillsboro, is well known as one of the ablest physicians of the State, and is especially eminent as a surgeon. Betsy, the eldest daughter, married Mr. Paoli Ashe, and was the mother of the Hon. Thomas S. Ashe, one of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and a gentleman distinguished alike for professional ability and great worth and purity of character.

Stag Park was sold about the year 1817 for division among the heirs, and was purchased by Ezekiel Lane, Esq., for $10,000. This gentleman we will have occasion to mention further on.

The next place, descending the Northeast, is the Neck, the residence of Gov. Samuel Ashe, who, together with his brother, Gen. John Ashe, was amongst the most prominent and influential characters in the Cape Fear region, both before and after the Revolutionary War. Governor Ashe held with distinction the position of District Judge up to the time of his election as Governor of the State. His eldest son, John Baptista Ashe, was also elected Governor, but died before he could be inducted into office. There were two other sons of Governor Ashe, Samuel and Thomas. The latter was the grandfather of the present Judge Ashe, already spoken of, and the former will be mentioned further on. There was still another son, named Cincinnatus, who with some other youths of the Cape Fear gentry volunteered as midshipman on board a privateer, fitted out at Wilmington, and commanded by a Captain Allen, an Englishman. The vessel went to sea, and was supposed to have been sunk by a British ship, or found-

ered in some other way, as she was never more heard of. The writer remembers when he was a child, an old lady, a Mrs. Allen, entirely blind, the widow of the English captain, who lived with the families of the Northeast, first one and then another, with whom she was always a welcome guest, and treated with much respect and consideration.

Below the Neck, and within the precinct known as Rocky Point, was Green Hill, the residence of Gen. John Ashe. This gentleman did more, probably, than any other man in the Province towards rousing the spirit of resistance against what was called British oppression. He was the prime mover and leader of the party which resisted the Governor in his attempt to enforce the Stamp Act. And when the war of the Revolution did break out, he raised a regiment at his own expense, so ardently were his feelings enlisted in the cause.

The history of General Ashe's services is, or ought to be, known to the people of the Cape Fear. But it may not be known that he died in obscurity, and the place of his interment cannot be pointed out. The story is that on a visit to his family at Green Hill when in feeble health, he was betrayed by a faithless servant to a party of soldiers, sent out from the garrison at Wilmington for his capture. Taken to Wilmington, he was confined in Craig's "bull-pen," as it was called. Here his health became so feeble that he was released on parole, and attempted to get to his family at Hillsboro. But he reached no farther than Sampson Hall, the residence of Col. John Sampson, in the county of that name. Here he died and was buried, and there is neither stone nor mound to mark the spot.

General Ashe left a son who also had served in the War of the Revolution—Maj. Samuel Ashe. He was an active politician of the Democrat-Republican party, and represented for many years the County of New Hanover in the Legislature. Of the three daughters of General Ashe, one married Colonel Alston, of South Carolina. Gov. Joseph Alston of South Carolina was her son. Another married Mr. John Davis; and the third, Mr. William H. Hill. The last was

the mother of Mr. Joseph Alston Hill, the most talented man of the family, with the most brilliant promise of distinction when he died at the age of thirty-six. This Green Hill property is now owned by the estate of the late Maj. John Walker.

The Ashe family in early times after the Revolution differed in politics with the generality of the Cape Fear gentry. The Governor and his sons, with the exception of Col. Samuel Ashe, were leaders of the Republican or Jeffersonian faction, whereas the large majority of the gentry and educated class were Federalists of the Hamilton school. After the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and a Republican form of government was established, there is no doubt but that a good deal of feeling and prejudice existed against what was called too much liberty and equality, and the practice of some of the old Republicans was not always consistent with their professed principles.

The next place of note, and adjoining Green Hill to the north, was Moseley Hall, the residence of the Moseley family, and one of prominence in colonial times. One of them, Sampson Moseley, Esq., was a member of the King's Council and Surveyor General of the Province, but the writer does not know that any of the male members of the family survived the Revolution, or that any of their descendants whatever are left. They were nearly allied by blood to the Lillingtons. One of the daughters of the family married a Mr. Carlton Walker, and left one son, John Moseley Walker, who died soon after coming of age, and the estate passed to his half brothers and sisters. This was a large and quite valuable place and was said to have been handsomely improved, but all that the writer remembers seeing were the remains of what were said to have been fine old avenues.

Crossing Clayton Creek, we come to the next place below, known in old times as Clayton Hall, the residence of a Mr. Clayton, a Scotch gentleman, who died leaving no descendants, though I believe the Restons of Wilmington were his nearest kin. This property, which was at one time regarded

as the best plantation in New Hanover County, was purchased by Col. Samuel Ashe. Colonel Ashe, when I knew him, was about the only survivor of the olden times on the Northeast River. He had been a soldier in the War of the Revolution, had entered the Army when he was but seventeen years old and served through the last three years of the war, was at the siege of Charleston, and was there made prisoner. Colonel Ashe was a gentleman of commanding appearance, tall and erect, with prominent features, deep-sunken, but piercing eyes, of fine manners and bearing, of remarkable colloquial powers, and manner and style of narration most engaging. Especially was his fund of anecdotes and incidents relating to the olden times most interesting, and seemed almost inexhaustible. Of him Mr. George Davis, in his address at Chapel Hill in 1855, spoke as follows: "In my early youth I remember an old man, bowed by age and infirmities, but of noble front and most commanding presence. Old and young gathered around him in love and veneration to listen to his stories of the olden times. And as he spoke of his country's trials, and of the deeds and sufferings of her sons, his eyes flashed with the ardor of youth, and his voice rang like the battle charge of a bugle. He was the soul of truth and honor, with the ripe wisdom of a man, and the guileless simplicity of a child. He won strangers to him with a look, and those who knew him loved him with a most filial affection. None ever lived more honored and revered. None ever died leaving a purer or more cherished memory. This was Colonel Samuel Ashe, 'the last of all the Romans.' "

The old Clayton Hall mansion, left for a long time untenanted, went to decay, and there was nothing left of it when the writer can remember but the foundation. He can remember an old vault, which stood to the north of the creek, in which it is said the remains of Mr. Clayton rested. After Colonel Ashe came in possession of the place, he built immediately on the bank of the creek, so that you could stand on one end of his piazza and fish. The spring out of which they got their drinking water flowed from the base of a rock, which

formed the bank of the creek, and when the tide was up, the spring was overflowed.

It was a great treat to visit the old Colonel and hear him talk of old times. His memory was remarkable, and his style of narration uncommonly good.

He seemed familiar with the genealogy of every family that had ever lived on the Cape Fear, and their traditions. It is much to be regretted that some one who had the capacity could not have chronicled his narratives as they were related by himself.

Colonel Ashe removed from Rocky Point when he was well advanced in years, to a place which he owned on the Cape Fear, in the neighborhood of Fayetteville, where he lived several years. His only male descendant of the name in the State, I believe, is Samuel A. Ashe, Esq., of Raleigh.

Colonel Ashe, on his removal, sold the Clayton Hall estate to Dr. James F. McRee, who retired from the practice of medicine in Wilmington and made his residence here, where he carried on planting operations with fair success. He abandoned the old settlement, and built on what was known as the Sand Ridge, and renamed the place, calling it Ashe-Moore, in compliment to the two families so long known and distinguished in the Cape Fear region. Dr. McRee had acquired a higher reputation than any other physician of his day in the Cape Fear region, or even in the whole State. The writer enjoyed the privilege of being his pupil, and of his long friendship, and to speak of him in such terms as he esteemed him, as a noble gentleman and physician, might seem like extravagant eulogy.

The next place on the river is the Vats. Here the river changes its course, making a pretty sudden bend, and a prominent point of rocks jutting into the stream gives the name of Rocky Point to all that portion of country lying west, as far as the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad. This place was first located by Col. Maurice Moore, one of the earliest pioneers of the Cape Fear section. It is related that Colonel Moore and Governor Burrington, both of them exploring in

search of rich lands, happened to reach this point about the same time. As they stepped on shore from their boats, both claimed possession by right of prior location and occupation. But the Colonel stoutly resisted his Excellency's pretensions, and by dint of strong will held the property. The arbitrary disposition exhibited on this occasion rather strikingly illustrates what is said to have been characteristic of the Moore family, especially that branch of it. The lands of this place were very rich, and it continued in the Moore family for several generations. It was finally sold by Judge Alfred Moore to Mr. Ezekiel Lane, a most worthy gentleman, who here laid the foundation of quite a large estate, acquired by farming alone. Commencing with small means he became the largest landowner in the county of New Hanover, his estate being mostly composed of those Rocky Point lands.

The next two places adjoining and to the south of the Vats, were Spring Field and Strawberry, owned by, and the latter place the residence of Mr. Levin Lane, a son of Mr. E. Lane, a planter like his father, and a most worthy and highly respectable gentleman.

Let us return to the Vats and cross the river by the ferry there; traveling eastward by the New Bern road about four miles, we come to Lillington Hall, the residence of Gen. Alexander Lillington. It would seem like a singular selection for a gentleman to have made for a residence, just on the border of the great Holly Shelter pocosin or dismals, and quite remote from the other gentry settlements. But in those days stock raising was much attended to, and here immense tracts of unoccupied lands furnished rich pasturage and fine range.

General Lillington was nearly allied to the Moseleys, of Moseley Hall, and came to reside on the Cape Fear about the same time with them. He was an ardent Whig and patriot, and taking up arms early in the Revolution, he soon distinguished himself as a bold and sagacious leader. On the attempt of the Scotch settlers about Cross Creek to move on

Wilmington for the purpose of coöperating with the British force intended to invade and subjugate North Carolina, General Lillington speedily organized the militia of New Hanover and Duplin Counties and marched rapidly in the direction from which the enemy approached. Selecting a position at Moore's Creek where it was crossed by a bridge, he threw up intrenchments and awaited the approach of the Scots. On the arrival of General Caswell, the superior in command, he approved of Lillington's plans and arrangements for meeting the enemy. The result of the battle which ensued is well known to history, and its success was, by his contemporaries, mainly attributed to Lillington's prompt movement and skillful arrangements.

The Lillington Hall mansion was a quaint old structure of ante-Revolutionary date, and standing alone, there was no house that approached it in size or appearance in that wild region. When the writer visited there while a youth there was quite a library of rare old English books, which would be highly prized at this day. At that time it was owned and occupied by Mr. Samuel Black, a highly respectable and worthy gentleman, who had married the widow of Mr. John Lillington, the youngest son of the Colonel. This place, like all the residences of the early gentry, has gone out of the family and into stranger hands.

As there is no other place of note on the east side of the river, we will recross the ferry at the Vats, and following the road leading west to where it crosses the main county road, we come to Moore Fields. This was the residence of George Moore, Esq., one of the most prominent gentlemen of his day, both before and after the Revolution. I remember the old mansion as it stood, but much dilapidated. Not a vestige of it is left now. There had been raised near the house two mounds for rabbit-warrens, and near by was a fishpond. Mr. Moore was the father of a numerous progeny. He was twice married. His first wife was a Miss Mary Ashe, a sister, I believe, of Governor Ashe; the second was a Miss Jones. There is extant an old copy of the Church of England prayer-

book in the possession of one of his descendants (Dr. Wm. H. Moore) in which is recorded the births and names of his children by these marriages, and there were twenty-seven. From these or the survivors, for many of them must have died during infancy, have sprung many of the families of the Cape Fear region, some of whose descendants are still living there, among whom can be mentioned the Hon. George Davis, who has no superior if any equal here or in any other part of the State. Also, the Hon. Thos. S. Ashe is one of the lineal descendants of this old stock. There was one of the granddaughters, Miss Sallie Moore, who was reputed to be the greatest beauty of her day. Her father, William Moore, removed to the State of Tennessee, where she was heard of still living a few years since.

George Moore of Moore Fields, as he was familiarly called, was remarkable for his great energy and good management; a man of considerable wealth, owning many slaves. He had a summer residence on the Sound, to reach which he crossed the Northeast River at the Vats ferry; and from a mile or two to the east of it, he had made a perfectly straight road, ditched on each side, twenty miles in length. This road, though no longer used, can still be traced. It is related that when corn was wanted at the summer place, one hundred negro fellows would be started, each with a bushel bag on his head. There is quite a deep ditch leading from some large bay swamps lying to the west of the county road. It used to be called the Devil's ditch, and there was some mystery and idle tradition as to why and how the ditch was cut there. It was doubtless made to drain the water from those bays, to flood some lands cultivated in rice, which were too low to be drained for corn.

We will now pass down the old Swann Point Avenue to the county road, and traveling west, soon reach and cross Turkey Creek, and come to that famous old plantation, Spring Garden, the residence of old Frederick Jones, Esq., noted in his day as being the most industrious and successful farmer in all the country round. Mr. Jones was a Virginian, in-

duced to settle on the Cape Fear by Mr. Swann, whose niece he had married. Besides the son, who assumed the name of Swann, there were five daughters, one of whom married Mr. John Hill, of Fair Fields. She was the mother of the late Dr. Frederick J. and John Hill. Another married Michael Sampson, Esq., of Sampson Hall. The remaining three daughters married three brothers, Scotch gentlemen, by the name of Cutlar. Only one of these left children, Dr. Roger Cutlar, who was the father of the late Dr. Frederick J. Cutlar, of Wilmington, eminent in his profession, and for his purity of character. From this good old Spring Garden stock, also comes the writer's best esteemed and most worthy friend, DuBrutz Cutlar, Esq.[1]

We will now retrace our steps across Turkey Creek, and pass over the river at the Oaks, and going through what was called Legere's Neck, we come to the Castle Haynes. Legere's, a deep neck formed by the river on one side and Prince George's Creek on the other, was like Belahonea, another great resort for deer and a famous hunting ground. Castle Haynes was the residence of a Mr. Haynes, of whose history the writer has heard but little, except that he was the ancestor of the Waddell family, among whom I have heard related the tradition of his sad death by drowning. It is said that he was ill of a fever, and while in delirium, he rose from his bed and rushed to the creek, which was near by, plunged in, and was drowned, before assistance could reach him.

This Mr. Haynes left an only daughter, who married Col. Hugh Waddell. From that union sprang the family of that name, so long and respectably known on the Cape Fear.

Turning east from Castle Haynes and crossing the county

[1]Besides the plantations mentioned in this paper, near the lower Ferry were Mulberry and the Oaks, the latter being the residence of Mr. Swann. Mulberry was the headquarters of General Lillington while hemming in the British forces that occupied Wilmington. And where the railroad crosses the county road, one mile south of Rocky Point station, was Hyrneham, built by Colonel Hyrne, and famous in the early days of the settlement. Later it was the birthplace of Doctor Hill.

road, we come to the Hermitage, the residence of the Burgwyn family. The founder of this family was Mr. John Burgwyn, an English gentleman, in olden times an opulent merchant, who carried on an extensive commerce between Wilmington and Bristol in England. He must have had fine taste, as displayed by the manner in which the grounds around the Hermitage were laid off and improved. Its fine avenues and handsomely arranged pleasure grounds surpassed everything in the whole country round. Mr. George Burgwyn, who occupied the Hermitage after his father's death, was also a gentleman of good taste, and devoted much attention to the decoration of the place, and kept it up in handsome condition.

Mr. George Burgwyn reared a numerous and highly respectable family. His oldest son, Capt. John Burgwyn, of the United States Army, was killed in battle in the Mexican War, and his grandson, Gen. George B. Anderson, died of a wound received at the battle of Antietam.

We will turn now westward, and crossing the county road at a short distance, come to Rocky Run, where lived Dr. Nathaniel Hill. In earlier times this place was the residence of Mr. Maurice Jones, whose daughter Doctor Hill married. Of the history of this gentleman, Mr. Jones, the writer never heard much. But a tradition worth relating will illustrate his firmness and remarkable self-possession and presence of mind. He was a great woodsman, and in the habit of still-hunting. On one occasion he was creeping to shoot a deer, which was feeding at a dogwood tree. When, feeling that something was dragging at one of his legs, he turned his head and saw that it was a large rattlesnake, which had struck and fastened his fangs in the buckskin leggings that all huntsmen wore at that day, he deliberately crawled on, dragging the snake as he went. Getting within proper range, he fired and killed the deer, then turning, killed the snake.

Dr. Nathaniel Hill was sent to Scotland when he was quite young, where he was placed with an apothecary. Having completed a full term at this business, he entered the medical

college at Edinburgh, where he remained until he had completed his medical course. Returning home before he was quite of age, he entered actively upon the practice of his profession at Wilmington. Full of energy and earnestness, with remarkable sagacity and decision, he very soon acquired the confidence of the community. His reputation was established and not surpassed in the whole Cape Fear region.

After a laborious and lucrative practice of twenty-five years, Doctor Hill retired with an independent estate to Rocky Run where he had built a comfortable and commodious house. Here, before the prime of his life was over, and in the full vigor of manhood, he took up his abode, and for many years dispensed a liberal hospitality to a large circle of friends and relatives.

On the first day of January of each year, that being Doctor Hill's birthday, a numerous party of friends and relatives always assembled at Rocky Run, to celebrate the event with feasting and good cheer. Then it was that those fine deer hunts came off, which were so skillfully conducted that they were invariably successful. The standers were judiciously placed, and the bringing down of the game depended on their skill as marksmen. In the management of these hunts, the guests, whether old or young, were invariably placed at the best stands, the Doctor taking the chances as they might arrive for himself. He always carried a long flint-and-steel single-barrel silver-mounted gun, and it was not often that he failed to bring down the deer coming fairly by him within one hundred yards. Many a day of sport has the writer enjoyed with this noble old gentleman at his fine old seat. Most systematic and punctual in his habits, invariably as we rose from the breakfast table (8 o'clock in winter) the driver was waiting with horses and dogs, eager for the drive, and as punctually we returned by 2 o'clock, the dinner hour, as the family were never kept waiting.

The old Rocky Run mansion was destroyed by fire many years since, and the place has shared the fate of all others on the Northeast, and fallen into stranger hands.

The next two places below on the river were Rose Hill, the residence of the Quince family, and Rock Hill, of the Davises, two rather inconsiderable and inferior rice plantations. The Quinces were among the earliest of the gentry settlers on the Cape Fear. I have heard an old story related about a Mr. Parker Quince, somewhat characteristic, I presume, of himself and his times. It seems that he was a merchant and quite a trafficker. In sending an order for goods on one occasion to London (from whence most all importations were made) a dozen cheeses were included and several gross of black tacks. Instead of the cheeses, they sent a dozen English chaises, and for the tacks there were sent an immense number of black jacks, as they were called, a kind of japanned tin drinking mug; his correspondent apologizing for not completing the order as to the cups, as he had bought up all that could be found in the shops of London. Mr. Quince either spelled badly, or wrote illegibly, probably a little of both.

There was one of the Quinces, who for some family reason or other, adopted the name of Hasell—William Surrenza Hasell. He was much esteemed and the intimate friend of many of the gentlemen of his day. When party politics ran high between the old Federalists and Republicans he edited a paper called the *Minerva,* advocating the principles of the Federal party, and was well sustained and caressed by his friends. He must have been a man of fine literary taste, judging from the number of old volumes of the best English literature, with his name and coat of arms inscribed on them, which I have come across in the old libraries.

Rock Hill was handsomely located on a bluff commanding a fine view of the river. It was in old times the residence of Mr. Jehu Davis, and more lately of Mr. Thos. J. Davis, his son. The name of Davis, both in early and later times on the Cape Fear, has always been associated with all that was highly respectable and honorable, and it has been most eminently sustained in the person of Hon. George Davis of Wilmington, and the late Bishop Davis of South Carolina.

Proceeding further down, but not immediately on the river,

was once a place known as Nesces Creek, on a creek of that name, which before the Revolution was the residence of Arthur Mabson, Esq., a gentleman noted for his great energy and industry, by which he had accumulated a considerable estate, but he died the first year of the war at the early age of forty. This place was long ago abandoned, and I do not suppose there is a vestige of its improvements left.

Crossing Nesces Creek and going a mile or so further on, we come to where once stood Fair Fields, also gone totally to ruin. Here lived Mr. John Hill, a gentleman of note in his day, frequently representing the county in the Legislature. He had been a soldier in the Revolution, entered the Army while quite young, and served with General Greene in his southern campaigns.

Passing on, we come to Sans Souci. Of the early history of this place the writer knows nothing. For many years past it has been the residence of the late Mr. Arthur J. Hill.

Crossing Smith's Creek we come to Hilton, the place named for the first adventurer who explored the river, Captain Hilton.[1] This was the residence of Cornelius Harnett, Esq., and the old mansion erected by him, still standing, is the only one left of all the old places on the river. It is not surprising that this point should have attracted the admiration of those who first beheld it and gave it its name. A fine bluff, near the junction of Smith's Creek with the river, it has a commanding and extensive view up and down the stream. Although much out of repair and the grounds mutilated by the deep cut of a railroad passing through them, it is still the most attractive spot near the city of Wilmington.

Cornelius Harnett was about the most noted and conspicuous personage of his day in the whole Cape Fear region. No man more entirely commanded the confidence and admiration of the community in which he lived. Notwithstanding that Hilton was not within the corporate limits of the town of Wilmington, yet in such high estimation was Mr. Harnett held, that by a special ordinance he was invested

[1]This seems to be an error.

with all the rights and privileges of a resident, and entitled to vote in their municipal and borough elections.

Either on account of feeble health, or advanced life, Mr. Harnett was not an active participant as a soldier in the war of the Revolution; both heart and means were nevertheless enlisted in the cause, and after Wilmington was occupied by the British, he was wrested from a sick bed and confined in their prison, where he died in consequence of their harsh and brutal treatment.

Mr. Harnett, I believe, left no descendants, and in after times Hilton became the property and the residence of Wm. H. Hill, Esq. This gentleman was said to have possessed fine qualities of both head and heart. Genial of temper and fond of conviviality, he attracted many friends around him, and was always the life of his company. He was a leading spirit among the gentlemen of the Federal party, when politics ran high, and represented the Wilmington district in Congress during the administration of the elder Adams.

OLD ST. JAMES'.

(Wilmington newspaper of 1839.)

Begun 1751. Finished 1770. Demolished 1839.

The last services in St. James' Church were of course attended with more than ordinary interest, and fancy could fashion sentiments something like the following, as passing through the minds of the congregation:

Time-honored fane which oft our childhood sought
On welcome Sabbath hours, and hither brought
Our young affections' offering—happy days—
That viewed the future tinged with golden rays.

And as our years advanced with stealthy pace,
With loins full girded, entered on Life's race,
Here did we turn for lines of heavenly truth,
Her wisdom teaching rules, fit guides of youth.

When cares and troubles gloomed the path of life,
Here sought we still fresh vigor for the strife;
Religion's blessed precepts here were heard,
And lips devout dispensed the inspiring word.

Our fathers, too, this holy temple trod,
With grateful hearts they came to worship God,
In contrite spirit, humbly, lowly knelt,
And cheerful faith, with true devotion felt.

Here have we gathered 'round the mournful bier,
Whilst breaking hearts scarce shed one burning tear,
Here have we heard the last, long lingering knell
Of "earth to earth" and "dust to dust" to dwell.

Thrice honoured fane! and must thou fall at last?
May not thy merits plead—thy history past—?
Will not fond love avert the fearful doom?
Sounds there no warning voice from yonder tomb?

Farewell, old Church! we bid thee, then, farewell!
Yet do the parting words with sorrow swell
Our hearts and eyes; and e'en we linger still—
The cord that binds us here cannot be broke at will.

"A."

The ceremony of laying the corner stone of the new Church of St. James was performed on Wednesday, the 3d of April, 1839. The Rev. R. B. Drane, Rector of the Parish, officiated in the absence of the Bishop of the Diocese. At 10 o'clock the Congregation, and a large concourse of others, assembled at the Lecture Room (the present place of worship), thence moved in procession to the site of the new edifice at the southeast corner of Market and Third Streets. The service set forth for such occasions was there gone through with, and the stone adjusted to its proper place. In the cavity of the stone, was placed the scroll, copied below, together with the articles named upon it. The Rector then pronounced a very appropriate and impressive address.

The day was bright and lovely, beaming auspiciously upon the scene, inspiring a cheering hope of a happy termination to the undertaking so happily begun.

PRO DEO, PRO ECCLESIA, PRO HOMINUM SALUTE.

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost—Amen.

This corner of St. James' Church is laid this third day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine (1839).

The Right Rev. Levi Silliman Ives, D.D., LL.D., being the Bishop of the Diocese of North Carolina.

The Rev. Robert Brent Drane, being the Rector of St. James Church and officiating on the occasion.

DR. A. J. DEROSSET,
W. C. LORD,
Wardens.
THOS. H. WRIGHT,
A. J. DEROSSET, JR.,
WM. B. GILES,
WM. A. WILLIAMS,
JAS. T. MILLER,
Vestry.

The design of this building was by T. U. Walter, of Philadelphia, and was executed under the direction of John S. Norris of New York, by John C. Wood, as principal mason, and C. H. Dall as carpenter.

"Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid —even Jesus Christ." "May the gates of Hell never prevail against it."

The original Parish Church of St. James stood about fifty yards from this spot, near the corner of the graveyard. It was commenced in the year 1751, but not completed until 1770. In consequence of its location (partly in the street), its decayed condition, and the incommodiousness of its internal arrangement, it was taken down in 1839, and a portion of its materials used in the execution of this building. The lot upon which the present church is erected, was purchased from Dr. A. J. DeRosset, Sen'r., for the sum of one thousand dollars, of which sum the Ladies' Working Society and the Juvenile Working Society have agreed to pay six hundred dollars.

FIRST CAPE FEAR IMPROVEMENTS.

I find in the annual report of Wm. P. Craighill, then Major of Engineers and Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U. S. A., for the year 1873, a brief history of old surveys and maps and charts made of the Cape Fear River between its mouth and the port of Wilmington, which is a record of some value to us. I have also found in the records of the War Department of 1828, a lengthy report by Capt. Hartman Bache, of the Engineers, transmitted by Maj. Gen. Alexander MacComb, Chief Engineer, to Hon. James Barbour, Secretary of War, who in turn transmitted it to Congress, which had called for it by resolution dated the 20th of December, 1827. This report is not only interesting but valuable, as it indicates the initial measures recommended and subsequently carried out by the Federal Government for the removal of obstructions to navigation between the bar and the port of Wilmington, the navigation of the river being greatly hampered by shoal water, which afforded, under the most favorable conditions, a channel of less than nine feet.

It also appears from this report and from other data, that the State work under Mr. Hamilton Fulton, State Engineer in 1823, was unsuccessful and was condemned in its most important features by Captain Bache and by those who were directly interested in the commerce of the Cape Fear River.

About the year 1819 the State authorized Mr. Peter Brown, an eminent lawyer residing at Raleigh, then intending to visit Great Britain, to employ an engineer for the purpose of improving our rivers and water transportation; and Mr. Brown engaged Hamilton Fulton, at a salary of $5,000.

The work of putting in the jetties below Wilmington seems to have been under Mr. Fulton's direction; but it is said that the engineer in charge was Mr. Hinton James, who had been the first student to enter the State University. Afterwards Mr. James, it is said, was mayor of Wilmington; and he lived to a green old age in the town. Mr. Hamilton's work may have been founded on correct principles, but his plans,

not only for the Cape Fear River, but for other improvements, were beyond the financial resources of the State, and after some years they were abandoned.

After the hiatus, from 1839 to 1847, the work went on steadily by the General Government, and it is notable that in 1853 some of the citizens of Wilmington, enterprising men that they were, subscribed $60,000 (a large sum in those days for a small community) in furtherance of the continued improvement of the river and bar under the direction of an officer of the U. S. Corps of Engineers. This was officially approved June 9, 1853, by Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War.

The following table illustrates the business of Wilmington from December 1, 1851, to December 1, 1852,—one year:

COASTWISE EXPORTS FROM WILMINGTON, FROM DECEMBER 1, 1851, TO DECEMBER 1, 1852—ONE YEAR:

Sawed timber, 17,135,889 feet	$272,585.77
Pitch-pine timber, 1,025,202 feet	12,815.01
Spirits turpentine, 96,277 bbls	1,707,999.75
Rosin, 320,219 bbls.	560,383.26
Tar, 17,522 bbls.	35,044.00
Pitch, 6,660 bbls.	9,157.00
Turpentine, raw, 63,071 bbls.	220,748.50
Cotton, 12,988 bales	454,580.00
Rice, clean, 2,300 casks	37,375.00
Rice, rough, 64,842 bushels	58,357.80
Peanuts, 93,255 bushels	93,255.00
Corn, Indian, 5,663 bushels	3,009.64
Staves, 27,000	105.00
Cotton yarn, 2,434 bales	97,360.00
Sheetings, 1,702 bales	102,120.00
Flax seed, 165 casks Do. 1,253 bags	6,052.25
Sundries	320,613.86
Coastwise total	$3,991,561.83
Foreign exports	549,107.74
Total coastwise and foreign	$4,540,669.57

A FEW OF THE PRINCIPAL FOREIGN EXPORTS ARE SUBJOINED:

Lumber, feet	15,201.000
Timber, feet	2,383,814
Turpentine, barrels	33,596

The following remarkable official statements were made by the U. S. Engineers in 1853:

"The Cape Fear River is the natural and actual outlet of the products of 28 or more counties in North Carolina and of several counties in South Carolina. In one item of future exports other Southern States are interested and the whole country must be so in time of war. Coal in large quantities and of an excellent quality has been found upon the waters of the Cape Fear, about 120 miles from its mouth, and at no distant day, it is supposed, will become a regular article of export. We may, therefore, have—what must be regarded as a national benefit at all times, and in time of war as of very great importance—a depot of coal upon the Cape Fear, independent of supply from the North, and beyond the reach of the enemy. But this depot will, in great measure, be lost to the country unless the Cape Fear shall be improved so as to admit our ships of war."

Steamboat Line to Charleston.

The progress of the River Improvement by the Federal Government during a period of ten years, from 1829 to 1839, was very slow and it resulted in a gain of only two feet depth below Wilmington, but after eight years more, in 1847, it was pushed forward with greater diligence and success from Wilmington to the sea, resulting in a safer channel of thirteen feet at high water and nine feet at low water. Meantime, there was much enterprise shown by the merchants of Wilmington in shipbuilding, in a large and increasing turpentine and lumber trade, in the establishment of packet lines to Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, and in a daily mail steamboat line to Charleston, consisting of the steamers *Vanderbilt, North Carolina, Gladiator* and *Dudley.*

Congressional Aid to River Improvement.

It was not until 1826 that Congress began to make appropriations for river and harbor improvements, and three years later the Cape Fear River was included in the list. For

ten years an annual appropriation of $20,000 was regularly made, and then because of a change in public policy such appropriations ceased. The Democratic party was opposed to internal improvements at the expense of the government. From 1838 to 1866 only a few river and harbor bills were passed. Mr. William S. Ashe, the representative from the Cape Fear District in 1854, differed with his party on the subject of internal improvements and succeeded in getting through a bill carrying $140,000 for the Cape Fear River, the particular object being to close New Inlet, forcing all the water of the stream over the main bar. In order to accomplish his purpose he had to persuade many of his Democratic associates to withdraw from the chamber, and so many withdrew that, although his bill received a large affirmative vote, there was no quorum, and he had to call in others to make a quorum. On the final vote the bill passed, but there were still more than eighty Democrats absent. That was the beginning of the effort to close New Inlet, which was nearly accomplished when the war stopped operations, but when blockade running began, every one rejoiced that the inlet was still open.

In after years Senator Ransom exerted himself with success for the improvement of the river, but the great improvement has been accomplished under the influence of Senator Simmons, who is at present the Acting Chairman of the Committee on Commerce, having such matters in charge. He has secured a 26-foot channel, increasing immensely the commercial facilities of Wilmington, which her business men have quickly developed. Mr. Simmons has likewise secured the adoption of a project to canalize the river from Wilmington to Fayetteville, and has been a strenuous advocate of the Coastal Canal, now about to be constructed.

Mr. Simmons has long appreciated the value of Inland Waterways and was a member of the Commission on Waterways sent to Europe by Congress a few years ago. In 1909 he was a prime factor in securing the adoption of the proposition to have a survey made for an intercoastal waterway

from Boston to the Rio Grande. In 1912 he secured the adoption of the Norfolk and Beaufort section of that great undertaking and the purchase by the Government of the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal. He also secured the deepening of that waterway to twelve feet.

The River and Harbor bill now pending carries a provision for a survey to increase the depth of water from Wilmington to thirty-five feet.

RAILROADS—THE FIRST PROJECT.

In March, 1833, the Commissioners of the City of Fayetteville were instructed to negotiate a loan of $200,000 to be invested in the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad, which, with individual subscriptions, would be more than enough for the organization of the company, and work could be begun in the spring of 1834.

On May 1, 1833, the *People's Press* advertised that the subscribers to the stock of the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad would be refunded the amount of money paid by them on their shares, after deducting 12% for disbursements, by applying to Dr. Wm. P. Hort. It was further stated that the project was abandoned because of lack of support by the inhabitants of the western section, who would not contribute one cent to the enterprise of establishing a railroad from the seaboard to the mountains.

The First Declaration of State Policy.

On July 4, 1833, the Internal Improvement Convention assembled in Raleigh with one hundred and twenty delegates, representing twenty-one counties in the eastern and northern sections. It seems to have been the first concerted effort towards organized action looking to the establishment of a railroad. Governor Swain presided and Gen. Samuel F. Patterson and Mr. Charles Manly were appointed secretaries. The personnel of the convention must have been

remarkable, as the record says, "So many distinguished and talented men are said never before to have assembled in the State."

In this convention Governor Graham, then in the prime of his rare powers, urged as the internal improvement policy of the State, three north and south lines of railroads. He was antagonized by Joseph Alston Hill, of Wilmington, one of the most gifted orators of that period, who advocated east and west lines, marketing the products of the State through North Carolina ports. It was a battle of giants, and Hill won the victory.

The convention adopted resolutions to the effect that the General Assembly ought to raise by loan such sums as will "afford substantial assistance in the prosecution of the public works; *that no work should be encouraged for conveying produce to a primary market out of the State;* that the Legislature be asked to take two-fifths of the stock of companies; that a Corresponding Committee of twenty be appointed in each county, and that a second convention be held on the fourth Monday in November."

The delegates from Wake, Johnston, Lenoir, Wayne, Sampson, Craven, and New Hanover resolved that "means be devised for carrying into effect the scheme of a railroad from Raleigh to Waynesborough (Goldsboro), and thence to Wilmington."

The committee for the town of Wilmington was composed of Edward B. Dudley, William B. Meares, William P. Hort, Joseph A. Hill, and Alexander MacRae. Circulars were issued to the citizens of Wake, Johnston, Wayne, Sampson, Duplin, New Hanover, and Brunswick to ascertain what amount of aid they would contribute, and stating that $113,000 had been subscribed by the citizens of Wilmington, and that a total of $150,000 would be raised.

In July, 1833, the citizens of Wilmington formulated a proposition to make application to the Legislature to incorporate the town of Wilmington, the object being to raise

funds on which immediate action could be taken in the construction of railroads; but in January, 1834, the bill "To incorporate the City of Wilmington and extend the limits thereof" was rejected.

The Origin of the Railroad Project.

Communication from Wilmington to the North was by means of an occasional packet ship and the two lines of stages, one by way of New Bern and the other through Fayetteville and Raleigh.

The commerce of the town had but slowly increased and the future prospect was gloomy. A railroad or two, very short lines, had been constructed elsewhere, and this new method of travel was being talked about; but as yet it had not been proven a success.[1] Such was the situation when Mr. P. K. Dickinson, a young Northern man who had located in the town, went one summer to New England and saw there a little railroad in operation. It had only wooden stringers, with narrow, thin, flat iron on top, and the carriages were of light construction. Mr. Dickinson was greatly impressed with its capabilities. Convinced of its success he became enthusiastic, and hurried back to Wilmington with the news that he had found what was needed to assure the future welfare of the town—the railroad. He was so enthusiastic, so insistent and persistent, that his idea took shape, and the people determined to have a railroad. With Wilmington to resolve is to act, and the Wilmington and Raleigh Road was chartered; but Raleigh would not subscribe, while the Edgecombe people would, so, although the line from Wilmington to Goshen pointed to Raleigh, the construction was northward to Weldon. Mr. Dickinson was one of the chief promoters and remained through life the leading director. He was one of the most useful, most esteemed and valued citizens of the town, and his large lumber plant, located north of the railroad terminal, was one of the great industries of Wilmington.

[1]The first American built locomotive was put on the South Carolina Railroad, November 2, 1830. The first roads were operated by horse power.

THE WILMINGTON AND WELDON RAILROAD.

In January, 1834, the bill to incorporate the Wilmington and Raleigh Railroad became a law, but the terms of the charter were so restricted that an amended charter was obtained in December, 1835, conferring larger privileges and changing the course of the proposed road. At the time of granting the first charter it was the intention to construct a railroad merely to connect the principal seaport with the "seat of the government," but as the project was more thoroughly considered, the advantages of building to some point on the Roanoke to connect with the Virginia lines, thereby completing one of the important links in the line of iron rail that was to extend from Maine to Florida, was realized, and in the amended charter the new corporation was given the privilege of changing its destination.

The first meeting of the stockholders was held on March 14, 1836, in the courthouse in this city, and organized by electing Gov. E. B. Dudley President (at a salary of $2,000), and the following directors: Andrew Joyner, W. D. Moseley, James S. Battle, Aaron Lazarus, Alex. Anderson, Wm. B. Meares, James Owen, P. K. Dickinson R. H. Cowan, and Thos. H. Wright. Gen. Alex. MacRae was elected Superintendent, and James S. Green Secretary and Treasurer. After passing several resolutions and agreeing to start the building of the road at both Halifax and Wilmington at the same time, the meeting adjourned to meet again on the first Monday in November and thereafter annually on the first Monday in May.

The building of the road was commenced in October, 1836, although little was done until January, 1837, and on March 7, 1840, the last spike was driven. Its actual length was 161 1-2 miles and at the time of its completion it had the following equipment: 12 locomotives, which were named, *Nash, Wayne* (built by R. Stephenson & Co., Newcastle-on-Tyne, England) *New Hanover, Edgecombe, Brunswick, Duplin,* and *Bladen* (built by Wm. Norris, Philadelphia,

Pa.), *Greene, Halifax, and Sampson* (built by Burr & Sampson, Richmond, Va.).

There were also in use eight 8-wheel passenger coaches, 4 post office cars, 50 freight cars, and 4 steamers, viz.: the *North Carolina, Wilmington, Governor Dudley,* and *C. Vanderbilt.*

The entire road was constructed under the following supervision: Chief Engineer, Walter Gwyn; Superintendent, Alexander MacRae; Principal Assistant Engineer of Southern Division, Matthew T. Goldsborough, and Principal Assistant Engineer of the Northern Division, Francis N. Barbarin. The road was first laid with plate iron 2 inches by 5-8 inches on wooden stringers.

On April 5, 1840, the celebration of the completion of the railroad was held in Wilmington. The report says, A large number of gentlemen assembled in the town from various parts of the State and from Virginia and South Carolina, at an early hour in the morning. The bells gave out sonorous peals and the shipping in the harbor came up, their flags waving. Cannon were fired every fifteen minutes throughout the day, with a national salute at meridian. At 2 p. m. a procession, composed of invited guests and citizens, including the President, Directors, and officers of other roads, the Board of Internal Improvement, the Literary Board, the President, Directors, Engineers, Agents and others in the employ of the Wilmington and Raleigh Railroad, was formed on Front Street, under the direction of Gen. Alex. MacRae, marshal of the day, assisted by Maj. R. F. Brown, and marched thence to the dinner table, escorted by the Wilmington Volunteers with their fine band of music.

The dinner was set out at the depot under sheds temporarily prepared for the purpose. About five hundred and fifty were at the tables, which were amply prepared for hungry men.

Gen. James Owen, the President of the Company, presided, assisted by the Directors, acting as Vice Presidents.

Good feeling ruled the hour and good cheer gave quick wings to the nurslings of wit.

Then followed a number of toasts—fifty-seven toasts and eleven letters with toasts.

Nov. 8, 1841.—Annual meeting of the stockholders of the Wilmington and Raleigh Railroad Co. Gen. James Owen declined further service as President. Ex-Gov. Edward B. Dudley was elected in his stead and the following gentlemen as directors: P. K. Dickinson, Alex. Anderson, Thos. H. Wright, Robt. H. Cowan, of Wilmington, Samuel Potter, of Smithville, and B. F. Moore, of Halifax.

Nov. 1842.—Annual meeting of the stockholders of the Wilmington and Raleigh Railroad Co. Edward B. Dudley was reëlected President. Directors: Alex. Anderson, P. K. Dickinson, Samuel Potter, Jas. S. Battle, A. J. DeRosset, and Jas. L. Miller.

Nov. 12, 1847.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Wilmington and Raleigh Railroad was held here. Gen. Alexander MacRae was elected President and E. B. Dudley, P. K. Dickinson, Gilbert Potter, Jas. L. Miller, O. G. Parsley, and Wm. A. Wright, Directors. (The same as last year except Wm. A. Wright in the place of Dr. John Hill, deceased.)

At this meeting it was resolved that, "The stockholders of the Wilmington and Raleigh Railroad Co., in general meeting assembled, do hereby pledge to the Wilmington and Manchester Railroad Co., a subscription of $100,000 to be paid on the completion of the said Manchester Railroad from the proceeds of the sale of steamboat and other property, which will at that time become unnecessary for the purpose of this Company: Provided that our Legislature take such action as may authorize said subscription."

Nov. 10, 1848.—Annual meeting of the stockholders of the Wilmington and Raleigh Railroad Co. No change made in the President or Board of Directors, except four directors on the part of the State were to be appointed by the Internal Improvement Board.

In December, 1848, a bill was introduced in the Legislature authorizing the Wilmington and Raleigh Railroad Company to mortgage the road and its appurtenances for about $600,000 for the purpose of purchasing iron to relay its tracks, and in January, 1849, $620,000 was authorized and an extension of ten years granted for the repayment to the State of $300,000 for money borrowed. Dr. A. J. DeRosset was sent to England, where he purchased 8,000 tons of iron to be paid for by the present bonds of the company secured by mortgage on the road.

The rail commenced to arrive in October, 1849, and in January, 1850, Congress passed an Act for the relief of the Wilmington and Raleigh Railroad, providing for the paying of import duties on the rail by deducting annually the amounts due from the Post Office Department for carrying the mails. It was then the T-rail was introduced, which superseded the flat iron.

In August, 1850, Dr. John D. Bellamy, of Wilmington, was elected to succeed Col. Jas. L. Miller as a director, and in November of the same year at the regular meeting of the Board of Directors Gen. Alexander MacRae and the entire Board of Directors were reëlected. A surplus of $45,000 was directed to be applied to the extinguishment of the debts of the company.

It was about this time that the Wilmington and Manchester Railroad was completed, giving a through rail connection to the South, and thus making still more important the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, as the Wilmington and Raleigh Railroad came to be called, its name being changed by the Legislature in 1855.

It is interesting to note, with reference to the far-seeing qualities of the men of 1835 and 1836, that a few years ago the Chairman of the Board discovered a letter written in the fine spencerian hand of Governor Dudley, the first President, outlining the policy for the Wilmington and Raleigh Railroad, in view of his resignation in order to enter Congress. The extraordinary character of this proposed policy revealed

the fact that the Coast Line policy under its new administration has been following precisely the line of action indicated by Governor Dudley at the beginning of its existence.

The Longest Railroad in the World.

Probably the most momentous, the most dramatic incident in the commercial history of Wilmington occurred in the fall of 1835 in the south wing of Gov. Edward B. Dudley's residence at the southwest corner of Front and Nunn Streets, where a number of prominent Wilmington citizens had assembled to subscribe their respective names to the stock of an extraordinary adventure—the building of a railroad from Wilmington to Raleigh, to be called the Wilmington and Raleigh Railroad.

The town contained at that time, a population of about three thousand souls, a majority of whom were negro slaves, and here an assembly of about twenty courageous men of the little corporation actually subscribed a larger sum than the entire taxables of Wilmington amounted to in that year to build the longest railroad in the whole world.

It is well to remember, in our boasted age of progress, the splendid example of the fathers of 1835, whose foresight and self-sacrifice laid the foundations of our success. Perhaps the largest subscription was that of Governor Dudley, $25,000, when it was said that only one townsman, a prominent, enterprising, and most estimable gentleman, could write his cheque upon a Wilmington bank for as much as a hundred thousand dollars.

The town was ably and economically governed by a few men, born aristocrats, and thoroughly equipped by a liberal education and practical experience. An exaggerated type of class intolerance in the official life of the town was that of Anthony Milan, Esquire, a pompous English gentleman, who, in his immaculate linen, spotless broadcloth, silk hat, gold fob, and eyeglass, was one of the features of the community, and the delightful derision of the small boy.

At a corner of Market and Front Streets, Mr. Milan was discussing with an important functionary a question of public affairs in the presence of the newly elected constable—the only policeman—who incautiously interjected the remark that in his opinion, etc.—Mr. Milan stared at him with unmitigated contempt—"And pray, sir," said he, "what right have *you* to an opinion?" (*tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*).

During the years that followed, the most important topic of local life was the railroad, which so overtaxed the means of its promoters that even with the added endorsement of the directors its official order for a hundred dozen shovels was rejected.

The late Robert B. Wood, one of the railroad contractors of 1836 and later, informed me many years ago, that this incident led to a proposal by the railroad directors and contractors that Mr. John Dawson, then a prosperous dry goods merchant on Market Street and a stockholder in the railroad, should add to his business a hardware department, comprising tools and implements needed for railroad work, assuring him of their undivided patronage. This was agreed to and the well known extensive hardware business of John Dawson, which led that trade until Mr. Dawson died, had its origin and advancement in that way.

Mr. Wood also informed me that the method of advertising the meetings of stockholders and directors, which were often held, was unique. He owned a docile gray mare which was frequently borrowed by the officials on urgent business and also used to make known the meetings by a large placard hung on either side of the saddle in which a negro slave rode constantly ringing a large brass hand bell, and paraded the principal streets, proclaiming "Railroad meeting tonight."

Some of the newspaper illustrations of the "cars" as the train was termed in its early days, show a vehicle closely resembling the old stagecoach, with a greater number of passengers on top than are shown inside.

Timid apprehensions of danger were allayed by the official assurance upon the time-table, that under no circumstances will the cars be run after dark.

Development of the Railroad.

When President Dudley was elected Governor of the State, he was succeeded by Gen. Alexander MacRae.

In those early days there were numerous difficulties in operation, but General MacRae proved himself to be a most capable and efficient manager. The Board of Directors was composed of some of the most competent business men of Wilmington—men unsurpassed for capability, energy, and integrity. They placed the bonds of the road in London on advantageous terms, and the construction was cheap and without unnecessary expenditure.

In 1854 William S. Ashe became President. General conditions were now changing. The South was emerging from infantile weakness, and industries were developing and multiplying.

On the completion of the North Carolina Railroad, Colonel Fisher and Mr. Ashe arranged for western products to come to Wilmington through Goldsboro, and a line of steamers was put on from Wilmington to New York, carrying North Carolina's products to the markets of the world from a North Carolina port—the consummation of Mr. Ashe's purpose when he drew the charter of the North Carolina Railroad.

But passenger traffic was of equal importance to the road, and Mr. Ashe sought to build up a great through passenger business. He sought to eliminate as far as practicable all breaks at terminals, and to relieve travel of its inconvenience and tedium, and in conjunction with Senator David L. Yulee, the President of the Florida Railroad, he developed Florida travel until it reached large proportions and became a highly remunerative business.

Recognized throughout the South as a dominant influence in railroad matters and a most successful manager, in 1861, at the request of President Davis, he took supervision of all Confederate transportation east of the Mississippi River, but he still remained President of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad until his death in September, 1862.

WILMINGTON'S COMMERCE.

The Boston *Courier* of July 23, 1830, says: "One hundred and fifty-one more vessels have entered the port of Wilmington this year than last, including in the number 1 ship, 2 barks, 181 brigs, the rest (410) schooners. These tar-and-shingle skippers, which carry large topsails, everywhere besprinkle our coast. Now Wilmington is the grand railroad and steamboat thoroughfare. She is taking the position that belongs to her and recalling the proud days of her prosperity before the American Revolution."

The Richmond (Va.) *Compiler* says: "One hundred and fifty-one more vessels have entered the Port of Wilmington this year than last. This shows great advance in trade. We have been surprised to hear that the tonnage of Wilmington exceeds that of Richmond, although the town has not one-fourth of our population. It must be a place of great enterprise if we judge from what has been done within the last few years. We feel admiration for such a people and take pleasure in expressing it."

Wilmington's Public Spirit.

(The Fayetteville Observer of January, 1850.)

The public spirit of the citizens of our sister town is really amazing: it seems to have no limit when any scheme is presented which is regarded as essential to the prosperity or honor of the place. And the resources of the community seem to be as abundant as the spirit with which they are employed is liberal.

Some twelve or fourteen years ago, when the population

was but three or four thousand, she undertook to make a railroad 161 miles long (the longest in the world), and a steamboat line of equal length. For this purpose she subscribed more than half a million dollars, we believe.

This accomplished with almost the total loss of the half million, so far as the stock was concerned, however profitable in other respects, one might have expected a pause at least, if not a total cessation in the march of improvements, and so it would have been with almost any other people. But soon the Wilmington and Manchester Railroad was projected, and Wilmington subscribed $180,000 to it. Then came the Deep River and Navigation Company, and she gave $30,000 to $40,000, we believe, to that. Next the Central Railroad, and she subscribed about $50,000, and finally, it being found necessary to raise an additional sum for the Manchester Road, she held a meeting on the 5th inst., at which $50,000 more, making $230,000 in all, was subscribed to that work. (This was increased to $100,000 by the 10th, making $280,000.)

Thus this community, even now not containing more than eight or nine thousand inhabitants, of whom probably not more than two-thirds are white, has contributed to public works eight or nine hundred thousand dollars—nearly as much as is required from the State to secure the Central Railroad.

With all this prodigious expenditure, who hears of any pressure or bankruptcy—any interruption of her onward course of prosperity! Truly—"There is that scattereth and yet increaseth."

It is not for the purpose of honoring Wilmington merely that we make this statement, but it is to encourage the friends of internal improvement throughout the State, and, if possible, to remove the objections of those who doubt the policy or profitableness of the system.

ACTIVITIES ON THE RIVER, 1850-1860.

In the fifties there were frequently as many as ninety vessels in the port of Wilmington loading or unloading, or waiting for berths at anchor in the stream. The wharves were lined two vessels deep, and those waiting for orders were moored nearly as far down the river as the Dram Tree. It was a season of great activity.

A large business in corn in bulk was also carried on with Hyde County, and for this trade a fleet of small schooners called Corn Crackers was employed. It was most exhilarating on a fine day to see this tiny fleet, twenty to thirty white wings, rounding the Dram Tree led by the *We're here, I'm coming,* and *So am I,* with every stitch of canvas spread to the favoring breeze on the last stretch to the Customhouse Wharf.

Direct importations of coffee from Rio de Janeiro, of sugar and molasses from Cuba, Jamaica, and Demarara, of hoopiron and cotton ties from England, of salt from Turks Island and Liverpool employed many square-rigged foreign vessels; and three times as many beautifully lined American schooners added miscellaneous cargoes from the North to the overladen wharves of Wilmington.

The class of merchants and professional men of those days was highly respectable and respected; nearly all were men of education and refinement, and they were always keenly interested in public affairs. I note from memory some of the more important business men and firms of importers, commission merchants, and shipbrokers, physicians, bankers, and lawyers, who were established between Orange Street and Red Cross Street on the river front along Water Street and Nutt Street and uptown:

T. C. & B. G. Worth
N. G. Daniel
Pierce & Dudley
C. W. Styron
James D. Cumming
James H. Chadbourn & Co.
Kidder & Martin
Joseph H. Neff
Rankin & Martin
Anderson & Savage

W. B. McKoy & Co.
Houston & West
J. R. Blossom & Co.
A. H. VanBokkelen
J. E. Lippitt
H. B. Eilers
J. L. Hathaway & Utley
A. W. Coville
DeRosset & Brown
Murray & Murchison
James T. Petteway & Co.
Ellis & Mitchell
Hall & Armstrong
W. H. McRary & Co.
M. McInnis
Avon E. Hall
Harris & Howell
J. & D. MacRae & Co.
B. G. & W. J. Monroe
Clark & Turlington
Henry Nutt
C. H. Robinson & Co.
A. D. Cazaux
Alexander Oldham
Smith & McLaurin
O. G. Parsley & Co.
Joseph H. Flanner
W. B. Flanner
James I. Metts
G. O. VanAmringe
H. P. Russell & Co.
P. K. Dickinson
Thomas D. Walker, President Wilmington & Manchester Railroad.
William S. Ashe, President Wilmington & Weldon Railroad.
John Dawson
P. W. Fanning
John S. James
W. C. Bettencourt
Zebulon Latimer
Adam Empie
Thomas C. Miller, collector
Thomas H. Wright, banker
Joshua G. Wright
O. P. Meares
W. B. Meares
George Davis
W. A. Wright
Robert Strange
Duncan K. MacRae
Samuel J. Person
DuBrutz Cutlar
Griffith J. McRee
Alexander Anderson
Dr. E. A. Anderson
Stephen Jewett
Timothy Savage
H. R. Savage
L. A. Hart
George Myers
Charles D. Myers
J. S. Robinson
Hedrick & Ryan
J. S. Williams
James Dawson
Richard J. Jones
Dr. J. Fergus McRee
Dr. J. F. McRee, Jr.
Dr. James H. Dickson
Dr. F. J. Cutlar
Dr. William J. Harriss
Dr. John D. Bellamy
Dr. William George Thomas
Dr. F. J. Hill
Dr. John Hill
Dr. W. A. Berry
Dr. J. C. Walker
Dr. Thomas F. Wood
Dr. F. W. Potter
Dr. John Hampden Hill
Louis Erambert
Col. James G. Burr
Alfred Alderman
James S. Alderman
Edward B. Dudley
James Owen
Alexander McRae
Asa A. Brown
E. P. Hall
Joseph H. Watters

Gilbert Potter
James S. Green
Wm. A. Williams
John Cowan
John Wooster
A. M. Waddell
Wm. C. Lord
R. W. Brown
Geo. W. Davis
J. W. K. Dix
John C. Latta
Isaac Northrop
Zeno H. Green
Jacob Lyon
James Wilson
S. P. Watters
Walker Meares
Talcott Burr, jr.
James T. Miller
Alexander Sprunt
Rt. Rev. Bishop Atkinson
Cyrus S. VanAmringe
H. R. Savage
Daniel B. Baker
N. N. Nixon
Daniel L. Russell
R. H. Cowan
John A. Taylor
Rev. Dr. R. B. Drane
Dougald McMillan
Samuel Davis
W. S. Anderson
R. S. French
Eli W. Hall
Wm. McRae
W. L. Smith
Thomas L. Colville
John C. Bailey
James M. Stevenson
James Dawson
Robert B. Wood
Geo. R. French
Rev. Father Murphy
Rev. John L. Pritchard
S. D. Wallace
A. L. Price
R. R. Bridgers
John L. Holmes
M. London
John C. Heyer
E. A. Keith
F. J. Lord
T. D. Love
Rev. M. B. Grier
Rev. C. F. Deems, D.D.
Jos. Price
G. H. Kelly
Henry Flanner
W. P. Elliott
M. M. Kattz
L. B. Huggins
Wm. G. Fowler
L. Vollers
Edward Savage
A. H. Cutts
G. A. Peck
Hugh Waddell
James A. Willard
W. H. Lippitt
Junius D. Gardner
John Judge
James Fulton
Thomas Loring
William B. Giles
Richard A. Bradley
Wm. N. Peden
Gaston Meares
Joseph S. Murphy
William Reston
John Reston
John Colville
William Watters
A. A. Willard

And last, but not least, mine host, Jack Bishop, who kept the Pilot House on the wharf and furnished the best table fare in Wilmington to a large number of merchants, master mariners, and pilots, at very moderate prices—he whose

breadth of beam and suggestive sign combined to make him known as "Paunchous Pilot"—and his genial neighbor at the foot of Dock Street, Jimmie Baxter, who always wore a battered beaver hat, regardless of corresponding conventionalities of dress, and with his brother Barney supplied the ships with pantry stores.

Some of us still remember Jimmie Baxter's kindly salutation with its warning for the day: "An if ye meet the Divil in the way, don't shtop to shake hands wid him."

CAPE FEAR COAL.

I am informed by State Geologist, Joseph Hyde Pratt, that coal was found in two sections of our State, one in Chatham and in Moore Counties, the other in Stokes County.

Mining was done on the deposits of Chatham and Moore Counties, and for many years a small amount of coal was gotten out, but the industry was not profitable because the coal basin is not extensive. The seams are thin; and the few wider ones are cut up with slate, and so mixed with sulphur that the quality was always bad.

The use of this North Carolina coal during the War between the States led to the capture of several fine blockade-running steamers whose supply of Welsh coal had been seized by the Confederate officials and "Egypt" coal substituted. This was so worthless that it was impossible to raise and keep steam, and consequently these unfortunate and valuable ships fell an easy prey to the Federal cruisers.

With reference to my further inquiries on this subject, Dr. Joseph Austin Holmes, Director of the Bureau of Mines at Washington, says: "Coal was opened up between 1855 and 1858, in Chatham County at a place called Egypt, under the advice of Dr. Ebenezer Emmons, then State Geologist. The coal was at that time regarded as of considerable promise.

"During the year 1858 an examination was made of the Deep River region, one of the principal tributaries of the Cape Fear, by Captain Wilkes and other officers of the United

States Navy, in compliance with a Senate resolution adopted on April 13, 1858. As a result of this investigation, and in a report published as an Executive document early in 1859, Captain Wilkes and his associates reported favorably on the proposition that the Deep River region was a suitable one for the establishment of foundries and other plants for the production of naval ordnance and supplies."

Captain Wilkes made the following statement in regard to the coal:

"It is a shining and clean coal, resembling the best specimens of Cumberland (Md.). It ignites easily, and burns with a bright, clear combustion, and leaves a very little purplish grey ash. It is a desirable coal for blacksmiths' use, for the parlor, and superior to most coals for the production of gas, for which it is likely to be in great demand. Its freedom from sulphur is another of its recommendations."

These favorable preliminary reports by Captain Wilkes of the Navy Department, and Doctor Emmons, the State Geologist of North Carolina, awakened considerable interest in the development of this coal. But it was found in subsequent operations that the coal, as mined, generally contained a considerable quantity of slate and other black earthy material, that its ash formed a slag on the grate bars, and that it contained no little sulphur. This composition made it a rather difficult coal to use in ordinary furnaces. But during the war, it was extensively used to make coke for the iron works established in the Deep River region. It was also used as a steam coal, but its use on board blockade runners and other ships was found highly objectionable both on account of the poor quality of the coal and the smoke which resulted from its use.

At intervals between 1870 and 1900 the shaft at the Egypt coal mine (about 465 feet deep) was again opened and the mine worked on a small local scale, the coal being shipped to Raleigh, Fayetteville, and other local markets; but it never became a good merchantable coal, and its use remained limited and local.

Besides, the coal itself gave off in the mine considerable quantities of explosive gas, and there were several bad explosions, one of which, in December, 1895, killed thirty-nine men, and another, in May, 1900, killed twenty-three men. The operating company was much discouraged by these disasters, and the mine was closed.

There is probably a considerable quantity of coal still to be obtained in the vicinity of the old Egypt mine, and if the mine were worked with modern safety precautions, to prevent disastrous explosions, and the coal were washed so as to remove the dirt, it would be found to be a fairly satisfactory fuel. If briquetted (as is frequently done in European countries), it would be both suitable and available for domestic use in the adjacent markets.

The formation in which this coal occurs extends from the South Carolina line northward to near Oxford in Granville County, its greatest width being from twelve to fifteen miles. At different points in this formation there are beds of sandstone available for building purposes; but the workable coal seems to be limited to a few thousand acres in that part of Chatham County near the old hamlet of Egypt, formerly known as the Gulf, but which during the past few years has been called Cumnock.

FORGOTTEN AIDS TO THE NAVIGATION OF THE CAPE FEAR.

In June, 1851, the topsail schooner *Gallatin,* of the United States Coast Survey, appeared off the main bar and sailed into the quiet harbor of Smithville, the base of operations.

She was commanded by Lieutenant, Commanding, John Newland Maffitt, U. S. N.; and the six lieutenants under him included several who rose to the rank of Commander, and one to the distinction of Admiral in the U. S. Navy. Three of them were subsequently distinguished in the annals of the Cape Fear. Maffitt, the daring commander of the Confederate States Corvette *Florida;* J. Pembroke Jones,

commander of the C. S. Ram *Raleigh,* and subsequently commander of other vessels of war, and, finally, a prominent officer in the naval service of the Argentine Republic; and Lieut. Charles P. Bolles, a master in the art of triangulation and topography, whose name with that of Maffitt appears upon all the old charts of the Cape Fear.

The eminent Superintendent of the Coast Survey at Washington, Professor Bache, in his official reports to Secretary Corwin, makes frequent reference to the valuable services of Lieut. Commanding Maffitt, who had charge of the hydrography in this section of the Atlantic coast. In one report he says: "Lieut. Commanding J. N. Maffitt, U. S. Navy, assistant in the Coast Survey, in command of the schooner *Gallatin,* has executed the soundings of the bar of the Cape Fear River, commencing at the most southern point of Cape Fear, extending at a distance of from two and a half to three and a half miles from shore to the northward and westward, including the main bar, middle ground, and western bar, the river up to New Inlet, that bar, and the Sheep's Head ledge."

In the execution of this work 25,688 soundings were made, 18,010 angles measured, and 389 miles of soundings run; thirty-five specimens of bottoms were preserved, and fifteen observations of currents made. After this work was completed, Lieutenant Commanding Maffitt proceeded to make a hydrographic reconnaissance of the New River bars, and of the river above the obstructions. In making this reconnaissance, 5,870 soundings were made, 481 angles measured, and fifty miles of soundings run.

With reference to the social life of these gentlemen, Mrs. Maffitt says: "When Lieutenant Maffitt visited Smithville its citizens were composed of the best people of the Cape Fear region. Its residences, generally deserted in the winter months, were filled during the summer and early fall with the elite of Wilmington society, then in its zenith of culture, refinement, and that open and profuse hospitality for which it has from early Colonial times been distinguished. The

officers of the Coast Survey and their families were domiciled at the barracks in the Garrison grounds.

"The residents opened their hearts and homes to them and vied with each other in rendering their stay a pleasant one.

"Like most small communities having few interests outside of themselves, there was at times a tendency to indulge in unpleasant gossip, and in order to quell this by giving a new source of interest, Lieutenant Maffitt proposed organizing a dramatic company; and, to insure the actors against unkind criticism of amateurs, he made it a condition of entrance to the plays that all who desired to witness the performances should sign their names as members of the company before receiving their tickets. And this proved a perfect success."

Dr. W. G. Curtis, says: "The old residents of Smithville, before the season was over, gave this troupe the credit of driving out the gossips or closing their lips. In a word, the whole society became a mutual admiration society. Harmony prevailed everywhere. Sermons were preached every Sunday at the chapel and the services were well attended; but the members of the church often said that the good feeling of all the attendants, brought about by our troupe, put them in a better frame of mind to listen to the teachings from the pulpit."

Of Captain Maffitt, of the Confederacy, much has been written. Of this intrepid commander, it was said by a distinguished visitor in 1868: "Amongst the many interesting men I met at Wilmington was the well known Captain Maffitt, whose adventurous career upon the high seas, as commander of the *Florida,* excited so much attention at the time.

"I found the Captain a cultivated and gentlemanly man, small-sized and spare in figure, but with a finely-cast head, a dark, keen eye, a strong tuft of black whiskers on his chin, and a firm little mouth that seemed to express the energy and determination of his character. I remember very well his dignified appearance as he stepped about in his short military

cloak, with his keen and somewhat stern look. He was in reduced circumstances, having staked his whole fortune and position upon the Lost Cause; but, like so many of his old military and naval associates, he was trying his hand at business and striving to reconcile himself to the new order of things."

In "The Life and Services" of this remarkable man of the Cape Fear, his gifted widow, Mrs. Emma Martin Maffitt, has contributed to our history a volume of intensely interesting and instructive literature.

Well may we say of him, as it was said of the gallant Ney, "He was the bravest of the brave."

FAYETTEVILLE ON THE CAPE FEAR.

The cordial social and business relations which have subsisted between Wilmington and Fayetteville for more than a century were never closer nor more profitable than in the fifty years preceding the War between the States.

Known as Cross Creek and Campbellton up to 1784, its name was then changed to Fayetteville, in tribute to the services of the Marquis de Lafayette, a hero of both the French and American Revolutions, who subsequently visited Fayetteville in 1824.

The people of Fayetteville, thrifty and enterprising as hospitable and cultured, were among the first in the State to establish cotton factories; and being at the head of water transportation and having an extensive system of plank roads into the interior, Fayetteville was the great mart of trade in North Carolina, especially for the extensive country lying west to the Blue Ridge and even for the transmontane country comprising parts of East Tennessee and Southwest Virginia. This trade was carried on by canvas-topped wagons as vehicles of transportation, drawn by two, four, and even six horses, but mules in those days were seldom employed. Said Mr. J. H. Myrover, the historian of Fayetteville:

"The starting point of all this vast back country carrying trade was the wharves and Water Street in Wilmington, though in the early part of the last century wagoning was done by stages, or relays, between Fayetteville and Philadelphia, before the first steamer was put on the Cape Fear. Among the pioneers of steamboat building and operating on the Cape Fear River, though perhaps not the first, was Mr. Seawell. One of the first boats to ply the stream bore the same name as one of the last—the *City of Fayetteville.* It was launched not far from the Clarendon Bridge, and it has been related that some one having prophesied that it would 'turn turtle' when it reached the water, the architect boldly rode its bow as it slipped off the ways, and the event justified his faith in his work.

"It is impossible, with the lapse of time, to enumerate all the craft that formed the Cape Fear merchant marine, the *Henrietta, Fanny Lutterloh, Cotton Plant, Zephyr, Magnolia, Halcyon, Governor Worth, North State, A. P. Hurt, D. Murchison, R. E. Lee,* are recalled as leading among the passenger and freight steamers, from the thirties up to and for some time after the Civil War. Equally impossible would it be to give the names and record of the services of the faithful captains.

"Notable commanders in the history of Cape Fear navigation were Captains John P. Stedman, who lost his life by the explosion of the boiler of the *Fanny Lutterloh;* Rush, A. P. Hurt (after whom a steamer was named); Phillips, Skinner, Green, Worth, Smith, Garrason. The captain's rule on board was autocratic but patriarchal. He sat at the head of the table and served the passengers, as the father of a family would his children. The fare was plain, but wholesome and abundant, and, with good weather and a fair depth of water, the trip between Fayetteville and Wilmington was very pleasant. The river goes on its way to the sea with many a wind and bend, its banks steep and heavily wooded, the wild grape climbing the tall trees, and the wild jasmine and flowering honeysuckle giving forth their fragrance.

Those veteran captains knew the river well and most of the people on either bank clear to Wilmington; the pilots, many of whom were negroes, knew every crook and eddy of the stream. Dan Buxton, an esteemed colored man of this city, has a record of fifty years faithful service as a pilot on the Cape Fear. The late Col. Thos. S. Lutterloh, always a large boat owner, is said to have been the first Cumberland man to become sole owner of a steamer on the river. Many of the business men of Fayetteville and Wilmington were stockholders in these boat lines.

"The oldest inhabitants still look back on those times as the 'good old days' of Fayetteville. The merchants were not the progressive men of the 20th century; they were conservative and cautious and honest as the day, with their word as bond. They made money slowly, but they lived simply, and gradually accumulated modest fortunes."

United States Minister E. J. Hale says:

"From the close of the Revolution and up to the building of the Wilmington and Raleigh [Weldon] railroad and the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad (about 1838), the great mail stage lines from the North to the South passed through Fayetteville. There were four daily lines of four horse post and passenger coaches to Raleigh, Norfolk, Charleston and Columbia; and, in addition, two tri-weekly lines to New Bern and Salisbury.

"The Legislature sat in Fayetteville in 1788, 1789, 1790 and 1793. At the Convention at Hillsborough in 1788, called to deliberate on the acceptance or rejection of the United States Constitution, Fayetteville failed to secure the location of the permanent capital by one vote, that of Timothy Bloodworth, of New Hanover, who subsequently was elected United States Senator. The ordinance adopted fixed the location of the capital on Joel Lane's plantation in Wake, on the ground that this point was nearer the centre of the State than Fayetteville."

Notable Incidents

VISITS OF PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES TO WILMINGTON BEFORE THE WAR.

"Wilmington," said Iredell Meares, Esq., in an interesting pamphlet, "has been honored by the visits of five of the Presidents of the United States—Washington, Monroe, Polk, Fillmore, and Taft."

General Washington, in 1791, made a tour of the Southern States. One of his biographers relates that "no royal progress in any country ever equaled this tour in its demonstrations of veneration and respect." His visit to Wilmington was preserved in the traditions of the people for many years. The old folks used to tell of its incidents, and the ladies of "ye olden times" of an elaborate ball given in his honor. In the possession of Mr. Clayton Giles, of this city, is a letter in excellent state of preservation giving some account of this interesting incident. It was written by Mrs. Jane Anna Simpson to her sister on the day of the reception, and is dated the "25th April, 1791." The letter, among other things, says:

"Great doings this day. General Washington arrived yesterday. The Light Horse went to meet him. The artillery were ready to receive him with a round from the batteries, four guns. This day he dines with the Gentlemen of the town; in the evening a grand ball and illumination; to-morrow takes his leave. I believe the Light Horse are to escort him a day's journey on his way to Chas'ton.

"Half-past four— just going to dinner— cannons firing; Chrissy and the children all gone to see the procession. I don't go to the ball this evening, as Mary can not accompany me. She desires me to ask if you have many beaux at the Marsh. Adieu. I must get the candles.

"Mrs. Quince has given up her house to the General and she stays with our uncles." * * *

The place at which the Light Horse met General Washing-

ton was at the Rouse House, about fifteen miles out on the New Bern Road. Here was fought during the Revolutionary War, a small battle between the Patriots and the English forces under the command of Major Craig. It is described as a massacre by the historian Caruthers, for Craig gave no quarter and killed every one of the Patriots, who were overwhelmed by numbers, save one boy, who escaped.

It is a tradition handed down by the old folks that upon the occasion of General Washington's visit to the residence of General Smith, at his plantation of Belvidere, which is situated across the river in Brunswick County, he was met at the river landing by a group of thirteen young ladies, all dressed in white and representing the thirteen colonies, who preceded him up the avenue of old trees leading from the river to the brick residence, bestrewing his path with flowers as he approached.

The ball which was given to him by the people of Wilmington was held in what was then known as the Assembly Hall, also called "Old '76," because of having been built in 1776. In time it was used as a sailor boarding-house, and was subsequently taken down in 1876 to make way for the present building. It stood on Front Street, east side, between Orange and Ann Streets, where now stands a two-story brick tenement house.

"Wilmington," wrote President Washington in his diary, "has some good houses, pretty compactly built—the whole under a hill, which is formed entirely of sand. The number of souls in it amount by enumeration to about 1,000.

"Wilmington, unfortunately for it, has a mud bank—miles below, over which not more than ten feet of water can be brought at common tides. Yet it is said vessels of 250 tons have come up. The quantity of shipping which load here annually amounts to about 12,000 tons. Exports are Naval stores and lumber; some tobacco, corn, rice, and flax seed and pork."

"Monday 25th. Dined with the citizens of the place—went to a Ball in the evening at which there were 62 ladies—illuminations, bonfires &&."

James Monroe, the fifth President of the United States, visited Wilmington on the 12th day of April, 1819.

In an old copy of the Raleigh *Minerva,* bearing date April 23, 1819, we find a letter from Wilmington, giving an account of the visit of President Monroe and his suite.

"The Presidential cortege was met about twelve miles from town, on the old Newbern Road, somewhere near Scott's Hill, and escorted into the City by the Wilmington Light Horse, a volunteer organization, under the command of Colonel Cowan. The entrance into the town was made on Market Street, the boundary then being on Fifth. They then proceeded down Market to Front and up Front to the Wilmington Hotel, which stood on the site of the present Purcell House buildings, where the usual formalities of a grand reception were tendered to the President.

"His Excellency was the guest, while here, of Robert Cochran, Esq., who resided on Second Street, between Chestnut and Mulberry, and John C. Calhoun, the Secretary of War, and his lady, received the hospitalities of Dr. A. J. DeRosset, sr., at the brick house now standing on the corner of Market and Third Streets. It was on Thursday that the President arrived here, and on Friday, accompanied by Judge Murphey, he paid a visit to Wrightsville. On his return, he partook of a dinner with the citizens at the Wilmington Hotel and the next day left this place on the steamer *Prometheus* for Fort Johnston, from whence he proceeded immediately to Georgetown, S. C."

At the dinner given in his honor, Hanson Kelley, Esq., presided, assisted by Robert Cochran, Esq. The former was Magistrate of Police (now the office of Mayor), and the latter was the Collector of Customs for the District of Cape Fear. There were a number of patriotic toasts drunk, the list being published in the papers of the day, and among those who responded were the President, Hon. John C. Calhoun, J. R. London, Esq., Gen. James Owen, Judge Archibald Murphey, Col. Cleary, Robt. Cochran, Esq., John D. Jones, Esq., Gen. Thos. Davis, Wm. B. Meares, Esq. and

Alfred Moore, Esq., all prominent citizens of the Cape Fear in that day and time.

In a formal letter addressed to the President by Hanson Kelley, Esq., on behalf of the citizens, occurs this sentiment: "Events, the most propitious, have rendered your administration an epoch of national security and aggrandizement. The united voice of your country, from Maine to Mexico, proclaim the wisdom of councils honorable to you; and, in their result, glorious to our extended empire." To this letter, the President responded, as follows:

Sir: On the principle on which I have thought it proper to visit our Atlantic frontier, this town, with its relation to the ocean, had a just claim to attention. It was always my intention to visit it when I should be able to examine the Southern coast; and I am much gratified in having done it, as, in addition to the satisfaction of having performed an interesting part of my public duty, it has afforded me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with a portion of my fellow-citizens, whose kind reception and obliging attention I shall always recollect with great interest. To secure you in peace, and all the advantages in commerce which a kind Providence has enabled you to enjoy, and all the protection in war, to which your situation may expose you, are objects which will never fail to receive the unwearied attention of the General Government in all its branches, according to their respective powers. On my exertions, in those concerns which fall within the department which I have the honor to fill, you may confidently rely. In the late event to which you allude, I concur in all the favorable anticipations which you have suggested of its happy effects on the best interests of our country. In contemplating this epoch we must all derive peculiar satisfaction from the reflection that it was the result of an arrangement by which our differences were settled with a friendly power, and our peace secured against the prospect of early interruption, on conditions equally honorable to both parties.

Should I be able by my future conduct in the public service to carry with me into retirement the same favorable opinion of my fellow-citizens which you have kindly expressed of the past, it will afford me the high consolation to which I have invariably aspired.

JAMES MONROE.

JAMES K. POLK, the eleventh President of the United States, just after his retirement, visited Wilmington, upon invitation of its citizens. The files of the newspapers published here at the time, which will be found in the Public Library, contain reports of his reception. From the *Com-*

mercial, issue of Thursday, March 8, 1849, we clip this mention of his visit:

"The ex-President, Mr. Polk, and Lady and Niece, together with Mr. Secretary Walker and Niece, and Mr. Grahame, Solicitor of the Treasury, and Lady, reached our town at 10 o'clock yesterday morning. Their arrival was heralded by the booming of cannon, the ringing of bells and the floating aloft of banners and streamers from stalls, housetops, and mastheads. The Magistrate of Police, Col. James T. Miller, the Committee of Arrangements, and a large concourse of citizens were ready at the railroad to receive the ex-President and suite, and they were greeted by Colonel Miller in a brief and cordial address, to which the ex-President warmly responded. The whole suite was then escorted, according to the program heretofore published, to Mrs. Swann's boarding-house, on the balcony of which, in view and hearing of the assembled crowd, Mr. Wm. Hill welcomed the ex-President and suite in a cordial, chaste, and eloquent address; during which he alluded to the birth and education of the ex-President in North Carolina, and to many of the leading measures of his administration. Mr. Polk's response was feeling and patriotic. He fondly acknowledged his attachment to North Carolina, and the gratification which it gave him to receive from the archives, and to transmit to our State Executive, the recorded evidence of the early disloyalty and independent resolves of different portions of North Carolina. He spoke of the inestimable value of our Union, and of the bright destiny in store for our country, provided we shall adhere to this glorious Union, and the teachings of the Father of the Republic. When he had closed, General Marsteller announced to the crowd that at 12 o'clock Mr. Polk and suite would be happy to see their fellow-citizens at the Masonic Hall. And, accordingly, at that hour, hundreds repaired thither and offered their salutations to our distinguished guests."

Millard Fillmore, the thirteenth President of the United States, after his retirement, visited Wilmington, on the 12th

day of May, 1854. He had contemplated a tour of the South in 1853, and on March 10th, 1853, the citizens of the town met and passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That a Committee of twenty-four persons, and the Magistrate of Police, be appointed to correspond with Millard Fillmore, late President of the United States, and such of the members of his late cabinet as may accompany him on his projected visit to the South, and tender to him and to them the hospitalities of our town.

Under this Resolution, the following gentlemen were appointed: T. Burr, jr., H. L. Holmes, Wm. A. Wright, Wm. C. Bettencourt, R. C. Cowan, R. H. Berry, Geo. Davis, S. J. Person, Jas. S. Green, Jno. Walker, Jno. MacRae, R. Strange, jr., J. G. Wright, Gaston Meares, E. Kidder, S. D. Wallace, A. A. Brown, E. W. Hall, D. Dupre, M. Costen, J. J. Lippitt, P. M. Walker, O. P. Meares, and J. F. Miller.

A sub-committee consisting of Messrs. Jas. L. Green, John L. Meares, S. J. Person, and A. Empie, jr., were appointed to go to Richmond, and tender the hospitalities of the town to the President, who was supposed to be on a visit there at the time, and to his suite. The death of Mrs. Fillmore caused the postponement of the ex-President's tour in the South that year, but in 1854 he fulfilled his desire to make such a tour, with the assurance to the public that he "earnestly wished to avoid the pomp and pageantry of a public reception." In the *Daily Journal,* issue of Friday, May 12th, 1854, the files of which are in the local library, is an account of the ex-President's visit, as follows:

"Ex-President Fillmore, of New York, and Mr. Kennedy, of Maryland, Secretary of the Navy under his administration, arrived here this morning on the Manchester cars from Columbia. A very large number of our citizens of both parties have called upon our distinguished visitors at their rooms at Mr. Holmes's Hotel [now a store, S. E. corner Market and Front Streets]. Owing to the illness of Mrs. Kennedy, they are anxious to reach Baltimore at the earliest possible moment, and are thus compelled to leave for the North by the 2 o'clock train. In accordance with the earnest

wish of the people, Mr. Fillmore had designed to make a short address from the balcony of the Hotel at 11 o'clock, but, in consequence of the rain, his intention could not be carried out. We are pleased to see both gentlemen apparently in the enjoyment of high health and spirits. Mr. Fillmore is certainly a gentleman of exceedingly prepossessing appearance and manners; and bears little evidence of the cares of state having pressed heavily upon him."

THE VISIT OF HENRY CLAY.

The happy occasion of a visit by Henry Clay to Wilmington while he was canvassing the South during his presidential campaign in 1844, is described by the Wilmington *Chronicle* as follows:

April 3, 1844.

"The Committee of Arrangement for the reception and entertainment of our distinguished fellow citizen, Henry Clay, who in compliance with the invitation of the citizens of this town is expected to visit us on Tuesday, the 9th of April, 1844, have adopted the following measures."

(Here follows an elaborate programme.)

"The following gentlemen are appointed marshals of the day, viz: O. G. Parsley, Thos. W. Brown, G. B. Alsaps, Jas. Anderson, Geo. W. Davis, Jas. F. McRee, jr., John L. Meares, Nathaniel Hill.

"The following gentlemen compose the accompanying committee to wait on Mr. Clay from Charleston, viz: James Owen, John MacRae, Dr. Thos. H. Wright, Gen. Alex. MacRae, Gilbert Potter, F. C. Hill, Asa A. Brown, Wm. A. Wright, A. J. DeRosset, jr., George Davis, R. G. Rankin, Porter Strode, Thos. Sanford.

"The following gentlemen have been appointed to act as managers of the ball: R. W. Brown, Edward B. Dudley, P. K. Dickinson, Jas. S. Green, G. J. McRee, M. London, Jas. H. Dickson, Thos. D. Meares, Jno. Hall, and Nath'l Hill."

Mr. Clay in Wilmington.

April 10th, 1844.

"The publication of the *Chronicle* has been delayed a day to enable us to give some account of the reception and entertainment of Mr. Clay in Wilmington, where he arrived yesterday morning.

"On Tuesday afternoon between three and four o'clock, the Committee of thirteen deputed by the Clay Club to wait upon Mr. Clay at Charleston and escort him to this town, received him on board the fine steamer *Gladiator,* Captain Smith. The steamer had quite a pleasant night for the run, and reached Smithville about sunrise. Mr. Clay was there welcomed to the State by the Committee of ten, consisting of the Chairman of the Whig Central Committee and one gentleman from each of the nine Congressional Districts. After an hour's delay at Smithville, the steamer was again in motion, and reached here at the time named above. From a point three or four miles below town until the boat touched the wharf a piece of ordnance on board was fired at regular intervals and the reports were answered from numerous other pieces of artillery, stationed at various places along the river. The steamer came to on the south side of Market Street dock. Here an immense throng had gathered to greet the distinguished man, and as soon as the boat touched the wharf there were repeated bursts of the people's welcome. Mr. Clay was then introduced to the Committee of Arrangements, and, a procession having formed in the prescribed order, he was escorted to his private lodgings at the residence of Mrs. Joseph A. Hill, southeast corner of Front and Dock Streets.

"At 11 o'clock Mr. Clay, accompanied by the Clay Club, committees, and citizens, repaired to the new and commodious mansion of Capt. Samuel Potter, on Market Street. Here, upon the balcony of the house facing Market Street he was addressed in a most appropriate manner by ex-Governor Dudley, the president of the Clay Club. The address referred to the long and arduous public services of Mr. Clay,

the great debt of gratitude the country justly owes him, the strong interest and regard the people throughout the Union have manifested for him on numerous occasions, the warm affection entertained for him by so large a portion of the citizens of North Carolina, and appealed to the multitude of upturned faces as furnished evidence that 'Welcome to Henry Clay' were the words then gushing spontaneously from the hearts of thousands. Mr. Clay made only a short reply, not exceeding twenty minutes in length.

"He said he had long looked forward to this visit to North Carolina (which he had promised to make when a fitting opportunity should occur) with a pleasing hope, and now having set foot upon her soil for the first time to-day, his fondest anticipations were in a course of being realized, and the event would form an epoch in his life. He had for many years wished to visit the State, and the repeated invitations formed motives of still weightier influence.

"He utterly disclaimed all electioneering designs or selfish purposes pertaining to his journey. He was traveling on business and to enjoy the hospitalities of his friends; the people had tendered him unexpected civilities, which he could not without rudeness decline. He had also been brought out on political topics, and had not hesitated to declare his sentiments, as became an American citizen.

"He glanced at the two principal parties of the country, expressing his convictions that both of them are in the main governed by honest views. Men, he said, should act with that party in whose principles they found the least to condemn, after having given them a thorough examination. None could expect to find in any party everything exactly as they would have it, small defects must be overlooked, as are those which a man discovers, perchance, in the woman of his admiration. He had attached himself to the Whig party as the result of his investigations of the great principles of its existence. But every man, he said, should hold party fealty as subordinate to that due his country. Properly, parties were but instruments for promoting our country's good.

"Mr. Clay excused himself for the briefness of his discourse by reference to the fatiguing circumstances of his journey thus far.

"The view below and around the place where Mr. Clay stood was striking beyond any effort of ours to portray. The wide street, for a considerable distance on either hand, was one dense mass of human beings, whilst the balconies, windows, etc., were crowded with ladies, all eager listeners to the words of the great statesman of the West. Never was such a scene, or anything approaching to it, witnessed in Wilmington.

"His speech ended, Mr. Clay entered the reception room, and was then introduced to a rushing tide of people, made up of both sexes and all ages and conditions. He remained in the reception rooms until one o'clock and then retired to his lodgings.

"At two o'clock a most bountiful collation, prepared by Mr. Keith, was spread out on tables in the open space south of Mr. John Walker's house on Princess Street, to which a general invitation had been given, and of which hundreds partook. Mr. Clay was not present, desiring to have a few hours rest. The company was, however, highly gratified with able and instructive speeches from Hon. A. H. Stephens, Member of Congress from Georgia, who being on his way to Washington was induced to remain over a day; Col. Wm. W. Cherry, of Bertie, an orator of surpassing eloquence; Col. B. F. Gaither, of Burke, and others. Mr. Stephens well sustained the reputation which had preceded him of an eloquent, humorous, and effective speaker.

"At night there was a superb ball and party at the Carolina Hotel and Masonic Hall,—all the rooms being connected for the occasion. The whole affair was got up under the superintendency of ladies of Wilmington. It could not, therefore, but be an elegant one. The rooms were beautifully decorated, the refreshments choice, the supper in refined taste and order, the music inspiring, and a hilarious spirit reigned throughout the well-filled apartments. How many hours of

the morning heard the festive strains we do not exactly know and will not hazard a conjecture. In the course of the evening Mr. Clay visited the place of gaiety and remained a couple of hours or so.

"Between seven and eight this morning Mr. Clay took his departure for Raleigh, by way of the railroad, cheered by many, many, newly awakened and newly born wishes for his welfare.

"We have thus sketched a meagre outline of Mr. Clay's visit to Wilmington. The glowing lines of the picture the reader's imagination must supply. The enthusiasm, the kindly feeling, the generous good will, all these are to be supposed, for they were all exhibited in an eminent degree.

"There was a very great concourse of strangers in town, from this and the neighboring counties, Fayetteville, and other parts of the State, who aided us in doing honor to our venerable and beloved guest."

THE VISIT OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

Early in May, 1847, Daniel Webster visited Wilmington as the guest of Governor Edward B. Dudley. In an old book containing the private correspondence of Mr. Webster I found a letter by him dated Wilmington, May 6, 1847, as follows:

"At one o'clock yesterday, ten miles from this city, we met a special train, with a large deputation, headed by ex-Governor Dudley. The weather was bad, and the wind east, and I was rather easily persuaded to stay over a day. The Governor brought us to his own home, where we were grandly lodged. I go to the hotel to meet the citizens at 11 o'clock, and go off at half-past two this p. m., if the wind goes down. At present it blows rather hard. This is an active little city, built on the east side of the river, on sand hills. The good people are Whigs, but out of the city, and all round for fifty miles, it is a region whose politics are personified by Mr. McKay.

"There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in this land by the name of *pitch,* etc., etc. We are here in the midst of this very thing, at the very center of the tar and turpentine region. The pines are long-leaved pines. In one of these, a foot from the bottom, a notch is cut, and its capacity enlarged and its shape fashioned a little, so as to hold the liquid, by chiseling, and then it is called the 'box.' Above the box the bark is cut off, for a foot or so, and the turpentine oozes out of the tree on to this smooth surface, and then runs slowly into the box. The box holds about a quart. In a good large tree it will fill five times a season. Sometimes there are two boxes in one tree, so that some trees will yield ten quarts a year. But the greatest yield is the first year; after that it is gradually diminished, and in seven or eight years the tree dies, or will yield no more turpentine. Tar is made by bringing together wood full of turpentine, either trees or knots, and pieces picked up in the woods, and burning it in a pit, just as charcoal is made, then running it off into a hole prepared for it in the ground. At the present price of the article, this is said to be the best business now doing in the State. I am told good, fresh, well-timbered pine lands can be bought for $1.25 to $1.50 per acre.

"One barrel of turpentine distilled makes six gallons of spirits. The residuum, or resin, is not of much value, say twenty-five cents a barrel. Tar and turpentine are now high, and the business good."

The late Col. Thomas C. McIlhenny, always a welcome guest of Governor Dudley, often entertained me by the recital of important local events of his earlier years, and upon one occasion described the visit of the great Commoner while he was also a guest at the Governor's mansion. The Colonel said he was much impressed by the great size of Mr. Webster's head and the powerful penetration of his searching eyes, and by his fancy for the Governor's madeira, of which he kept a pipe of superior quality. After drinking all of the dining room supply, Mrs. Dudley having withdrawn, Mr.

Webster laid an affectionate hand upon the Colonel's shoulder and said: "Young man, show me where the Governor keeps that wine," and being led to the cellar he greatly reduced the contents of the cask with much enjoyment, but apparently not altogether with satisfaction, because he seldom knew when he had enough.

With reference to Mr. Webster's visit to Wilmington, the following from the local newspaper, the *Commercial,* of Thursday morning, May 6, 1847, is quoted:

"Hon. Daniel Webster.

"The Hon. Daniel Webster and family arrived at this place yesterday in the cars at a little before 2 o'clock.

"Col. John McRae, magistrate of Police, appointed the following gentlemen as a committee to meet our distinguished guest, and to make the necessary arrangements to entertain him while here:

"Governor Dudley, John D. Jones, L. H. Marsteller, Alexander McRae, Dr. W. A. Berry, Jas. T. Miller, Dr. F. J. Hill, R. W. Brown, Sam'l Potter, Dr. J. H. Dickson, Gilbert Potter, John Walker, C. D. Ellis, Thos. Loring, A. A. Brown, D. Fulton, R. B. Wood, J. Ballard, H. W. Beatty, J. Hathaway, H. R. Savage, W. C. Bettencourt, Dr. T. H. Wright, Thos. D. Meares, John A. Taylor, James S. Green, W. N. Peden, Owen Fennel, Miles Costin, Alfred Bryant, Dr. J. D. Bellamy, Sam'l Black, Henry Nutt, P. K. Dickinson.

"A number of the committee started in an extra train at about eleven o'clock and met the regular train at Rocky Point depot, where they entered the mail train, and through Governor Dudley proffered the hospitalities of our town to Mr. Webster and his family. On arriving at the depot, they proceeded to the residence of Governor Dudley on the southwest corner of Front and Nunn Streets.

"Mr. Webster will leave in the boat today for Charleston.

"At the request of the committee, appointed by the magis-

trate of Police, Mr. Webster will meet the citizens of Wilmington at the Masonic Hall this morning at eleven o'clock."

The same paper, of May 8, 1847, contained the following:

"Mr. Webster.

"This gentleman left our place in the boat for Charleston on Thursday evening. The arrangements indicated in our last were carried out by the committee. At the Masonic Hall Mr. Webster made a short address to the many citizens who had assembled to pay their respects to him. We believe men of all parties were very much gratified on the occasion."

Mention was also made to me of Mr. Webster's appreciation of the excellent cooking in the South, and of his preference for a dish of tripe, which leads me to copy a later letter on this subject written in December, 1850, and addressed to his hostess at Richmond, Mrs. Paige.

Dear Mrs. Paige:—I sit down to write a letter, partly diplomatic and partly historical. The subject is Tripe—T-R-I-P-E. Your husband remembers Mrs. Hayman, who was Mrs. Blake's cook. Excelling others in all else, she excelled herself in a dish of tripe. I do not know that her general genius exceeded that of Monica McCarty; but in this production she was more exact, more artistical; she gave to the article, not only a certain *gout*, which gratified the most fastidious, but an expression, also, an air of *haut ton*, as it lay presented on the table, that assured one that he saw before him something from the hand of a master.

Tradition, it is said, occasionally hands down the practical arts with more precision and fidelity than they can be transmitted by books, from generation to generation; and I have thought it likely that your Lydia may have caught the tact of preparing this inimitable dish. I entertain this opinion on two grounds: first, because I have been acquainted with very respectable efforts of hers in that line; second, because she knows Mr. Paige's admirable connoisseurship, and can determine, by her quick eye, when the dish comes down from the table, whether the contents have met his approbation.

For these reasons, and others, upon which it is not necessary for the undersigned to enlarge, he is desirous of obtaining Lydia's receipt for a dish of tripe, for the dinner-table. Mrs. Hayman's is before my eyes. Unscathed by the frying pan, it was white as snow; it was disposed in squares, or in parallelograms, of the size of a small sheet of ladies' note paper; it was tender as jelly; beside

it stood the tureen of melted butter, a dish of mealy potatoes, and the vinegar cruet. Can this spectacle be exhibited in the Vine Cottage, on Louisiana Avenue, in the City of Washington?

Yours truly, always,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

P. S.—Tripe; the etymon is the Greek word to "turn, to wind," from its involutions, not the same as "tripod," which means "having three feet"; nor the same as "trip," which is from the Latin *tripudiare*, to strike the feet upon the ground; sometimes to stumble; sometimes to go nimbly; to "trip it on the light fantastic toe."

Washington, 29 December, 1850.

THE VISIT OF EDWARD EVERETT.

In 1859 the renowned Edward Everett delivered in hundreds of cities throughout the United States his splendid address on the Character of Washington, the receipts being for the benefit of the Ladies of the Mount Vernon Association.

Of his visit to Wilmington on that occasion he wrote in his Mount Vernon Papers: "Its population, as far as I could judge from a short visit, is intelligent, enterprising, and rather more than usually harmonious among themselves. The river prospects from elevated positions are remarkably fine. An immense audience, assembled in Thalian Hall on the 11th of April last, honored the repetition of my address on the Character of Washington, and the net receipts of the evening, $1,091.80, were, in proportion to population, far beyond those of any other place in the Union."

Mr. Everett has also been quoted as saying that at Wilmington alone, during his travels, he was introduced by an orator who surpassed himself, Mr. George Davis.

We copy an interesting account of Mr. Everett's oration in Wilmington from the *Daily Journal* of that date.

April 12, 1859.

"MR. EVERETT'S ORATION.

"Last evening Thalian Hall was filled by an attentive audience, eager to listen to the Washington oration of Hon. Edward Everett, of Massachusetts.

"At 8 o'clock Mr. Everett, accompanied by a committee of citizens, appeared upon the stage and was introduced to the audience by George Davis, Esq., whose eloquent though brief remarks formed a fitting prelude to the splendid composition of the distinguished speaker.

"Mr. Everett is, we believe, 65 years of age, tall, rather portly than otherwise, his hair, trimmed short, is nearly white, and we learn from those who have heard him before that either advancing years or illness have considerably subdued the vigor of his tones and the energy of his delivery. His features, those of a cultivated gentleman, have been or will be made familiar to most through the portraits of him which have been published.

"We have no desire to attempt any sketch of Mr. Everett's address further than to glance at a very few points. He spoke of three eras in Washington's life—when he fought in the old French War, when he took command of the American forces, and when he retired from that command. He spoke of what he denominated the Age of Washington, reviewed the history of the eighteenth and first half of the nineteenth century; enumerated the great things that had been done, and the great men that had figured within that space of time to which future ages would turn as the Era of Washington; contrasted the character of the American hero and statesman with that of Peter the Great of Russia, Frederick the Great of Prussia, or Napoleon the Great of France.

"From Major Washington's visit to Venango down to the last stage of President Washington's life, the speaker followed that great man's career, dwelling with inimitable skill upon the great and good points of his character.

"Better still than his comparison and contrast of the character of Washington with that of the great men of his own immediate day, was the episode in which he turned back to John, Duke of Marlborough, the wittiest statesman, the most astute diplomatist, the greatest captain of his day, yet a dishonest man, faithless to his sovereign, a traitor to his country, and a robber of the brave soldiers whose strong arms gave

him victory. He pictured in glowing language the beauty and the grandeur of 'Blenheim,' the seat which national gratitude or kingly extravagance had given to the great bad man, naming it after that 'famous victory.' After all, 'Blenheim,' with it storied urn and animated bust, its pompous eulogy and lying praise, could only serve to perpetuate the shame and infamy of John Churchill. But away on the banks of the calm Potomac, there rose an humble mansion, bought with no money wrested from the hands of an oppressed and reluctant people, a mansion in which the Father of his Country lived quietly and well with his beloved Martha, and from which he passed away peacefully to the bosom of his God. Around that humble mansion clustered hallowed recollections unstained by aught that could dim their purity. That home the women of America sought to secure, that they might guard it as a sacred trust, restore it to the pristine beauty and simplicity in which its great owner had left it, and transmit it as a sacred heritage to their children forever.

"In the course of his oration, Mr. Everett alluded very feelingly to Washington's last and most emphatic advice to his countrymen, to preserve the Union of the States. He drew himself a most painful picture of the probable effect of disunion.

"The audience was the fullest we have ever seen in Wilmington. We should think the receipts will not vary much from a thousand dollars. We believe all were pleased, many delighted, none dissatisfied, although some, perhaps, looked for a rather different style of speaking, more, perhaps, of what is generally regarded as oratory, more stirring, more declamatory. The address was highly polished, beautiful in conception, chaste, yet magnificent in execution, the work of a scholar, a rhetorician, faultlessly delivered, too faultlessly for an orator, perhaps, for oratory is never finished, it suggests more than it directly conveys, its apparent failures are sometimes its most effective points, its seeming, mayhaps its real forgetfulness, make us, too, forget, carry us away, lead our feelings captive, we cease to mark gesture or tone, we

feel but do not analyze our feelings. Mr. Everett may be, perhaps is, something more or higher than an orator, but he is also something different."

THE RECEPTION OF CALHOUN'S REMAINS.

In April, 1850, one of the most remarkable demonstrations in the history of Wilmington occurred on the occasion of the death of the illustrious John C. Calhoun. The following excerpts from the local newspapers of that date indicate the profound emotion which stirred the hearts of our people:

"Another of the Master Spirits of the country has passed from time to eternity. John C. Calhoun died in the City of Washington on Sunday morning last. The sad intelligence of his death was to some extent anticipated from recent reports of his dangerous sickness, yet it will strike with heavy force upon the public mind.

"The following telegraphic dispatch, dated Washington, March 31st, we copy from the Charleston *Mercury* of Monday: 'Mr. Calhoun died this morning at a quarter past seven o'clock in the full possession of his faculties. A few hours previous he directed his son, Dr. John C. Calhoun, to lock up his manuscripts, and just before his death he beckoned him to his bedside and, with his eyes fixed upon him, expired. He died without the slightest symptom of pain, and to the last his eyes retained their brilliancy. With his son, there were at his bedside, Mr. Venable, of North Carolina, and Messrs. Orr and Wallace, of South Carolina. Mr. Venable has been devoted in his attentions to him for weeks, and is entitled to the deepest gratitude. The body will be placed in a metallic coffin and deposited in the Congressional Burial Ground until the wishes of his family are ascertained.

" 'The Governor of South Carolina has appointed a committee of twenty-five, consisting of citizens of Charleston, to proceed to Washington to receive and convey to his native State the remains of John C. Calhoun.' "

Wilmington Chronicle.

Wednesday, April 24, 1850.

"Remains of Mr. Calhoun. It is expected that the remains of Mr. Calhoun will reach Wilmington today about 12 o'clock. The committee of arrangements publish the following:

Order of Procession.

For escorting the remains of the Hon. J. C. Calhoun.

The procession will be formed in the following order, the right resting on the railroad depot, in open order, for the reception of the corps of attendance on the arrival of the cars.

Order of Procession.

Clergy of the various denominations.
Sergeant at Arms and assistants.
Pallbearers.
Coffin.
Pallbearers.
Relations of the deceased.
Committee of the U. S. Senate.
Committee of South Carolina.
Committee of Arrangements.
Citizens of South Carolina.
Judges of the Supreme and Superior Courts.
Members of the Bar.
Members of the Medical Profession.

Magistrate of Police and Commissioners of the town, Collector of Customs and officers of the U. S. service, President and Directors of the Wilmington and Raleigh R. R., members of the various societies of the town, in citizen dress, teachers of the schools and academies, captains of vessels and seamen, citizens and strangers.

"The Committee of Arrangements recommend the following to their fellow citizens. A committee of ten, consisting of A. J. DeRosset, sr., James Owen, Jas. F. McRee, sr., Thos. H. Wright, P. K. Dickinson, John Walker, Wm. C. Bettencourt, Thos. Loring, F. J. Hill, of Brunswick, and Jas. Iredell, of Raleigh, will proceed up the line of the Wilmington and Raleigh R. R. to receive the remains, and escort them in their passage through the State. These gentlemen will also act as pallbearers in the procession.

"The citizens generally are requested to close their stores, to suspend all operations of business, and to meet at the depot

at 12 o'clock. There the procession will be formed, under the direction of Wm. C. Howard as Chief Marshal, to receive the remains in open order and escort them to the foot of Market Street, where the boat for Charleston, the *Nina,* will be waiting to receive them.

"A gun from the wharf of the Wilmington and Raleigh R. R. Co. will give the earliest notice of the arrival of the cars. Immediately upon the firing of this gun, the flags of the public buildings and the ships in port will be struck at half mast; the bells of the town will commence tolling and minute guns will be fired.

"The clergy and the pallbearers are requested to call at Messrs. Dawson's store for gloves and crape. The citizens will find a supply of crape at the same place.

"The steamer will leave for Charleston, it is expected, about five o'clock, p. m.

"Wm. C. Howard, *C. M.*
J. G. Green,
Eli W. Hall, *Asst. M.*"

Tuesday, April 23, 1850.

"The steamer *Nina* arrived here yesterday from Charleston, for the purpose of conveying hence to that city the remains of Mr. Calhoun.

"Courtesy: The Mayor of Charleston has, on behalf of the city, tendered its hospitalities to the Magistrate of Police of Wilmington, and the committee appointed to receive the remains of Mr. Calhoun on the passage through this place to South Carolina. Colonel Miller, the Magistrate of Police, has addressed a polite note to the Mayor accepting the courteous proffer. The South Carolina State Committee of Arrangements have also invited the Wilmington Committee to proceed to Charleston, join in the funeral solemnities, and become the guests of the city.

"The Committee of the Senate appointed to accompany the remains of Mr. Calhoun to South Carolina have invited

three gentlemen of the House to accompany them, to wit: Mr. Holmes, Mr. Winthrop, and Mr. Venable, all of whom have accepted the invitation."

The following is copied from the *Wilmington Chronicle* of May 1, 1850:

"Reception of the remains of Mr. Calhoun. On Wednesday last, near 2 o'clock, p. m., the cars arrived from Weldon, bringing in the mortal remains of John C. Calhoun, in the special charge of Mr. Beale, the Sergeant at Arms of the U. S. Senate, and Senators Mason, of Virginia, Clarke, of Rhode Island, Dickinson, of New York, Davis, of Missouri, and Dodge, of Iowa, and Mr. Berrien, of Georgia. The other members of the Senate Committee joined them in Charleston, having gone on some days before. Mr. Venable, of North Carolina, and Mr. Holmes, of South Carolina, Members of the House of Representatives, accompanied the committee by invitation. Mr. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, who had likewise been invited to form one of the company, was prevented from doing so. A committee of twenty-five from South Carolina and three of the sons of the deceased also accompanied the remains. The citizens of North Carolina to whom had been assigned the duty of attending on the remains whilst passing through Wilmington, proceeded up the railroad and joined the train some thirty or forty miles above, and in the procession from the depot to the steamer at the wharf acted as pallbearers. The arrangements as to the procession, etc., were carried into effect in accordance with the programme published in our last issue."

The following we take from the *Journal*: "On the arrival of the cars, the stores and places of business were closed, the shipping in port struck their colors to half mast, the bells of the various churches were tolled, and minute guns fired while the procession moved from the depot down Front Street to the steamer *Nina* lying at Market Street dock, where she was waiting to receive the remains of the lamented deceased, and convey them to the City of Charleston.

"Notwithstanding the inclemency of the day, the procession was, we think, the largest we have ever seen in this place. Everybody seemed anxious to pay the last respect to the statesman and orator who has so long and so faithfully filled some of the most responsible posts of his country.

"The steamer, *Governor Dudley,* handsomely decorated for the occasion, accompanied the *Nina,* taking over a portion of the committees and guests to the City of Charleston. Both steamers left the wharf about half past three o'clock p. m.

"Wilmington Committee. The gentlemen whose names follow went to Charleston on Wednesday last, with the remains of Mr. Calhoun, as a committee from the citizens of Wilmington, in manifestation of respect for the memory of the illustrious deceased: Dr. A. J. DeRosset, sr., J. T., Miller, Gen. James Owen, C. D. Ellis, Gen. L. H. Marsteller, P. M. Walker, Thos. Loring, A. J. DeRosset, jr., Dr. J. F. McRee, jr., Dr. John Swann, Dr. Wm. A. Berry, James Fulton, James G. Green, Henry R. Savage, Wm. C. Bettencourt, Edward Cantwell, John Cowan, John L. Holmes, Eli W. Hall, Joseph J. Lippitt, Henry Nutt, Robert H. Cowan, and A. A. Brown.

"The Charleston *Courier* of Saturday says: 'A committee appointed by the citizens of Wilmington came on in the steamer Nina and was met at the landing by the Chairman of the Committee of Reception, who welcomed them to the city and extended to them its hospitalities, to which Dr. DeRosset, sr., their chairman, responded in an appropriate manner.'

"We should be greatly lacking in courtesy were we not to express in this public manner the high sense of gratefulness which rests with the Wilmington Committee for the manifold attentions and kindnesses bestowed upon them in Charleston by the Committee of Reception and by many others. The profuse and elegant hospitality of which the members of our committee were the objects is very deeply appreciated by them individually and collectively."

THE DEATH OF GENERAL McKAY.

In Mr. Webster's letter from Wilmington, already quoted, he makes reference to a Mr. McKay as personifying political sentiment outside the town of Wilmington.

Gen. James Ivor McKay was born in Bladen County in 1793 and died suddenly at Goldsboro, N. C., the 15th of September, 1853, while on his way home from Tarboro. As his name "Ivor" indicates, he was eminently great. In the campaign of 1844 his report as Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means constituted the Democratic platform on which Polk was elected President; and in 1848 the Democrats of North Carolina presented him as their candidate for the Vice Presidency.

It was said of this distinguished son of the Cape Fear that he was very quiet and reserved in his deportment and held in contempt all manner of base dealing and trickery—a man of such integrity that his presence always inspired confidence and trustfulness in those whose expressions he desired, because they believed in his fidelity.

The Wilmington *Daily Journal* of September 16, 1853, the day after his death, said:

"It becomes our painful duty this morning to announce the unexpected death of one of our most worthy citizens, Gen. James I. McKay, of Bladen County. General McKay arrived here on last Monday night from his residence in Bladen, *en route* for Tarboro, in Edgecombe County, as a witness in the case of the State against Armstrong. When we saw him on Tuesday morning he was apparently in better health than for some time previous, and conversed freely. We learn that on his return from Edgecombe yesterday afternoon he was taken suddenly ill on board the cars, and on arriving at Goldsboro it was found necessary for him to stop, where he expired, at Mrs. Borden's Hotel, at a quarter before 8 o'clock yesterday evening, of bilious or cramp cholic, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

"As a public man, General McKay was well known to be a firm and consistent Democrat, having served his constituents for eighteen years, from 1831 to 1849, as Member of Congress from this District, and during that time, at one period, occupying with marked ability the high and very responsible office of Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, of which committee he was chairman at the time of the passage of the Tariff Bill of 1846. As a representative, no Member of Congress commanded more attention or respect. He might truly be said to have served his constituents, 'till he voluntarily retired,' as a national representative,—always looking to the best interests of the whole country, and discarding all factious and sectional jealousies."

At a meeting of the members of the Wilmington Bar held on Saturday, the 17th day of September, 1853, the following proceedings were had.

"On motion of H. L. Holmes, Esq., Robert Strange, jr., Thomas C. Miller, Mauger London, and David Reid, were appointed a committee to prepare resolutions expressive of the regret of the members of the Bar, upon hearing of the death of Hon. James I. McKay, who died suddenly at Goldsboro, on Thursday evening last. Mr. Strange, from the committee, reported the following preamble and resolutions:

This meeting of the members of the Wilmington Bar has heard with deep regret of the sudden and melancholy death of Hon. James I. McKay, of Bladen County. General McKay for many years was a leading practitioner in the Courts of this Circuit, and since he retired from the Bar, has been greatly distinguished in the councils of the nation. The force of his intellect won for him this high position and strict adherence to his principles and great regard for the honor and safety of his country, combined with almost unparalleled integrity, as a public man, secured to him a national reputation, of which North Carolina may justly be proud.

While the death of General McKay is a loss to the whole country, yet we with whom he has been more immediately associated, cannot withhold this slight tribute of respect to his memory.

Therefore resolved, That by the death of Hon. James I. McKay, North Carolina has been deprived of one of her most distinguished citizens, and the whole nation of one whose faithful adherence to the Constitution of his country, and whose great ability and honesty of purpose, have won the admiration of men of all parties.

At Wilmington, as his remains were borne through the city, there was a great public demonstration. His body was met by the military, all the bells of the city tolled, and an escort accompanied the remains to their last resting place in the family burying place on the home plantation in Bladen. The steamboat which conveyed the sad cortege from Wilmington to Elizabethtown was decked in the habiliments of woe, and its monotone wail resounded continuously through the forests that lined the banks of the river.

THE WILKINGS-FLANNER DUEL.

On the evening of the 30th of April, 1856, the old Courthouse of New Hanover County, on Princess Street in Wilmington, was "packed and jammed" by an enthusiastic and excited meeting of the local Democratic association, of which Dr. John D. Bellamy was the President, J. D. Gardner, jr., and C. H. Robinson, the Secretaries. Eli W. Hall, Esq., a prominent lawyer, was called to the chair and made an eloquent address upon political affairs out of which had arisen a strong party contest for Commissioners of Navigation. He showed how Know-Nothing victories had been won over an unsuspecting people, and party issues forced upon a community in whose local affairs they had been previously unknown.

Dr. W. C. Wilkings, a prominent young physician and politician, was loudly called for, and he responded in an animated and stirring address (so runs the *Journal*) in which he portrayed the absurdity, the nonsense, the arrogance of the assumption of exclusive Americanism, made, he said, by the anti-Democratic party. He was followed by Moody B. Smith, a strong speaker, who was listened to with close attention, interrupted by frequent applause.

At the conclusion of his speech Mr. Ashe moved a vote of thanks to the speakers.

On Saturday, May 3, 1856, another grand rally of the Democrats was held in front of the Carolina Hotel on Market

and Second Streets, and the assembled crowd proceeded thence with torches at a late hour in the evening to the "Oaks," on Dry Pond.

The *Journal* says that insulting reference had been made by the "Know-Nothings" to the "Sand Hill Tackies." Hon. Warren Winslow was the principal speaker and received the thanks of the assembly for his eloquent address. He was followed by Mr. John L. Holmes, who spoke in earnest and stirring style. The fateful election of Commissioners of Navigation which was to include one of the most painful tragedies in the history of Wilmington occurred on the 5th of May, 1856. The poll was as follows:

Democratic Ticket.

N. N. Nixon	493
G. W. Davis	503
Miles Costin	497
George Houston	491
L. B. Huggins	491

Know-Nothing Ticket.

R. F. Brown	500
J. H. Flanner	498
T. C. Worth	501
George Harriss	507
Silas N. Martin	494

The *Journal* says that by some strange mistake an active and staunch Democrat, in the heat and excitement of the voting, got hold of and put in a Know-Nothing vote, thus in fact electing Mr. Flanner, whereas, had the mistake not occurred, Mr. Costin would have been elected, and the board would have stood three Democrats to two Know-Nothings.

In the meantime, intense excitement throughout the town was caused by a rumor that Doctor Wilkings' speech, referred to, had incensed his friend, Mr. J. H. Flanner, who had published a card which resulted in a challenge to mortal combat from Doctor Wilkings. I was then nine years of age, at Jewett's School, and I remember distinctly the excitement of

the school boys while Mr. Flanner dashed past the schoolhouse behind his two black thoroughbreds on the way to the fatal meeting.

The *Herald* of Monday, May 5, 1856, said: "Our community was painfully startled on Saturday afternoon last by the reception of a telegraphic dispatch from Marion, S. C., to the effect that a hostile meeting had taken place near Fair Bluff, between Dr. William C. Wilkings and Joseph H. Flanner, Esq., both young men and citizens of this place, and that on the third fire the former received the ball of his antagonist through the lungs, and in a very few moments expired. The difficulty grew out of a speech made by Doctor Wilkings on Wednesday evening last, at the Democratic meeting at the Courthouse. They fought with pistols, at ten paces, Mr. Wilkings being the challenger." The gloom over this dreadful affair hung for many years over those who participated in it, and the principal, who survived the duel, and, going abroad as a State agent, survived the four years' war, died some years later, it is said unhappy and under a cloud, in a foreign land.

The following cards are taken from the *Daily Journal*, May 5, 7 and 8, 1856, to show something of the temper of the public mind with reference to this sad and exciting affair.

"DIED.

"In Marion District, S. C., on the 3d instant, Dr. W. C. Wilkings, of Wilmington, N. C., aged about 30 years.

"Lost to the community in the full promise of a glorious manhood, few men could be more deeply or more generally regretted than our deceased friend. Brave, ardent, and generous, gifted by nature, refined and strengthened by education, there lay before him the prospect of a long, useful and honorable career. That career has been cut short, the promise of his ripe manhood left unfulfilled, and he has gone down to his grave before his time, but his memory will long survive in the hearts of his friends, and the turf that

rests over his cold form be kept green by the unbidden tear starting even from eyes that knew him not in life.

"Our intimate acquaintance with Dr. Wilkings was of comparatively recent date, and arose out of community of political feeling. But we soon learned to love and respect the man for himself, and we now mourn him as a personal friend. It is for those who have known him longer and better than we to do justice to his character. We could not omit this feeble and inadequate tribute to his memory.

"Yesterday his remains were followed to their last resting place in Oakdale Cemetery by the largest and most deeply affected concourse of people that has ever been seen in Wilmington. Many an eye was wet, although long unused to tears, and as the solemn bell tolled all hearts throbbed mournfully and painfully. When he died, a MAN, a noble, true-hearted man, passed from amongst us.

"To-day.

"Saddened by a great calamity in our midst, we have no heart today for political discussion. Overpowered by feelings beyond our ability to express, we know that mere words would be out of place. Standing in heart by the freshly opened grave of a valued friend, whose warm grasp yet thrills through our frame, can we be expected to raise a shout of contest or victory? Duty to our principles alone impels us, but, in sorrow or in joy, that feeling should predominate. We trust that it will prove so to-day, that, though saddened, the Democrats are not disheartened.

"Now is not the time to speak of recent events. Now is not the time to harrow up hearts yet bleeding, and we forbear. That God who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb will be the comforter and sustainer of the bereaved ones in their deep affliction. Let us trust that His helping hand will not be withheld, that He will pour balm into the bleeding wounds, that He will bind up the broken hearts of those whose sorrow is more than they can bear.

WILMINGTON, N. C., May 6, 1856.

As there are reports in circulation calculated to do the undersigned much injustice, in reference to the late unfortunate difficulty between Mr. Flanner and Dr. Wilkings, we feel compelled to state that with the advice of our lamented friend, Dr. Wilkings, we expressed ourselves on different occasions as perfectly willing to agree to any honorable settlement; and under the influence of this feeling, when, after the second exchange of shots, Dr. James F. McRee, jr., who was acting in the capacity of surgeon to both parties (both being present) approached and expressed a warm desire that the matter should be settled, saying that "it had gone far enough, and ought to be settled, that both parties had acted fairly and honorably, and had shown to us, as well as to the world, that they would always be ready to resent any imputation on their honor," and then proposed, for the purpose of giving Dr. Wilkings an opportunity of making an explanation of his remarks made in the Courthouse, that Mr. Flanner should withdraw his card published in the *Herald* of the 1st inst., to which we assented, expressing our willingness, if the card was withdrawn, to disclaim for Dr. Wilkings using the language imputed to him by Mr. Flanner. This proposition, coming as it did from a friend of both parties, we sincerely desired would be accepted by the opposite party. It was not, and the matter proceeded to its unfortunate termination.

W. M. WALKER.
F. N. WADDELL, JR.

These are the very words, we think. Dr. McRee doubtless recollects.

"The above card, with a few slight alterations, was prepared for publication last evening, but was withheld at the suggestion of a friend, in order, if possible, to make a joint statement by both parties. With that purpose in view, I called upon Mr. O. P. Meares, and handed him the card for his perusal, suggesting at the time that if there was any modification he desired and we approved of it, we would sign it. He objected to the card on the ground that it did not contain a proposition for a settlement of the difficulty which he, Mr. Meares, had offered me; the acceptance of which, on consultation, was declined, because we felt it would sacrifice the honor of our friend. This proposition was not inserted in the original card, because we did not consider it pertinent to our exculpation from the charges now rife in the community. I then requested Mr. Meares to reduce his proposition to writ-

ing, which he did, but as we differ so materially in our respective recollections of its character, I thought it but right to publish his as well as my own recollection of it.

"W. M. WALKER."

The last conversation held between Mr. Meares and Mr. Walker, before the third fire, was after the following manner and to this effect: Mr. Meares called Mr. Walker to him and said that he was willing to make a fair and honorable settlement, that he, Mr. Meares, would not make an unconditional retraction of Mr. Flanner's card, but he, Mr. Meares, would make in writing a withdrawal or retraction for a specific purpose, and that specific purpose (expressed in the same paper writing) should be to allow an explanation on the part of Doctor Wilkings, to which Mr. Walker replied that he would consult his friends, and then walked to where his friends were, and after conversing with them for a few moments, remarked that we would have to go to work again. Whereupon we immediately loaded the pistols and the third fire was had. O. P. MEARES.

May 6, 1856, 12 o'clock.

N. B.—Mr. Meares, at the request of Mr. Walker, gives him the above as his statement of his proposition made to Mr. Walker immediately before the third fire.

MR. O. P. MEARES,

Dear Sir:—After having duly considered the above statement, and not being able to reconcile it to my recollection of our conversation, I consulted my friend, Mr. Waddell, to whom I had repeated it word for word in a few moments after its occurrence. I find his recollection accords with my own, and that is, that your proposition made to me on the above occasion, was to the following effect: Mr. Wilkings should request in writing a withdrawal of the card of Mr. Flanner and in the same writing should state what would be the character of his, Mr. Wilkings, explanation. In this event, you furthermore stated you would consent to withdraw Mr. Flanner's card for that specific purpose, viz: for the purpose of receiving Mr. Wilkings' explanation. This proposition, as friends of Mr. Wilkings, having his honor in our keeping, we felt bound to reject.

May 6, 1856, 2 o'clock, p. m. W. M. WALKER.

TO THE PUBLIC.

"I take this method of making a few statements in explanation of the course pursued by me, in connection with the recent duel. I can say, with a clear conscience, that I was fully impressed with the responsibility which was attached to my position. I knew that upon one unguarded expression, or one imprudent act of mine, might depend the life of a fel-

low being. I can also say that I was not actuated by any feeling of enmity towards the late Dr. Wilkings. We had been born and raised in the same community, and though not intimate friends, we had never had any personal difficulty in our lives. I can say, too, that Mr. Flanner made the declaration before he left town, as he did on the field after the second fire, that he did not desire to take the life of his opponent, and that he hoped a fair and honorable settlement would be made. For these reasons, I went upon the field with the full determination to accept any proposition for a settlement which I could regard as fair and honorable—and during the conversation which occurred after the second exchange of shots, I repeatedly said that I desired a fair and honorable settlement. By way of showing my willingness for such a settlement, I call attention to the fact, that, as the representative of the challenged party, my duty was simply to receive and consider such propositions as might be made by the challenging party, and such is the course usually pursued by persons when placed in the same position, and yet I went beyond my duty by making the proposition for a withdrawal for a specific purpose, as set forth in the card signed by me and published by Mr. Walker in the *Journal* of yesterday.

"I deem it due to the public to state, that the first mention which was made of a settlement was immediately after the first fire, when Dr. James F. McRee, jr., who was acting as the surgeon for both parties, remarked that he hoped the difficulty could now be settled, as the parties had taken one fire. Whereupon, I turned to Mr. W. M. Walker, who was the representative of the other party, and asked him the question, in the presence of all the parties: 'What have you to say, Mr. Walker?' To which he immediately replied as follows: 'Well, sir, we still occupy our former position; you must retract and apologize for your card.' I then said, 'Is this all you have to say.' He answered 'Yes.' And then I said, 'We have no retraction or apology to make.' We then loaded the pistols and the second fire was made.

"The object of this card is not to give a full account of all the facts which occurred upon the field; it is merely to state what is sufficient, and no more, to explain the course which I pursued upon the field. In conclusion, I will say that the position taken by me, with regard to a settlement was that I was willing to retract Mr. Flanner's card for a specific purpose, it being so expressed in writing, but that I would not make an unconditional retraction of his card.

"I regret the necessity which compels me to publish even this much upon this subject. "O. P. Meares."

"May 8, 1856."

The allegation in Dr. Wilkings' speech that the ticket of the opposition was composed of merchants who would not hesitate to sacrifice the public interests (quarantine, etc.) for the sake of a dollar brought out the publication of Mr. Flanner's card on the following day, that the statement was false, and that Dr. Wilkings knew it was false when he made it. Wilkings promptly challenged Flanner, whose first shot struck Wilkings' hat, the third penetrated his right lung and killed him instantly.

OLD SCHOOL DAYS IN WILMINGTON.

Mr. Stephen Jewett, a most amiable and estimable gentleman, cabinetmaker by trade, settled in Smithville about the year 1839, where he was employed in the United States Government service and also as postmaster of that village. While residing there he married Miss Mary Gracie, a Scotch lady of great accomplishments, intimately related to the president of the Bank of Cape Fear, Dr. John Hill. Mr. and Mrs. Jewett subsequently opened a school at Smithville which they conducted jointly, she having been previously engaged in the profession of teaching in Wilmington. Mrs. Jewett died while on her way to Moore County with her husband.

Some years later Mr. Jewett was married to Miss Lucy Bradley, sister of the late Mr. Richard Bradley. He then made his home here, and became cashier of the Bank of Wil-

mington, in which capacity he served, honored and respected by the community, until his death during the yellow fever epidemic in 1862.

Mr. George W. Jewett, a professional school-teacher of superior attainments, came to Wilmington from Kent Hill, Maine, at the suggestion of his brother Stephen, about the year 1852, and opened the Wilmington Male and Female Seminary in a small frame house on the west side of Third Street, near Ann Street, and later in the old Society Hall in the rear of St. James' Church. He was assisted in the female department by his accomplished wife and two other Northern ladies, Miss Stetson and Miss Whipple. A large majority of Mr. Jewett's boys at that time were sons of the best people of our community, with a reasonable knowledge of the rules of propriety, notwithstanding which his school discipline was marked, under the influence of passion, by frequent acts of unnecessary severity, and, at times, by positive cruelty; which, instead of breaking down his institution, increased the patronage, our fathers in those days evidently regarding such physical treatment as both wholesome and necessary. There were a few very disorderly boys, however, who deserved a whipping as regularly as they got it. Who, among the survivors of the incorrigibles, can forget the stern command: "Walk into the recitation room, sir," over which apartment might have been written, "He who enters here leaves hope behind"; because the unhappy culprit to whom this exclamation was addressed at once gave himself up for lost, reminding us of Marryat's boy, Walter Puddock, who having been hauled up by his preceptor, O'Gallagher, without remonstrance, immediately began to prepare for punishment by the reduction of wearing apparel.

Oft repeated flagellations, according to the testimony of the old time Eton boys, render the subject callous, and some of these hopeless cases of Mr. Jewett's became so hardened by this process that they ceased to make any outcry, and in the language of the prize ring, came up smiling after the first round, while the preceptor had evidently the worst of it.

Two habitual offenders, J. M. and W. F., however, found it necessary to protect themselves from the neck downwards with padding, which sometimes shifted during the inevitable struggle, exposing the epidermis, and causing yells of entreaty, and other demonstrations of suffering, which could be heard at a great distance.

Many who were Mr. Jewett's pupils will recall the compulsory singing lessons and the noisy demonstrations when the exhilarating and senseless fugues of "Three Blind Mice" and "Scotland's Burning" were rendered in conclusion.

Two or three years later the school was removed to the premises on the east corner of Third and Ann Streets and continued until the commencement of the war, when Mr. Jewett went to Statesville, where he taught for a while. He returned to Wilmington about the close of the war and resumed teaching in the house occupied by the late Captain Divine, and subsequently on the corner of Second and Chestnut Streets, but left about the year 1881 for his former home in Maine, where he died of heart disease. The summons came suddenly, while he was sitting dressed in his chair. He simply straightened out his arms and ceased to breathe.

While teaching in the Wood house, on the corner of Second and Chestnut Streets, an incident occurred which has been treasured by the surviving pupils as one of the few occasions when the boys "got ahead of" their alert preceptor. Doc Nutt and John Cantwell were reckoned as the incorrigibles of the school, and they ceased not to torment the teacher with their irrepressible pranks; it was, therefore, not at all unusual when Mr. Jewett, at the closing hour, ordered them one fine afternoon to remain for punishment. The hours wore away until nightfall, and as the teacher came not, the truth dawned on the delinquents that he had forgotten them. They heard his tread upstairs returning from the Lodge meeting, followed by a stillness which convinced them that he had retired for the night. Immediately Doc's fertile brain hatched out a plot; a whispered agreement was made in the semi-darkness of the room; the window on Second Street, which was only

a few feet from the ground, was raised; the two boys climbed gently to the street and lowered the sash to a chip on the sill so that they could grip it on the outside. They then proceeded homeward, and after a hearty supper and a sound sleep they reappeared at school at daylight and noiselessly assumed their places at their desks. When the old woman who made the fires and swept the room appeared later, she was fairly astounded to see them sleepily conning the tasks assigned to them. With a loud exclamation she brought Mr. Jewett down in his night clothes. He was profuse in his apologies—distressed with the thought of his forgetfulness—and tenderly solicitous for their welfare. They had suffered enough, he said, and were excused from attendance until the following day. The scamps played their part well, and wisely kept their own counsel.

Market Street between Third and Fourth Streets was a busy scene of healthful sport for the boys during the hour of recess; "old hundred," "three-handed cat," games of marbles "for fun" and for "winnance," spinning tops of all descriptions—the most approved and expensive being fashioned by William Kellogg,—"jumping frog," walking on the hands with the heels in the air, and other diversions, made Jack anything but a dull boy. John Rankin took first distinction in putting a top to sleep; Steve Jewett was most skillful at marbles; little Tom Wright excelled at the bat; Jim Metts jumped, without running, and turned a somersault in the air; he also walked on his hands a whole block, followed on foot by an admiring throng; and Richard Moore's wonderful skill sent a clamshell straight over St. James' Church tower.

Periodically, good Miss Urquhart, who lived in the house now Doctor Thomas' office, mildly expostulated when the clamor became unbearable; and "Sounders," who drove their carts full of ground peas to market, complained that the leakage in passing the school caused by large stones placed in the cart ruts by the boys, was intolerable. These were minor incidents of constant recurrence; but when the old boy himself marked time with his big brass hand bell, in the chorus of

"Scotland's Burning," and the town bell in the market house brought the Howard Relief with their hand engine and Captain Griffith with his "Hook and Ladder," our joy was unconfined.

Jewett's boys generally turned out well; many became eminent in their professions. One of the most studious, dignified boys was Platt Dickinson Walker, forecasting his elevation to the Supreme Court Bench.

Only two of the forty boys (which was the numerical limit) became a reproach to the school; neither was a fit associate, and both were finally expelled. One became a horse thief, and the other a murderer; both were outlawed. In my youth they were held up to me by my parents as horrid examples of total depravity, in striking contrast with the shining virtues of our neighbors, the Calder boys, whose footsteps I have always endeavored to follow.

A system of monitors was a part of Mr. Jewett's method of discipline. At first, in the old school, these very brilliant examples of his favor were privileged to fire the stove, sweep the room, bring in water, and to take a half holiday on Friday; but later on, when one of their five senses was requisitioned on certain occasions, this offensive espionage fell into desuetude.

Mr. Jewett always wore rubber shoes, which enabled him to steal with catlike tread upon an unsuspecting culprit absorbed in the drawing of a caricature, who gave a yell of terror when his ear was suddenly twisted in a way we despised.

The recitation-room floggings were generally severe and particularly cruel, and it was sometimes necessary for a victim of Mr. Jewett's wrath to subsist from a plate on the mantelpiece for a day or two afterwards. To his credit, however, there was no leniency shown to his four nephews, who had all "a hard road to travel"; and Bradley Jewett, a bright and genial pupil, was often imposed upon in order to exhibit the discipline of the Academy. On one occasion "Brad" created a sensation by exhibiting a brass pistol, with which he

declared he would shoot his uncle, but it was found that the lock was broken, and this bloodthirsty design came to naught.

Eating during school hours was strictly forbidden; but George Copes managed to smuggle a pie into his desk at frequent intervals, which he bartered for sundry information about the next lesson, as he was generally incapable of any severe intellectual exercise, and "Solomon's dog did not bark himself to death," as Galloway said, trying to keep George out of the Temple of Wisdom.

Archie Worth, beloved by all, was so pestered by his hungry associates while he ate his pie at recess, that he had to climb the gatepost to enjoy his repast in peace. From that day he was known as "'Tato Pie." Years afterwards, while he was limping along the roadside, at the battle of Bentonville, some strange troops passed him, and one of them exclaimed, "Well, if there ain't old 'Tato Pie from Wilmington!"

Wednesday was given up to lessons and exhibitions in declamation. Bob McRee, in "Robert Emmett's Defense," and Eugene Martin, in "The Sailor Boy's Dream," headed the list and melted us to tears. Clarence Martin, Junius Davis, Gilbert and Fred Kidder, Alexander and John London, Cecil Fleming, Duncan and Richard Moore, Platt D. Walker, John D. Barry, John VanBokkelen, Willie Gus Wright, Levin Lane, Griffith McRee, John Rankin, Tom Meares, Sam Peterson, Sonny West, Eddie and Tom DeRosset, Stephen and Willie Jewett, Willie Meares, Willie Lord, and others not now recalled, gave promise of undying fame, in their fervid renditions of "Sennacherib," "Marco Bozzaris," Patrick Henry's "Liberty or Death," Mark Antony's Oration over Cæsar's Dead Body, "Kosciusko," "The Burial of Sir John Moore," "Hamlet's Soliloquy," and "Hohenlinden" (alas! so few survive), and John Walker and big Tom Wright divided honors on the immortal "Casabianca." Henry Latimer and the writer were "tied" on the same speech, and when the judge, Colonel Hall, decided in the for-

mer's favor, the unsuccessful contestant withdrew permanently from the arena.

Our teacher endeavored to impress upon our minds, by repeated admonitions, the importance of a graceful pose and bearing upon the platform. The declaimers were required to bow to the preceptor and to the audience before proceeding with their speeches. Some of these motions were very ungraceful, and others were positively disgraceful. Willie Martin made a dab at it like the forward movement of a muscovy duck; whereupon, Mr. Jewett admonished him and directed him to watch Mr. Edward Everett on the occasion of his forthcoming eulogy of Washington, which was the talk of the town. On the following Wednesday Willie was called to the stage, to imitate the great speaker in his bow to his audience, which was done with an expression of intense pain in his stomach, to the great delight and derision of the whole school.

One of the most memorable exploits of our school days was that of Walter MacRae, who came with his brother Roderick to the old school near "The Castle." He had the most retentive memory I ever knew, and once when a column of the *Daily Journal,* edited by James Fulton, which usually contained (to us) the dryest sort of political twaddle, was read over to him, he repeated it "sight unseen," almost verbatim, to our admiring audience. Many years after, we belonged to a local debating society, and on one occasion MacRae was obliged to comply with his appointment as the principal speaker. Picking up a book from the table, he gave us the finest selection of the season. At its conclusion we took the volume from his hands and found it to be a child's spelling book. He had recited one of Rufus Choate's celebrated orations.

Some of the pupils, mere lads at the commencement of hostilities, fell in battle for the Lost Cause; others have dropped by the wayside in the journey of life, and only a few survive, of whom we recall the names and well-remembered

faces of Eugene S. Martin, Leighton Boone, Thos. H. Wright, Junius Davis, Gilbert P. Kidder, Richard Moore, Thomas D. Meares, John London, George G. Thomas, Jordan Thomas, Platt D. Walker, J. T. Rankin, N. B. Rankin, A. C. Worth, W. E. Worth, John F. Shackelford, John T. Northrop, George R. French, James I. Metts, A. G. Latta, John B. Lord, Stephen Jewett, R. B. Jewett, Henry G. Latimer, John M. Walker. The roll of living and dead is an honorable one, and notwithstanding unpleasant recollections by some who were harshly treated, reflects honor upon the memory of him who trained them. And he was always proud of his boys; and well he might be, for it is a well established fact that Mr. Jewett's pupils were thoroughly prepared for college in all the necessary branches of their matriculation; and that many who were unable, by the intervention of the war, to enter college, owed their comparative success in life largely to the early mental training under that able preceptor.

A characteristic incident occurred in St. John's Lodge of Masons a short time before Mr. Jewett's death. A member of the fellowcraft had just been raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason, after a highly creditable examination, during which he exemplified the work of three degrees with remarkable accuracy, when Mr. Jewett arose, and with apparent pride and emotion expressed his profound satisfaction, remarking that the younger brother had been his pupil for four years prior to the War between the States.

He was most cultivated and refined in his social intercourse, which was characterized by an urbanity entirely at variance with his professional habit.

His estimable wife died some years before him, leaving an only daughter who was at the close of the war a beautiful and accomplished young lady. Miss Ella married Lieutenant Crosley, of the U. S. Revenue Cutter Service, but she died long since, without issue.

For several decades before the war Fort Johnston was garrisoned, and the many officers of the Army quartered there added greatly to the social life of the lower Cape Fear.

At that period Smithville, being so easily accessible by steamer, was the favorite summer resort of Wilmington families; and there the belles and epauletted beaux found congenial pastime, as described by Mr. Jewett in the following lines:

THE WAYFARER'S ADIEU.

Farewell! dear Smithville! from thy pleasant halls
I haste reluctant whither duty calls:
But for a moment, let me linger here
To trace a grateful word, and drop a tear.
For who e'er left thy hospitable shore
And blest and wept thee not forever more?
If rash ambition tempts me to aspire
To seize the poet's pen, without his fire,
And, all unskillful, venture to rehearse
Thy lofty virtues in heroic verse,
Appear, O, Muse propitious, and supply
Such words and thoughts as fit the purpose high.
All hail! great Smithville! great in origin:
For did not Smith thy great career begin?
Great in thy old renown, when heroes bore
Their martial honors up and down thy shore,
And, strutting stiff, in yellow epaulettes,
Lured many a fair one to their gaudy nets.
Great in thy battlefield, our garrison,
Where Cupid's contests still are lost and won;
Great, in the outspread beauty of thy bay,
Great, in the tiny fleets that on it play,
Great, in thy sunshine; in thy moonlight, great,
Great, in thy risings and thy settings, late,
Great, in thy sandy streets, and spreading shades,
Great, in fandangoes, frolics and charades,
Great, in thy pig-fish, oysters, trout, and clams,
Great, in thy raging tempests, great in calms,
Great, in thy tete-a-tetes at dewy e'en,
And great, Ah! very great, in crinoline.
What visions rise, what memories crowd around
My toiling pen at that suggestive sound!
But thickest cluster in the haunts of song,
Where crinolines, in scores, are wont to throng,
And thou! oh, sacred temple of The Nine,
Where wit and beauty spread their chains divine,
How shall I style thee? for thy noble name
Hath not been soiled by lips of common fame.
They call thee "cottage," but that name I scout,
And here forever blot the scandal out.

No name plebeian, couched in vulgar words,
Is thy true title: Thou'rt a "House of Lords."
What though thou standest on Columbia's soil,
Her sons would scorn thy regal halls to spoil;
Here, noble lords and beauteous ladies meet,
And their fair Queen with loyal homage greet:
Here, too, 'twas mine to fill an humble place,
And taste, full oft, the sweets of royal grace.
Methinks I see thee as I oft have seen,
Spangled with beauty, set in crinoline.
The fair Columbia stands with stately grace;
Benignant smiles illume her queenly face.
Victoria's throne was bootless to confer
Imperial dignity on such as her.
And yet she stocped—what folly to record—
The royal lady stooped—to wed a Lord.
Then we turn to the court; and first observe
The lady yonder, with the restless nerve;
"A female archer": mark her pungent wit,
In random shots, regardless whom they hit—
But most she loves to shoot the pedagogues,
As wanton boys, for pastime, pelt the frogs.
In youth she wore the honored name of Brown;
"My name," sighed she, "is but a common noun."
A son of science, with no heart of stone,
O'erheard her plaint, and offered her his own.
So wit and genius she vouchsafed to link
Forever with the rare name of Frink.
On yonder face, so beautiful to view,
How blend the lily's with the rose's hue;
Her flashing eye, in jetty radiance burns,
And almost scorches him on whom it turns.
Forth fly thy arrowy missiles; maid, beware,
Lest you should pierce the heart you mean to spare.
You may not dream that flickering hopes and fears
Hang trembling on a glance of Addie Meares.
Upon that ample brow, where jeweled thought
Is fashioned, and with graceful polish wrought,
O'erhangs an eye of rare intelligence,
Whose lightest glance reveals the solid sense.
Deepest and dark, with grave and pensive ray,
Save when the radiant smiles around it play,
Who does not see through the clear, pure light
That ever guides the steps of Anna (W) right?
My eager pen, impatient to advance,
Compels me hence to take a hastier glance,
And scatter gems along the glowing line,
More brilliant than adorn Golconda's mine,

Brown, Rankin, Cowan, Walker, Prioleau,
Shall in one brilliant constellation glow.
I gaze bedazzled, yet delight me still
My modest "Valley" and the favorite "Hill" (Miss Lossie)
But can we, Muse, the starry sphere portray,
By painting separate every golden ray?
Then let my pen this endless task resign,
And bid our stars in blended glory shine.
But hark! from rosy lips there pour along
The echoing walls the mingled streams of song.
Quick to the soul the conquering floods make way
And song and beauty hold divinest sway.
Apollo could but listen, gaze, admire,
And hate, henceforth, his goddess and his lyre.
Oh sacred cherished spot! to yield thee up
Is gall and wormwood in my parting cup.
Farewell, farewell! may wintry winds
Strain gentle on thy braces and thy pins,
May no rude storm unroof thee and expose
Thy naked ribs to their remorseless blows.
May time and whitewash still thy years prolong
To shelter beauty, genius, worth, and song.
Farewell, ye summer pleasures, bright and brief,
That fade and fall before the early leaf;
With summer suns thy leaves again return.
The life that bare you, there may fill an urn.
Farewell, ye warblers, matrons, maidens, all,
Whose forms are wont to grace our festive hall.
Farewell! May heaven, his sweetest peace diffuse
Through each pure breast as sink the gentle dews.
'Neath all his shielding ægis may you rest,
With life, health, love, and friendship blest.
And when from raging summer's heats
Impelled again to flee,
You grace once more the cool retreats,
May I be there to see.

EDWARD B. DUDLEY.

Among the many great men who have adorned the life of our community and contributed to the prosperity of this section of the State, no one has surpassed in usefulness Edward B. Dudley.

On the occasion of his death, Robert H. Cowan was selected by the citizens of Wilmington to deliver an address commemorative of his life and character, and performed that

public service on the eighth day of November, 1855. From Colonel Cowan's address we learn that Governor Dudley was born in Onslow County, December 15, 1789, and died in Wilmington on the 30th of October, 1855. When twenty-one years of age he represented Onslow in the House of Commons, and in 1813 and 1814 in the Senate. During the war with England he came to Wilmington, the second in command of the regiment of volunteers who flocked from the neighboring counties to repel threatened British invasion. In 1815 he removed to Wilmington, and in 1816 and 1817 he represented the town of Wilmington in the House of Commons. In politics he was a Republican—as distinguished from the Federalists. Governor Holmes, who was the representative of the District in Congress, having died, in November, 1829, Mr. Dudley was elected to fill the vacancy. At that time he was a Jackson man; but not being satisfied with the policy of the administration, in Congress he attached himself to the opposition, and then declined reëlection, saying, "I cannot, fellow citizens, forego my own opinion for that of any man. I acknowledge no master but the laws and duty—no party but the interests of my country." He was, more than any other man, the father of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad and was its president until elected Governor, in 1836, the first governor chosen by the people—and doubtless selected because of his advocacy of internal improvements. "He possessed administrative ability of a very rare order; and his administration as governor was one of the most efficient and practically useful which North Carolina has ever known"—and moreover "his hospitality was dispensed so liberally, so graciously, and with such a warm and open heart, that it will long be remembered by all who had occasion to visit the Capital while he occupied the Executive Mansion. * * * His whole energies were given to the cause of internal improvements, for the development of the resources of North Carolina, and for the building up of her commercial greatness. * * * The completion of a liberal system of internal im-

provements and the establishment of a permanent system of common schools formed the highest object of his ambition. His career proves that he is well entitled to the proud name of Father of Internal Improvements in North Carolina. He was far in advance of his age; but he lived to see the State arouse from her lethargy and adopt the measures he had forecast with sagacity and enlarged and enlightened patriotism."

Addressing the stockholders of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad Company, Colonel Cowan said: "You must remember that yours was the pioneer work in North Carolina, that it was an experiment, that it was undertaken without sufficient means, that it was condemned beforehand as a failure, that it encountered troubles, trials, difficulties of the most extraordinary character; that nothing but the most indomitable energy, the most liberal enterprise, the most unceasing patience, the most determined spirit of perseverance, could have enabled it to surmount those difficulties. Governor Dudley brought all of these qualifications to the task and commanded the success which he so eminently deserved. He subscribed a very large portion of his large estate to its completion. He devoted all his time, all his talents, and all his energies, and that too at an immense loss from the neglect of his private interests, to put it into successful operation. Nor did his services, nor his personal sacrifices stop there. When your offices, your warehouses and your workshops, and all of your machinery which was not then in actual use, were laid in ruins by the terrible fire of 1843; when a heap of smouldering embers marked the spot where all of your possessions in Wilmington the day before had stood; when your most ardent friends had begun to despair; when your own merchants had refused to credit you, and, regarded merely from a business point of view, had justly refused, because they had already extended their confidence beyond the limits of prudence; when your long sinking credit was at last destroyed and your failure seemed inevitable—Governor Dudley came forward and pledged the whole of his private estate as your security, and thus, with renewed confidence in your

solvency you were enabled to go on to that complete success which awaited you entirely through his exertions."

Such was the character of the man—the man of generous sentiments, of high courtesy, of true courage. He set a noble example, was eminent in all the practical departments of life, and was eminently good in all of his social relations. Thus his death was mourned as a general loss, and his memory was treasured by the people of Wilmington.

COLONEL BURR.

Col. James G. Burr, one of our oldest and most highly esteemed citizens, died November 13, 1898, aged 80 years.

He was born in Wilmington and was prominent in all of its stirring events. For many years he was cashier of the Bank of Cape Fear. During the War between the States, he was colonel of the regiment of Home Guards. After the war he resumed his profession as a banker. Later, he was assistant postmaster of Wilmington under O. G. Parsley, Esq., during Cleveland's administration.

Colonel Burr, like his brother Talcott, had fine literary attainments, and possessed a discriminating mind, together with an admirable judgment of men. He was much interested in local history and was regarded as an authority with reference to important dates and deeds on the Cape Fear. He wrote with precision and elegance, and contributed many interesting narratives to the local press over his *nom de plume,* "Senex."

Associated all through life with our leading citizens, he knew them well, and his sketches, valuable for their accuracy, have served to rescue from oblivion the memory of many who, in their day, adorned our community.

Attracted by mutual interest in the tales and traditions of the Cape Fear, many years before his death, we became devoted friends; and, in recognition of my high regard for him, he voluntarily made over to me all his manuscripts and publications, of which he had a large accumulation. A few

weeks before his last illness, however, he came to my office and confided to me that he had destroyed all his manuscripts.

He explained that he had been prevailed upon to republish the distressing story of the desecration of the Holy Sacrament by a party of twelve local debauchees in the early days of the town, and that he had been reproached repeatedly that morning by some descendants of those involved in that horrible affair; that he had then returned home, and made a bonfire in his backyard of all the manuscripts which he had promised to leave me.

The condensation of his sketch of the Thalian Association, and the article on Johnson Hooper and the British Consul may serve to keep his memory green.

THE THALIAN ASSOCIATION.

In 1871 Col. James G. Burr performed a grateful service to the community by publishing a pamphlet of fifty pages giving an account of the Thalian Association, together with sketches of many of its members, from which the following has been condensed.

When, during the French and Indian War, Col. James Innes was in command of all the Colonial forces in Virginia, he made his will, in which he devised a large part of his estate, after the death of his wife, for the use of a free school for the benefit of the youth of North Carolina. A quarter of a century later the legislature appointed trustees of "Innes Academy," and in 1788 subscriptions were taken up among the citizens, and the three lots next north of Princess between Third and Fourth Streets were secured, and subsequently, by way of confirming the title, were purchased from the University "as escheated property of Michael Higgins, one of the original settlers of the town of Wilmington."[1]

Before the completion of the academy building a theatrical corps had been organized in Wilmington, and an arrangement had been made between them and the trustees of the aca-

[1]The investigations of W. B. McKoy, Esq., show that this property was escheated, not because it had belonged to Higgins, but to two Tories.

demy for the lower part of the building to be fitted up and used exclusively as a theatre; and a perpetual lease was made, conformably, to the Thalian Association. The building was erected about the year 1800, when the town could boast of hardly more than 1,500 inhabitants. Years afterwards, the academy fell into ruin and was not used for educational purposes. The Thalian Association, however, continued to hold possession. Its claim was resisted by the University, and by way of compromise, the property was sold and purchased by the town, it being agreed that half the purchase money should be applied to the erection of a building with suitable rooms for theatrical performances.

Of the members of the first Thalian Association, the name of Col. Archibald McNiell alone has been preserved. He was the star performer, and in his delineation of the character of Hamlet very few professional actors could excel him.

After some years a second Thalian Association was organized, among the members being Edward B. Dudley, William B. Meares, Chas. J. Wright, James S. Green, William M. Green, Julius H. Walker, William C. Lord, James Telfair, Charles L. Adams, Dr. James F. McRee, Col. John D. Jones, Robert Rankin, William H. Halsey, Thomas Loring, John Cowan, and others not now remembered.

Of Governor Dudley mention is elsewhere made. Mr. Meares was a lawyer of commanding influence, at one time coming within one vote of being elected to the Senate of the United States; but, unhappily, he died suddenly, while yet in the full maturity of his powers.

Charles J. Wright was an actor by intuition. He strode the boards with a majesty and grace that Cooper or Cook might have envied in their palmiest days. He was the eldest son of Judge J. G. Wright, and a lawyer, but became president of the Wilmington branch of the Bank of the State. His son, Lieut. William Henry Wright, graduated at the head of his class at West Point, Beauregard being next, and became eminent as an officer of the Engineer Corps.

Julius Walker was an actor of extraordinary merit. He

had great fondness for the drama, and he had few equals as an amateur performer.

James S. Green, the treasurer of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad Company from its organization till his death, in 1862, was unequaled as a comedian. He was an admirable type of the Cape Fear gentleman of the olden time; with a fund of anecdote and wit; as a story-teller he was unrivaled. Passionately fond of music, he sang the plaintive ballads of the old days with great feeling and expression.

Col. John D. Jones excelled in the character of Hamlet. Reared to the practice of the law, he early abandoned it for the more genial pursuits of literature and agriculture. He was Speaker of the House of Commons, and presided with great ability. Later, he was Naval officer of the port and president of the Bank of Cape Fear.

Dr. James F. McRee was one of the foremost men in his profession, in this or any other State; a most successful practitioner and a bold and brilliant operator. He had great scholarly attainments, was fond of the classics, wrote with ease and elegance, was equally at home in the researches of philosophy and the mazes of metaphysics, the natural sciences, and the polite literature of the day.

William M. Green, later Bishop of Mississippi, remarkable for intelligence, suavity of manner, and for a beauty somewhat feminine, and David M. Miller, father of the late lamented Col. James T. Miller, played with success the role of female characters.

William C. Lord sustained the role of the sentimental gentleman with great dignity and propriety. He was one of nature's noblemen.

John Cowan was admirable in genteel comedy. His fine figure, graceful manner, and correct gesticulations appeared to great advantage on the stage. He was eldest son of Col. Thomas Cowan, one of the old settlers of the town, and was one of the handsomest men of the day. He became cashier of the Bank of the State.

William H. Halsey frequently appeared on the stage and

was as natural as life. He was prominent in his profession, and left the reputation of a lawyer of great learning.

Charles L. Adams played well his part among the choice spirits of those days and added much to the success of their representations by his versatility of talent, knowledge of scenic effects, and unfailing good humor.

Thomas Loring was an excellent performer in the higher walks of tragedy. He had a face of marked expression, a voice deep-chested and sonorous, and in his rendition of the characters of *Shylock* and of the *Duke of Gloucester* there was an earnestness and a passion not easily forgotten. Mr. Loring was one of the best known editors in the State.

After a most successful existence of some years this organization ceased, but soon the Association was revived by another set of aspirants for the buskin who did not in point of talent disgrace their predecessors.

Among them were Joseph A. Hill, Dr. Thomas H. Wright, Robert H. Cowan, Dr. James H. Dickson, Dr. John Hill, Lawrence D. Dorsey, John Nutt Brown, and many others. They played with very great success.

Joseph A. Hill shone on the mimic stage, as he did upon the actual stage of life, with unfailing lustre. A son of William H. Hill and a grandson of John Ashe, he had no rival of his age as a debater and orator, and no superior of any age in North Carolina.

Dr. Thomas H. Wright played female characters with great success. He became president of the Bank of Cape Fear.

Robert H. Cowan was a very popular member of the Association and bore a prominent part in all their representations. After preparing for the law, he abandoned it for agriculture.

Dr. James H. Dickson was a prominent member of the Association and appeared frequently upon the stage and was regarded as an excellent performer. Embracing the profession of medicine, he sprang at once into a large and lucrative practice. He possessed great power—was a student all his

life, a lover of books and a thinker, a man of scholarly attainment and fond of scientific study. He fell at his post of duty, one of the earliest victims of the fearful epidemic of 1862.

Dr. John Hill frequently appeared upon the boards, always in genteel comedy, and as the gentleman of the piece, which harmonized well with his graceful figure and easy manner. He was a remarkably handsome man. Endowed with versatile talents, he equally graced the stage and the drawing room. While eminent as a physician, he achieved a particular fame for his literary accomplishments. He became president of the Bank of Cape Fear, and was known as Dr. John "Bank" Hill—to distinguish him from his kinsman, Dr. John H. Hill.

Eventually this Association, like its predecessor, dissolved, but there came along a strolling company of actors who leased the theatre for two or three seasons, and after their departure, interest in theatricals having revived, a third organization was formed.

The members of the new Association well sustained the reputation of the former players. For a long time they offered the only source of amusement to the public, and crowded houses always greeted their performances. On the list of members we find the names of William Cameron, John S. James, L. H. Marsteller, Bela H. Jacobs, P. W. Fanning, John MacRae, Augustus Ramousin, Joshua James, E. H. Wingate, J. F. Gianople, J. P. Brownlow, A. A. Brown, J. McColl, W. E. Blaney, E. Withington, Daniel Sherwood, C. Manning, Wm. Lowry, W. N. Peden, Dr. W. J. Price, R. J. Dorsey, Daniel Dickson, Roger Moore, W. A. Allen.

William Cameron was a natural born actor, possessing great versatility of talents, and he was passionately fond of theatrical amusements. Later in life, he removed to the South.

Lewis H. Marsteller, a descendant of Col. Lewis D. Marsteller, distinguished in the Revolution and one of the pallbearers of General Washington, at an early age came to Wil-

mington from Virginia. He played the sentimental gentleman, and was easy and natural on the stage. He was at one time the most popular man in the county and was never defeated before the people He was collector of customs and clerk of the court.

Price, Jacobs, Wingate, Brown, Moore, Withington, Ramousin, Gianople, Brownlow and Dickson were all good actors and reflected credit on the Association.

There were but few better amateur performers than John S. James. His conception and delineation of the powerfully drawn character of *Pescara* in *The Apostate,* equaled and in many instances surpassed the best efforts of celebrated performers. P. W. Fanning played the old man with such success that he is still remembered by the play-going people of those days as that "good old man," while Sherwood, with his fine figure and charming voice, bore off the palm in genteel comedy.

This Association after a time met the fate of its predecessors, and the theatre remained closed until about the year 1846, when the fourth and last Association was organized. Its first president was Col. James T. Miller; Daniel MacRae was secretary and treasurer; S. R. Ford, stage manager, and Dr. W. W. Harriss, prompter. On the roll of members were the names of Thomas Sanford, William Hill, Adam Empie, E. D. Hall, J. G. Burr, E. A. Cushing, John C. MacRae, John R. Reston, John J. Hedrick, T. Burr, jr., A. O. Bradley, John Walker, W. W. Harriss, J. T. Watts, J. G. Green, W. H. Lippitt, John L. Meares, D. MacRae, John Cowan, J. J. Lippitt, George Harriss, M. London, W. A. Burr, R. H. Cowan, H. W. Burgwyn, H. P. Russell, E. Cantwell, J. B. Russell, W. B. Meares, L. H. Pierce, W. D. Cowan, G. L. Dudley, R. F. Langdon, E. A. Keith, F. N. Waddell, J. S. Williams, Robert Lindsay, Wilkes Morris, Eli W. Hall, W. M. Harris, S. R. Ford, J. T. Miller, A. Martin, S. Jewett, A. H. Van Bokkelen, T. C. McIlhenny, F. J. Lord, J. A. Baker, A. M. Waddell, C. D. Myers, F. D. Poisson, J. H. Flanner, DuBrutz Cutlar, E. Savage, Robert Strange, Wm. Reston, J.

R. London, George Myers, Henry Savage, James A. Wright, O. S. Baldwin, L. H. DeRosset, J. Hill Wright.

Of the merits of this company, says Colonel Burr, it may not be proper for us to speak, as so many of its members are still living in our midst—suffice it to say that in ability and histrionic talent it was fully up to the standard of the preceding associations. After much labor and expense in repairing the building, many delays, disappointments, and discouragements, the opening night at length arrived. The play was *The Lady of Lyons,* the afterpiece *'Tis All a Farce,* with the following cast of characters:

THE LADY OF LYONS.

Claud Melnotte	William Hill
Beauseant	A. O. Bradley
Glavis	T. Burr, jr.
Colonel Dumas	R. Lindsay
Jaspar	John Walker
Mons Deschapelles	E. A. Keith
Landlord	George Harris
First Officer	Donald MacRae
Second Officer	G. L. Dudley
Madame Deschapelles	W. B. Meares
Pauline	J. T. Watts
Widow Melnotte	J. J. Lippitt

'TIS ALL A FARCE.

Numpo	E. D. Hall
Belgardo	A. Empie
Don Gortes	M. London
Don Testy	E. A. Cushing
Carolina	J. J. Hedrick

The theatre was filled to its utmost capacity with a brilliant and excited audience, for to add to the interest of the occasion the names of the debutants of popular favor had been kept a profound secret. There was not one among them who had ever appeared in front of the footlights, and the excitement and apprehension, therefore, behind the scenes, incident to a first appearance, can only be appreciated by those who have undergone a similar ordeal. The performance was a great success, each actor was perfect in his part and remarkably correct in the delineation of the character

assumed. The machinery of the stage, that most vital adjunct to the success of all theatrical exhibitions, was admirably managed, and the applause, long and continued at the close of the performance, testified in language too plain to be misunderstood the hearty approval of the delighted audience. Many representations followed with equal success, and the Association soon became a permanent institution Allied, as nearly all its members were to the entire community, by the ties of consanguinity or business relations, it was felt that their characters were sufficient guaranty that nothing would be presented that would shock the sensibility of the modest or wound the piety of the devout. The Association modestly but confidently appealed to the public for generous support. Need we say how such an appeal was responded to by a Wilmington audience? Their well known liberality was bestowed with no niggard hand, and the Association flourished beyond measure and became immensely popular.

The great ability displayed by the members of this last Association was fully recognized and appreciated by all classes of society, but as most of them are still living and are residents of our city, it would be rather indelicate to particularize, and we can therefore only refer to them in general terms of commendation; but, as memory brings up the vanished past and the virtues of the departed, we may surely pause, if but for a moment, to lay a few mosses upon the mounds of some of those who joined with us in sportive glee and shared alike our sorrows and our joys.

James T. Miller, the first president of the Association, was very active and instrumental in perfecting the organization, but never appeared upon the stage. He took great interest in its success and was always very busy behind the scenes during every performance. Mr. Miller became quite prominent as a party leader, served in the House of Commons, was mayor of the town and also Chairman of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, and from 1854 till his death was collector of customs. Poor Miller! We miss thy familiar form, thy pleasant greeting, thy hearty laugh, thy harmless

idiosyncrasies; we miss thee from the favorite spots where friends did mostly congregate to while away the time in pleasant converse and innocent amusement, and thou, the centre of attraction, making all merry with thy playful humor. In the full vigor of stalwart manhood, Miller was struck down by the fearful pestilence of 1862, and our city mourned the loss of a most useful, most popular, and most estimable citizen.

Eli W. Hall was an admirable light comedian, a capital representative of humorous characters and an actor of great promise and versatility of talent. He sometimes essayed the higher walks of tragedy, commanding the attention of the audience by the power of his representations. He became a lawyer and commanded an extensive practice. He was elected to the Senate in 1860, 1862, and again in 1864, and won fame in the legislative halls as a ready and able debater. He possessed a brilliant imagination and a vivid fancy with a wonderful command of language, and few men could address a popular assembly with more eloquence and effect. He was a courteous, honorable, well-read gentleman, of strict integrity, entirely devoid of ostentation or egotism, and justly popular in all classes of society.

Thomas Sanford was the oldest member of the Association, and one of the best amateur performers that ever appeared in Wilmington. He was entirely at home upon the stage; his style was easy, graceful, and natural, and his voice, of remarkable power and compass, never failed him under any circumstances. He had had much experience in theatricals, for in early youth he was a member of a Thespian Corps in Philadelphia. Edwin Forrest, the eminent tragedian, was also a member of the same company, and at that time Sanford was regarded as the better actor of the two. He was the star of the Association, always appeared in leading characters, and his appearance in any character and on any occasion was always a success.

Talcott Burr, jr., not only excelled in genteel comedy but was most excellent in the higher branches of dramatic art.

Gifted with a strong and discriminating mind, which extensive reading had highly improved and cultivated, he at first devoted himself to the practice of law, but finding it unsuited to his taste adopted the profession of a public journalist, in which so many men have risen to eminence and usefulness.

John R. Reston—who does not remember and who did not love John Reston? One of the most amiable, kindhearted, generous beings that ever lived; guileless as a child, a creature of impulse and of the most unsuspecting generosity; a friend to every one and an enemy only to himself, he was never so happy as when engaged in some disinterested act of kindness or ministering to the pleasure of others.

Nature had been lavish in her gifts to him. No one could be in his company, for however short a time, without feeling the influence of his rich and unctious humor, his genial *bonhomie,* his entire unselfishness, and not admire, also, the exhibition of that virtue which so few of us possess, the desire to avoid, even in the slightest degree, anything that might give pain to others. He had a fine ear for music and sang with wonderful sweetness and expression; his voice was not cultivated, but his tone was singularly soft and perfect, like the mournful sighing of the breeze through the lofty pines of the forest. We were boys together, and we knew him well; "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy, whose flashes of merriment were wont to set the table on a roar." Green be the turf above and lightly may it rest upon him, for the earth covers not a heart more generous nor one more entirely unselfish.

Dr. Alfred O. Bradley displayed histrionic talent of a very high order. He was inimitable as *Sir Able Handy,* most excellent as *Max Harkaway,* in *London Assurance,* and as *Beauseant* in the *Lady of Lyons* was decidedly the best representative of that character we have ever seen on any stage. In the beautiful play, *Feudal Times,* he appeared as *Lord Angus,* a fiery representative of the haughty Douglas, and played it with vehemence and power that astonished all who witnessed the performance.

James A. Wright was one of the most youthful members of the Association, and his career upon the stage, though very brief, was full of promise. Few men in our State—few men in any State of his age—had brighter prospects of a more brilliant future. Descended from one of the oldest and most influential families on the Cape Fear, he inherited in large degree the virtues for which they have always been so justly distinguished. Nature had been kind to him, and education had given polish and brilliancy to the jewels with which he was endowed and that adorned his character. But alas! for human hopes and human calculations. The dark cloud of the War between the States, whose mutterings had been heard for years, at length burst suddenly upon us, and the State called upon her sons to go forth and battle for the right. He was among the first to obey the call, and at the head of his company marched to Virginia to meet the hostile invaders, and at Mechanicsville, at the early age of twenty-six, he sealed his devotion to his country with his heart's blood.

We have not the space to speak, as we would wish to do, of the merits of Cushing, Hill, Lippitt, Cowan, Pierce, Waddell, and S. Jewett. They played well their parts in the world's great drama, and "after life's fitful fever, they sleep well" in the vast and silent city of the dead.

This Association continued to occupy and use the theatre building until the old building was sold, as already mentioned. The authorities of the town had determined upon the erection of a city hall on the site of the old academy and purchased the property for that purpose. The Association received one-half of the purchase money. Thalian Hall was the result. Mr. Donald MacRae was at that time president of the Association, and to his energy, perseverance, and acknowledged business ability are we indebted for the beautiful theatre which reflects so much credit upon our city. The new building was leased by Mr. Marchant, a well-known theatrical manager, and opened to the public in October, 1859. The members of the Association had now grown older and were more averse to appearing upon the stage, and the organization

found itself hampered with a heavy debt. Under all these circumstances, a proposition was made to the authorities of the town that if they would assume the responsibility of the Association, all their right, title, and interest in that part of the building used for theatrical purposes would be surrendered. This was acceded to—the transfers made in proper form—and the Wilmington Thalian Association as a theatrical organization ceased to exist.

However, it is worthy of note that before its dissolution, the Wilmington Thalian Association contributed a stone, inscribed with its name, to be placed in the monument to George Washington in Washington City, and that stone, now imbedded in the monument to the Father of his Country, perpetuates its memory.

ODD CHARACTERS.

By James G. Burr.

Like other communities, Wilmington had, in the long ago, many singular individuals whose idiosyncrasies would provoke a smile and attract attention. I can mention only a few. There was Dorsey, the rubicund-visaged landlord of the only inn the town could boast of, which was located on Front Street on the site since occupied by the Purcell House, where President Washington was entertained by the town authorities when on his visit to the South; McCarthy, a reckless, impulsive Irishman, who would contend vehemently with any one who would listen to him that there was a material difference in the expression, "McCarthy, come out," and "Come out, McCarthy"; Sir Charles J. Paschal, Baronet, his Britannic Majesty's Consul for North Carolina, who had been wounded in the throat at the Battle of Waterloo, which rendered his articulation so indistinct that he could scarcely be understood. Sir Charles was extremely fond of hunting, and to gratify his fancy in that respect, purchased the property on Wrightsville Sound now known as the Ellis place, and had every door and window shutter painted a fiery red

color. He died here in 1834. There were Wm. C. Jackson, the silent man, who seldom smiled and was never known to laugh aloud, and who had not sufficient curiosity to visit the railroad when it was being built and died without ever having seen it; Peter Torlay, a mercurial Frenchman, who dealt in toys and drew customers to his shop by his skill on the violin, which he loved better than he did his wife; Jolly Marmijohn, who dealt in fruits and candies, and had a pretty daughter, and I know not which was the greater favorite with the boys, his sugarplums, or the little one with that naughty dimple in her cheek, those keen, bright, laughing eyes, and that wealth of soft, brown hair which shone like gold in the sunlight; Manning, fresh from the Emerald Isle, with the richest brogue imaginable, but who prided himself upon his knowledge of the English language, and his ability to pronounce the "th" equal to any native. When asked to pronounce "Thurber," "Northrop" and "thunder," he would shout out "Turber," Nortrop" and "tunder," with the utmost self-complacency. I turn from these to refer for a moment only with just pride to a few "native and to the manner born," whose character and attainments would shed lustre upon any community. Those saintly men of God, Bishops Thomas F. Davis and William Mercer Green, around whose daily walk in life there breathed an atmosphere of holiness and love, and whose example adorned and beautified our common humanity; Lieut. Wm. Henry Wright, one of the most accomplished civil engineers in the United States service, whose treatise on mortars is still recognized by the Engineer Corps as standard authority; John A. Winslow, of *Kearsarge* and *Alabama* fame; Archibald MacRae, whose superiority at his examination for admission into the Navy was so pronounced as to distance all competitors for the highest honors of his class; Robert Savage, of the same service, who was entitled to the first distinction, but lost it by a quibble; Wm. E. Boudinot, second to none of his compeers in practical seamanship and scientific attainments; Augustus Foster

Lyde, whose talents were of the highest order, and who was the first clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States to offer himself as a missionary to China, but who died at an early age while busily engaged preparing for his mission to that then unknown field of labor. All these were natives of the town, then obscure, which has since become known as the City of Wilmington.

As illustrative of the primitive habits of our people, and as an evidence also of their general good morals, I will state that the entire police force of the town, or town guard, as they were then called, consisted of six policemen, who were on duty only at night, and a constable. The late Maj. J. A. Lillington was town clerk, and the mention of his name recalls to my mind a scene I witnessed (I will not say how many years ago) between him and some of the police force of the town. The Major was an uncommonly portly gentleman, and like the famed John Gilpin carried weight to the extent of at least three hundred pounds. It was an intensely hot day in August, the thermometer running high up into the nineties. The monthly pay of the guard was due, but there were no funds in the treasury. Four of the six policemen bore the euphonious name of Skipper, and were clamorous for their pay. They dogged the Major from square to square, and clung like sleuth hounds to his heels as he traversed the streets in various directions, striving to make arrangements to meet their demands. Panting with the heat, the perspiration pouring from him like water, and exhausted by his unwonted exercise, he rushed into a store, where a youth was engaged at the moment removing some tainted bacon, the four Skippers close at his back, and, sinking into a chair, exclaimed, as he glared upon his tormentors, "By George, sonny, this weather is hot enough to make skippers in any meat, ain't it?" He had his joke; and the Skippers got their pay.

The impressions made upon the mind in childhood and youth are always the most vivid and enduring, and though

in the daily pursuits of life, in the arduous struggle for success and the jarring conflicts of adverse elements, those impressions may for a time be obscured or forgotten, yet they are never lost. As age creeps upon us and we live in recollection more than we do in hope, that longing for the past of our boyhood cleaves to us all. Our thoughts fly backward to the scenes and associations of our youth and fasten themselves upon them with a longing that nothing else can satisfy. The present and the future are alike unheeded, for our yearning hearts centre only upon the days that have faded into the distance. At such moments, incidents the most trivial will excite emotions to which we have long been strangers—a withered leaf, a strip of faded ribbon that bound the ringlets of a lost and loved one, a line traced by a hand long mouldered into dust, a little word in kindness spoken, a motion or a tear, will evoke recollections that genius cannot trace or inspiration fathom.

This train of thought has been excited by finding in a package of old papers that had long lain hid, some lines written many, many years ago by one who has long since passed to his rest, Johnson Hooper, a Wilmington boy. He was the son of Archibald Maclaine Hooper, one of the most accomplished scholars of his day, who edited for a number of years the *Cape Fear Recorder,* the only newspaper published in Wilmington for a long period. He was a near relative of Wm. Hooper, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The family removed to Montgomery, Ala., where Johnson became connected with the *Montgomery Mail,* a newspaper of extensive circulation and great influence. He found time, however, from his arduous duties to indulge his humorous fancies, and while connected with that paper, gave the world several humorous works of great merit, viz., *Taking the Census, Captain Simon Suggs,* and others which gave him rank among the best humorous writers of the day. He died in Richmond, Va., shortly after the transfer of the Confederate Government to that city.

Nearly, if not quite eighty years ago, an Englishman, Mr. Anthony Milan, was British Consul at the port of Wilmington. He was an educated gentleman, but possessed certain peculiarities to an unusual and disagreeable extent, was dogmatic and overbearing in disposition, and exhibited continuously a haughty, aristocratic bearing, which he took no pains to conceal. His "personal pulchritude" was immense, but he was always scrupulously neat in his attire, wearing fine broadcloth and ruffled shirts of spotless whiteness. A gold-framed eyeglass dangled from a ribbon around his neck and was conspicuously displayed upon his breast, while a number of massive gold seals hung pendant from his watch fob. He was altogether English, haughty and presumptuous, with a growl at everything and at almost everybody, and could not tolerate democracy in any form.

About that time a ship had been built at the southern extremity of the town, and the day appointed for the launching had arrived. As the building of a ship in those days was quite an event in the history of the town, almost the entire population turned out to witness the launching, and an immense crowd gathered on the wharves and the surrounding hills. Of course, the British Consul was there in full dress. The tide unfortunately was too low at the time for the ship to float when she left the ways; she grounded, and just then Mr. Milan, by some accident, fell overboard, but was quickly hooked up out of the river all dripping wet, with his bald head glistening in the sun like burnished gold. He was not at all injured by his involuntary ducking, but excessively chagrined. Of course, the boys were delighted, for he was exceedingly unpopular with them, and the next day Johnson Hooper, one of the youngsters, produced the following lines, which exhibit, even at that early age, his playful fancies.

ANTHONY MILAN'S LAUNCH.

Ye who pretend to disbelieve
  In fixed degrees of fate,
Give, I beseech you, listening ear
  To what I now relate.

It is about the launching of
A stately ship I tell,
And of a fearful accident
That then and there befell

To one well known to all in town,
A man of portly size,
Who carries watch seals in his fob
And glasses in his eyes.

He holds a high position from
His Majesty Britannic,
And claims to be a member
Of the breed aristocratic.

He looks with sovereign contempt
On those whose daily toil
Brings out in rich abundance
The products of the soil.

He does not care a pin for him
Who weareth not fine clothes,
And he uses linen cambric
With which to wipe his nose.

He has no need for comb or brush,
For his cheeks are rosy red,
And a microscopic lens can find
No hair upon his head.

His boots are always polished bright,
His beaver sleek as silk,
His ruffled shirt is clean and white
As a bowl of new-skimmed milk.

But to our fate—the morning sun
Shone bright upon that day,
When all our people through the streets
Most gaily took their way.

Down to the docks, where on the stocks
The gallant ship was seen,
Decked out in brilliant colors
Of blue and red and green.

A monstrous crowd was gathered there,
In feverish excitement,
To see the ship glide off the ways
Into the watery element.

The British Consul with his glass
  Stuck in his nether eye,
Was there in force, for could the ship
  Be launched, and he not by?

She starts, she's off, a shout went up
  In one tumultuous roar,
That rolled o'er Eagles Island and
  Was heard on Brunswick shore.

Full royally the ship slid down
  Towards the foaming tide,
While cheer on cheer from every lip
  Went up on every side.

She passed along towards the stream,
  Majestically grand—
When suddenly she stopped. Alas!
  She grounded in the sand.

And there she would have always stuck
  And never more have stirred,
Had not the scene I now relate
  Most happily occurred.

Just at that moment when she stopped,
  With many a shake and shiver,
The pompous British Consul slipped
  And tumbled in the river.

The Cape Fear rose three feet or more
  As Anthony went under,
The waves they beat upon the shore
  In peals of living thunder.

The ship was lifted from the sand,
  And like the lightning's gleam,
She glided out into the deep,
  And floated in the stream.

"All honor then to Anthony!"
  Was heard on every side.
And should we build another ship
  And scant should be the tide,

May he be there, and gently drop
  His carcass in the sea;
That ship will float, it matters not
  How low the tide may be.

JOE JEFFERSON.

(Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson.)

After mentioning that he had engaged Sir William Don, an English nobleman, six feet six inches high, a comedian, Jefferson wrote:

"Sir William went with us to Wilmington, North Carolina, where we opened with the stock, he appearing at the beginning of the second week. The audience here did not like his acting; they seemed to prefer our domestic goods to the imported article. He saw this, but did not seem to mind it, and so bowed to the situation. He became very much attached to the company and remained with us some time, joining in our fishing and boating parties. His animal spirits were contagious; and as we had no rehearsals, the mornings at least were devoted to amusement. We would do the most boyish and ridiculous things. Three or four of us, himself the central figure, would go through extravagant imitations of the circus and acrobatic feats that were then in vogue. *The Bounding Brothers of the Pyrenees* was a particular favorite with him. We would pretend to execute the most dangerous feats of strength—lifting imaginary weights, climbing on one another's shoulders, and then falling down in grotesque and awkward attitudes, and suddenly straightening up, and bowing with mock dignity to an imaginary audience. Once he did an act called *The Sprite of the Silver Shower,* pretending to be a little girl, and tripping into the circus ring with a mincing step. Then, with a shy look, he would put his finger in his mouth, and mounting a table would go through a daring bareback feat. Nothing that I ever saw was more extravagant. * * *

"The next fall, 1852, we resolved to make another trial of our fortunes in the Southern circuit. Our limited means compelled us to adopt the most economical mode of transportation for the company. It was settled, therefore, that we, the managers, should arrive at least a week in advance of the opening season; our passage must be by rail, while the com-

pany were to proceed by sea. There was in those days a line of schooners that plied between Wilmington, N. C., and New York. The articles of transportation from the South consisted mainly of yellow pine, tar, and resin, which cargo was denominated 'naval stores.' Feeling confident that we could procure passage for our company by contracting with one of these vessels to take them to Wilmington, we determined to conclude a bargain with the owners. The day was fixed for their departure, and Mr. Ellsler and I went down to the wharf at Peck Slip to see them off. It was an ill-shaped hulk, with two great, badly repaired sails flapping against her clumsy and foreboding masts. The deck and sides were besmeared with the sticky remnants of her last importation, so that when our leading actor, who had been seated on the taffrail, arose to greet his managers, he was unavoidably detained. There was handsome John Crocher, our juvenile actor, leaning with folded arms and a rueful face against an adhesive mast; Mrs. Ray, the first old woman, with an umbrella in one hand and a late dramatic paper in the other, sitting on a coil of rope, and unconsciously ruining her best black dress, etc., etc., etc. It was a doleful picture. Our second comedian, who was the reverse of being droll on the stage, but who now and then ventured on a grim joke off it with better success, told me in confidence that they all had been lamenting their ill-tarred fate. As we watched the wretched old craft being towed away to sea, we concluded that we should never forgive ourselves if our comrades were never heard of again. On our arrival in Wilmington the days were spent in preparing the dusty old rat-trap of a theatre for the opening, and our nights in wondering if our party were safe. The uneasiness was not lessened, either, by the news that there had been bad weather off Hatteras. Within a week, however, they arrived, looking jaded and miserable. Another week for rest and rehearsal, and our labors began.

"Comedy and tragedy were dished up, and I may say, hashed up, alternately, as for instance, Monday, Colman's

comedy of *The Poor Gentleman,* fancy dances by the soubrette, comic songs by the second comedian, concluding with the farce of *The Spectre Bridegroom.* The next evening we gave *Romeo and Juliet.* I felt that the balcony scene should have some attention, and I conceived a simple and economical idea that would enable me to produce the effect in a manner 'hitherto unparalleled in the annals of the stage.' Skirmishing about the wharves and the ship-chandlers, I chanced to light upon a job lot of empty candle boxes. By taking a quantity the cardboards were thrown in, and nothing makes a finer or more imposing but unsubstantial balustrade than cardboard. The boxes, placed one by one on top of each other and painted a neat stone color, form a pleasing architectural pile. The scene opened with a backing of something supposed to represent the distant city of Verona, with my new balcony in the foreground. All seemed to be going well till presently there came the sound of half-suppressed laughter from the audience. The laughter increased, till at last the whole house had discovered the mishap. *Juliet* retreated in amazement, and *Romeo* rushed off in despair, and down came the curtain. I rushed upon the stage to find out what had occurred, when to my horror I discovered that one of the boxes had been placed with the unpainted side out, on which was emblazoned a semicircular trade mark, setting forth that the very cornerstone of *Juliet's* balcony contained twenty pounds of the best 'short sixes.' "

The War Between the States

ON THE EVE OF SECESSION.

Through the courtesy of Mrs. Parsley, whose husband, Col. William M. Parsley, of Wilmington, gave his brilliant young life to the cause of the Confederacy, I include as worthy of all honor the following narrative, to which her well-known devotion as one of the leaders of the Ladies' Memorial Society and as President of the Daughters of the Confederacy gives added authority and interest:

"In 1861, when, amid great popular excitement and enthusiasm, South Carolina seceded from the Union of States the people of Wilmington were deeply stirred by conflicting emotions. Meetings were held at various local points, and speakers for and against secession swayed the multitudes which attended them. At a town meeting, an address by Dr. James H. Dickson, urging moderation and advising against hasty action as to secession, was regarded with close attention and respect, for Doctor Dickson was a man universally trusted and beloved, and one of the foremost to act in any movement for the welfare of Wilmington.

"His speech was followed by one from Mr. O. P. Meares, afterwards a colonel in the Confederate Army, and later a judge. He was an ardent secessionist and a fiery speaker, and the younger element was carried away by his eloquence, but the older citizens, devoted to the Union, were loath to break the bonds, and the community seemed equally divided until Mr. George Davis returned from the Peace Conference in Washington City, with his full account of the utter failure to arrive at an agreement, and gave as his judgment that the Union could only be preserved with dishonor to the South. The immense crowd gathered in the Opera House received his words in profound silence, as though the speaker's judgment settled that of each one who heard him."

Mr. George Davis.

In a memorial of this beloved leader of the lower Cape Fear the writer, whose affectionate admiration has continued with increasing veneration, said for his committee, on the occasion of a large assembly of representative citizens to honor Mr. Davis' memory by suitable resolutions of respect:

"In 1861 the shadow of a great national calamity appeared —the whole country was convulsed with conflicting emotions. The political leaders of North Carolina were divided upon the issue. Mr. Davis loved the Union, and steadfastly counseled moderation. His appointment by Governor Ellis as a member of the Peace Commission, to which further reference is made, created a feeling of absolute confidence in the minds of the conservative citizens.

"The desire of the people of North Carolina was to see peace maintained, whether the Union was preserved or not, and for this purpose the Legislature on January 26, 1861, appointed Commissioners to conventions to be held at Montgomery, Alabama, and Washington City. These Commissioners were Hon. Thomas Ruffin, Hon. D. M. Barringer, Hon. David S. Reid, Hon. John M. Morehead, Hon. D. L. Swain, J. R. Bridgers, M. W. Ransom, and George Davis. Mr. Davis went to Washington City as a member of the Peace Congress which assembled on February 4, 1861. The moral weight of the position and the character of the gentlemen then and there assembled gave to the significance of the occasion portentous aspects. The Congress sat with closed doors; ex-President Tyler was elected President, and on taking the chair made one of the most eloquent and patriotic speeches ever heard. This Conference was in session until February 27, 1861, when Mr. Davis telegraphed: 'The Convention has just adjourned *sine die,* after passing seven articles of the report of the committee, much weakened. The territorial articles passed by a majority of one vote. North Carolina and Virginia voted against every article but one.' "

"It is difficult for those of us who remember only the in-

tense unanimity of the Southern people after the war was fairly inaugurated to realize how in those previous troublous days the minds of men were perplexed by doubts. Up to this time the Union sentiment in North Carolina had been in the ascendant. The people waited upon the result of this Congress, and in this section especially was the decision of many reserved until Mr. Davis should declare his final convictions. His announcement of them marked an epoch in his life, and in the lives of countless others, for weal or woe."

Immediately upon his return home, the following correspondence took place:

WILMINGTON, 2d March, 1861.

DEAR SIR:—Your friends and fellow citizens are exceedingly anxious to hear from you with reference to the proceedings of the Peace Congress, and to have your opinion as to their probable effect in settling the distracting questions of the day.

Will you be kind enough to give them a public address at such time as may suit your convenience?

Respectfully yours,

JAMES H. DICKSON.
ROBERT H. COWAN.
D. A. LAMONT.
THOMAS MILLER.
DONALD MACRAE.
ROBERT G. RANKIN.
JAMES H. CHADBOURN.
A. H. VANBOKKELEN.
O. G. PARSLEY.

To George Davis, Esq.

WILMINGTON, 2d March, 1861.

GENTLEMEN:—Being under the necessity of leaving home to-morrow, I will comply with the request of my fellow-citizens, as intimated in your note, by addressing them at such hour and place this evening as you may appoint.

Respectfully yours,

GEO. DAVIS.

To Dr. Jas. H. Dickson, and others.

The newspaper reports of the public meeting and of Mr. Davis' powerful speech which followed do not convey to our minds the overwhelming sensations of those who listened to this masterpiece of oratory. Mr. Davis was obliged to close before he had finished his address. The people were profoundly moved, the hearts of all were deeply stirred. Many

left the hall while he was speaking, for they could not restrain their emotion.

The *Daily Journal* of March 4, 1861, said: "In accordance with the general desire, George Davis, Esq., addressed his fellow-citizens on last Saturday, March 2d, at the Thalian Hall in reference to the proceedings of the late Peace Congress, of which he was a member, giving his opinion as to the probable effect of such proceedings in settling the distracting questions of the day. Although the notice was very brief, having only appeared at midday in the town papers, the Hall was densely crowded by an eager and attentive audience, among whom were many ladies." The report of the speech is very full, and deals with all the vital questions which were discussed at the Peace Congress. Mr. Davis said that "he shrunk from no criticism upon his course, but, indeed, invited and sought for it the most rigid examination. He had endeavored to discharge the duties of the trust imposed in him faithfully, manfully, and conscientiously, and whatever might be thought of his policy, he felt that he had a right to demand the highest respect for the motives which actuated him in pursuing that policy."

Referring to his own previous position, what he believed to be the position of the State, the course of the Legislature in appointing Commissioners, and the objections to the action of the Peace Congress, Mr. Davis said he had gone to the Peace Congress to exhaust every honorable means to obtain a fair, an honorable, and a final settlement of existing difficulties. He had done so to the best of his abilities, and had been unsuccessful, for he could never accept the plan adopted by the Peace Congress as consistent with the right, the interests, or the dignity of North Carolina.

Mr. Davis concluded by emphatically declaring that "the South could never—never obtain any better or more satisfactory terms while she remained in the Union, and for his part he could never assent to the terms contained in this report of the Peace Congress as in accordance with the honor or the interests of the South."

When Mr. Davis had concluded Hon. S. J. Person moved that the thanks of the meeting be tendered to him for the able, manly, and patriotic manner in which he had discharged the duties of his position as a commissioner from North Carolina. The motion was enthusiastically carried.

On June 18, 1861, Mr. Davis and Mr. W. W. Avery were elected Senators to the Confederate Congress from the State of North Carolina. In alluding to his election the *Journal,* the organ of the Democratic party in this section, said:

"Mr. Davis, in old party times, was an ardent and consistent member of the opposition, and was opposed to a severance from the North until he felt satisfied by the result of the Peace Conference that all peaceful means had been exhausted." In 1862 he, with W. T. Dortch, was again elected Senator by the legislature.

In January, 1864, he was appointed by President Davis Attorney General in his Cabinet. The commission bears date of January 4, 1864.

The high esteem in which Mr. George Davis was held by his devoted chief is attested in the following letters addressed by the Confederate President to his faithful Attorney General after the evacuation of Richmond:

CHARLOTTE, N. C., 25th April, 1865.

HON. GEO. DAVIS, *C. S. Attorney General.*

MY DEAR SIR:—I have no hesitation in expressing to you my opinion that there is no obligation of honor which requires you, under existing circumstances, to retain your present office. It is gratifying to me to be assured that you are willing, at any personal sacrifice, to share my fortunes when they are least promising, and that you only desire to know whether you can aid me in this perilous hour to overcome surrounding difficulties. It is due to such generous friendship that I should candidly say to you that it is not probable for some time to come your services will be needful.

It is with sincere regret that I look forward to being separated from you. Your advice has been to me both useful and cheering. The Christian spirit which has ever pervaded your suggestions, not less than the patriotism which has marked your conduct, will be remembered by me when in future trials I may have need for both.

Should you decide (my condition having become rather that of a soldier than a civil magistrate) to retire from my Cabinet, my

sincere wishes for your welfare and happiness will follow you; and I trust a merciful Providence may have better days in store for the Confederacy, and that we may hereafter meet, when, our country's independence being secured, it will be sweet to remember how we have suffered together in the time of her sorest trial.

Very respectfully and truly your friend,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., April 26, 1865.

HON. GEO. DAVIS, *C. S. Attorney General.*

MY DEAR SIR:—Your letter dated yesterday, tendering your resignation has been received. While I regret the causes which compel you to this course, I am well assured that your conduct now, as heretofore, is governed by the highest and most honorable motives. In accepting your resignation, as I feel constrained to do, allow me to thank you for the important assistance you have rendered in the administration of the Government, and for the patriotic zeal and acknowledged ability with which you have discharged your trust.

Accept my thanks, also, for your expressions of personal regard and esteem, and the assurance that those feelings are warmly reciprocated by me.

With the hope that the blessings of Heaven may attend you and yours,

I am, most cordially your friend, JEFFERSON DAVIS.

This affectionate regard for the beloved leader of the Cape Fear was the subject of repeated conversations in late years between the writer of these Chronicles and the distinguished lady who bore the honored name of Jefferson Davis, and who was ever faithful and true to him and to the people whom he loved.

Upon the receipt of the sad intelligence of his death, she wrote from a sick bed the following tender and sympathetic lines:

"I am able to sit up a little, and regret that I am not strong enough to say as much about dear Mr. George Davis as my heart dictates.

"He was one of the most exquisitely proportioned of men. His mind dominated his body, but his heart drew him near to all that was honorable and tender, as well as patriotic and faithful in mankind. He was never dismayed by defeat, and never dejected. When the enemy was at the gates of Richmond he was fully sensible of our peril, but calm in the

hope of repelling them, and if this failed, certain of his power and will to endure whatever ills had been reserved for him.

"His literary tastes were diverse and catholic, and his anxious mind found relaxation in studying the literary confidences of others in a greater degree than I have ever known any other public man except Mr. Benjamin. Upon being asked one day how he was, he answered: 'I am very much comforted and rested by Professor Holcomb's *Literature in Letters,*' one of the few new books which came out during the Confederacy. One of the few hard things I ever heard him say was when some one asked him if he had read Swinburne's *Laus Veneris,* and added, 'You know it is printed on wrapping paper and bound in wall paper,' he replied, 'I have never thought wall paper wholesome, and am sorry to know there is enough wrapping paper on which to print it.'

"He was fond of tracing the construction of languages, and the variants from one root were a favorite subject of conversation with him.

"When he fell in love and married a charming woman, the whole of Richmond rejoiced with him, and expressed no doubts of the happiness of either. Mr. Davis' public life was as irreproachable as his private course. Once when my husband came home wearied with the divergence of opinions in his Cabinet, he said: 'Davis does not always agree with me, but I generally find he was right at last.'

"I cannot, of course, tell you about his political opinions, except that he was one of the strictest construers of the Constitution, and firmly believed in its final triumph over all obstacles to freedom.

"My husband felt for him the most sincere friendship, as well as confidence and esteem, and I think there was never the slightest shadow intervened between them."

The Response to Lincoln's Call for Troops.

Resuming Mrs. Parsley's narrative: "Later, when Lincoln's call was made for 75,000 men 'to put down the rebel-

lion,' the whole of the Cape Fear section was fired, and with scarcely an exception looked upon secession and war as the inevitable outcome.

"The young men wore secession rosettes and badges made of small pine burs. The military companies already organized greatly increased their ranks, and drilled vigorously. Other companies were organized and men of Northern birth who did not join some military organization were regarded with suspicion. Many of this class slipped away to the north of Mason and Dixon's line during the next few months.

"Men too old for service in the field formed a cavalry company under Captain William C. Howard, for home defense, and one company of quite elderly gentlemen was known popularly as the 'Horse-and-Buggy Company,' and though they did not drill, held themselves in readiness to do what they could when called upon. They did assist in the equipment of companies sent to the field, and many of them aided and supported, during the whole of the war, families of men in the service.

"School boys drilled constantly in the streets with wooden guns and tin swords, and those owning a real gun or a good imitation were sure of being officers, no matter about their other qualifications, though to do them justice they did strive like men.

"When a rumor came that the *Harriet Lane,* a small Revenue Cutter, had been sent to reinforce Fort Caswell, which was under command of Sergeant Reilly, the excitement was overwhelming. The *Harriet Lane* did not come, but when Fort Sumter was bombarded on the 13th of April, several companies of volunteers were ordered to the fort. Sergeant Reilly, the lonely custodian of the fort, calling all present to witness that he was compelled by superior force, surrendered it in due form and with military honors. He afterwards served with signal courage and devotion in the Confederate service with the rank of major of artillery."

As soon as the Eighth Regiment of Volunteers was organized it was ordered to encamp at Confederate Point, near New Inlet, the name having been changed from Federal Point. A few months later they were ordered to Coosawhatchie, South Carolina, and moved to several other points to meet expected attacks, and later they were ordered to Virginia. After the ten regiments of State troops were organized, the Eighth Regiment of Volunteers became the Eighteenth North Carolina State Troops.

Company G of this regiment was organized in Wilmington in 1853 as the Wilmington Light Infantry. They went into the war nearly two hundred strong, under Capt. William L. DeRosset, who was soon promoted. His successor was Capt. Henry Savage. Their records show that fifty-seven commissioned officers of the Confederate States were former members of this company. The regiment reached the seat of war in Virginia just in time for the battle of Mechanicsville, late in June, 1862.

Wilmington Companies.

From first to last there were sent from the immediate vicinity of Wilmington twenty companies of Infantry, two of Cavalry, and six battalions of Artillery, numbering in all nearly 4,000 men, divided as follows:

	No. of men.
Co. C, 1st Infantry, Captain J. S. Hines.....	196
Co. E, 1st Infantry, Captain James A. Wright.....	147
Co. D, 3d Infantry, Captain Edward Savage.....	164
Co. F, 3d Infantry, Captain Wm. M. Parsley.....	159
Co. K, 3d Infantry, Captain David Williams.....	174
Co. C, 7th Infantry, Captain Robt. B. MacRae.....	159
Co. A, 18th Infantry, Captain Christian Cornehlson....	211
Co. E, 18th Infantry, Captain John R. Hawes.....	169
Co. G, 18th Infantry, Captain Henry R. Savage.....	194
Co. I, 18th Infantry, Captain O. P. Meares.....	186
Co. D, 36th Infantry, Captain Edward B. Dudley.....	131
Co. G, 61st Infantry, Captain J. F. Moore.....	106
Co. A, 51st Infantry, Captain John L. Cantwell.....	132
Co. C, 51st Infantry, Captain James Robinson.....	87
Co. E, 51st Infantry, Captain Willis H. Pope.....	89

Co. G, 51st Infantry, Captain James W. Lippitt.....	93
Co. H, 51st Infantry, Captain S. W. Maultsby.....	75
Co. K, 66th Infantry, Captain Wm. C. Freeman.....	140
Co. D, 72d Jr. Reserves, Captain J. D. Kerr.....	91
Co. H, 72d Jr. Reserves, First Lieut., D. J. Byrd.....	91
Co. A, 41st Regt. Cavalry, Captain A. T. Newkirk.....	94
Co. C, 59th Regt. Cavalry, Captain R. M. McIntire....	89
Co. A, 1st Batt. Artillery, Captain Robt. G. Rankin...	147
Co. B, 1st Batt. Artillery, Captain Chas. D. Ellis.....	208
Co. C, 1st Batt. Artillery, Captain Alex. MacRae.....	177
Co. D, 1st Batt. Artillery, Captain Jas. L. McCormack	127
Co. C, 5th Batt. Artillery, Captain Jas. D. Cumming..	142
Co. D, 5th Batt. Artillery, Captain Z. T. Adams.....	205
Enlisted for the Navy.....	250

The officers and many of the men of the Third Regiment of Infantry were from New Hanover County, and that regiment (like the 18th) has always seemed to belong peculiarly to Wilmington. Its history, compiled by two of its surviving officers, Captains Metts and Cowan, and embodied in Clark's History, shows that its whole career was "special service," and the instances of signal bravery, daring, and endurance related were so constant that they were looked upon as all in the day's work, and no special notice was expected or taken of them.

This regiment, which went to Virginia in 1861 with 1,500 men, took part in every battle, in the thickest of the fray, from Mechanicsville to Appomattox. Very much reduced by forced marches and hard fighting, with no chance for recruiting, only 300 men went into the battle of Gettysburg, and when the regiment was mustered after the battle, 77 muskets were all that responded in the ranks and "they lost no prisoners, and had no stragglers."

The compilers of the history of the Third Regiment say modestly that they "were not in a position, nor of sufficiently high grade, to write anything beyond the range of their own vision, but that the history of one regiment of North Carolina troops is the history of another, save in the details which marked their achievements."

An incident told in Captain Denson's Memorial Address on General Whiting, delivered in Raleigh on Memorial Day, 1895, is interesting. It was written to Captain Denson by Sergeant Glennan:

"During the bombardment of Fort Fisher, there was at headquarters a detail of couriers, consisting of youths fifteen to eighteen years of age. The bravest boys I have ever seen; their courage was magnificent. They were on the go all the time, carrying orders and messages to every part of the fort. Among them was a boy named Murphy, a delicate stripling. He was from Duplin County, the son of Mr. Patrick Murphy. He had been called upon a number of times to carry orders, and had just returned from one of his trips to Battery Buchanan. The bombardment had been terriffic, and he seemed exhausted and agitated. After reporting, he said to me with tears in his eyes, 'I have no fear physically, but my morale is lacking.' And then he was called to carry another order. He slightly wavered and General Whiting saw his emotion. 'Come on, my boy,' he said, 'don't fear, I will go with you,' and he went off with the courier and accompanied him to and from the point where he had to deliver the order. It was one of the most dangerous positions and over almost unprotected ground.

"The boy and the general returned safely. There was no agitation after that, and that evening he shouldered his gun when every man was ordered on duty to protect the fort from a charge of General Terry's men. The boy met death soon and rests in an unmarked grave, but his memory shall ever be treasured."

The Memorial Association.

A band of faithful women who had worked under Mrs. A. J. DeRosset as a Soldiers' Aid Society, organized in July, 1866, a permanent Memorial Association, with the purpose of rescuing from oblivion the names and graves of the gallant Confederates who lie buried near Wilmington. Mrs. Julia A. Oakley was made president. The first memorial observ-

ance was on July 21, 1866. Many citizens and a number of old Confederate soldiers were present and the ladies went from grave to grave in Oakdale, bringing their floral tributes to the dead. A beautiful and touching address was delivered by Maj. Joseph A. Engelhard, and prayer offered by Rev. George Patterson, who had been chaplain of the Third Regiment.

The Memorial Association afterwards obtained a charter from the Legislature through Col. William L. Saunders in order that they might hold the deed for a "Confederate lot," which was given them by the Directors of the Oakdale Cemetery Company.

Five hundred and fifty bodies of Confederate soldiers, buried at various points where they fell in the vicinity of Wilmington, were brought and reinterred in this lot. Only a few of the names were known.

In 1870 Memorial Day was observed for the first time on the 10th of May, the anniversary of Stonewall Jackson's death, which was afterwards made a legal holiday.

In 1872 the beautiful memorial statue was unveiled. Self-denial, work, prayers, tears and heart's blood, went into the building of that monument.

In 1899 a neat stone was placed, marking the grave of Mrs. Greenhow, who lost her life in the service of the Confederate States. This same year mention was made for the first time of the fact that the bronze statue of a soldier on the monument was cast from cannon captured during the war.

In 1875 the Memorial Association, having been greatly weakened by death and the age of its members, decided to merge themselves into the new organization of the Daughters of the Confederacy, where they could still carry on their sacred work "buoyed up and assisted by the fresh enthusiasm of the younger association." They were made the Memorial Committee of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and some of them still assist in placing the fresh laurel wreaths on Memorial Day.

Besides the five hundred and fifty buried in the Confederate lot, there are scattered about Oakdale three hundred and eighty graves and in Belview, the Roman Catholic Cemetery, and private burial grounds, about one hundred more. These are all marked with stone markers and, as far as possible, are adorned with a laurel wreath upon each recurring 10th of May.

A CAPTURE BEFORE THE WAR.[1]

By John L. Cantwell.

The fact that the State of North Carolina was slow to follow the secession movement of her more southern sister States was the cause of much chafing among her people in the eastern counties, and especially along the seacoast, where it was urged that the Federal Government was likely, at any moment, to garrison the forts commanding Cape Fear River and Beaufort Harbor.

The people of Wilmington were particularly exercised over the possibility of such a step being taken, and it is likely that the knowledge of this strong feeling, and the impression that it would be regarded as an act of coercion, alone deterred the Washington Government from sending down strong garrisons and ample munitions of war.

Fort Caswell, commanding the main entrance to Cape Fear River, was a bastioned, masonry fort of great strength and in thorough order, but without mounted guns. Once occupied and armed, it would have been impossible for the Confederates, without command of the sea, to have retaken it, and the port which afterwards proved of such inestimable value to them would have been effectually sealed. The Federal fleets having free entrance there, would have held the shores on either side of the river for some distance up, and commanded, from a safe interior base, the entrance through New Inlet, for the defense of which Fort Fisher was afterwards

[1]From Clark's Regimental Histories.

built, and that historic and epoch-making earthwork would probably never have been constructed.

In the State at large the Union sentiment was at this time slightly in the ascendant. In the lower Cape Fear section the secessionists were probably in the majority. These regarded delays as dangerous, and anticipated with forebodings the occupation of the forts by the Union forces.

Early in January, 1861, alarmed by the condition of affairs in Charleston Harbor, they determined to risk no longer delay. A meeting of the citizens of Wilmington was held in the courthouse, at which Robert G. Rankin, Esq., who afterwards gave his life for the cause on the battlefield of Bentonville, presided. A Committee of Safety was formed, and a call made for volunteers to be enrolled for instant service under the name of "Cape Fear Minute Men." The organization was speedily effected, John J. Hedrick being chosen commander.

On the 10th of January Major Hedrick and his men embarked on a small schooner with provisions for one week, the Committee of Safety guaranteeing continued support and supplies, each man carrying such private weapons as he possessed. Arriving at Smithville at 3 p. m., they took possession of the United States barracks known as Fort Johnston, and such stores as were there in charge of United States Ordnance Sergeant James Reilly, later captain of Reilly's battery. The same afternoon Major Hedrick took twenty men of his command, reinforced by Capt. S. D. Thurston, commander of the Smithville Guards, and a number of his men and citizens of Smithville, but all acting as individuals only, and proceeded to Fort Caswell, three miles across the bay, where they demanded, and obtained, surrender of the fort from the United States Sergeant in charge.

Major Hedrick assumed command and prepared to make his position as secure as possible. About twenty-five strong, armed only with shotguns, but sure of ample reinforcements should occasion arise, these brave men determined to hold

Fort Caswell at all hazards. In bitter cold weather, they stood guard on the ramparts and patrolled the beaches, reckoning not that, unsustained even by State authority, their action was treasonable rebellion, jeopardizing their lives and property. There were only two 24-pounder guns mounted, one on the sea face and one on the inner face, both carriages being too decayed to withstand their own recoil, but, such as they were, with them they determined to defy the Army and Navy of the United States. The smoke of an approaching steamer being once descried below the horizon the alarm was signaled, and, believing it to be a man-of-war, the brave men of Smithville flew to arms, and soon the bay was alive with boats hurrying them to the aid of their comrades within the fort. Women, as in the old days, armed sons and fathers and urged them to the front. But the steamer proved to be a friendly one.

Upon receipt of unofficial information of this movement, Gov. John W. Ellis, as Captain General and Commander in Chief of the North Carolina Militia, 11th of January, 1861, addressed a letter to Col. John L. Cantwell, commanding the Thirtieth Regiment North Carolina Militia, at Wilmington, in which, after stating his belief that the men were "actuated by patriotic motives," he continued:

"Yet, in view of the relations existing between the General Government and the State of North Carolina, there is no authority of law, under existing circumstances, for the occupation of the United States forts situated in this State. I cannot, therefore, sustain the action of Captain Thurston, however patriotic his motives may have been, and am compelled by an imperative sense of duty, to order that Fort Caswell be restored to the possession of the authorities of the United States.

"You will proceed to Smithville on receipt of this communication and communicate orders to Captain Thurston to withdraw his troops from Fort Caswell. You will also investigate and report the facts to this department."

Upon receipt of this order on the 12th, Col. J. L. Cantwell notified the Governor that he would proceed at once to Fort Caswell, accompanied by Robert E. Calder, acting adjutant, and William Calder, acting quartermaster, two staff officers temporarily appointed for that duty. Transportation facilities between Wilmington and Smithville were very limited. Colonel Cantwell and his aids embarked on a slow-sailing sloop which became becalmed within four miles of Smithville. They were put into shallow water, from whence they waded and walked to Smithville, where they secured, with difficulty, because the populace was almost unanimously opposed to their supposed mission, a pilot boat in which they sailed to Fort Caswell, arriving there after dark.

After some parleying, and not without reluctance, they were admitted and conducted to Major Hedrick, to whom the following order was delivered:

To Major John J. Hedrick, Commanding Fort Caswell:

Sir:—In obedience to the order of His Excellency, John W. Ellis, Governor, etc., a copy of which I herewith transmit, it becomes my duty to direct that you withdraw the troops under your command from Fort Caswell, and restore the same to the custody of the officer of the United States whom you found in charge.

Respectfully,

John L. Cantwell,
Colonel Thirtieth North Carolina Militia.

Robert E. Calder, *Acting Adjutant.*

The garrison asked until the next morning to consider what reply should be made, and, on the morning of the 13th, this was returned:

Colonel John L. Cantwell:

Sir:—Your communication, with the copy of the order of Governor Ellis demanding the surrender of this post, has been received. In reply, I have to inform you that we, as North Carolinians, will obey his command. This post will be evacuated tomorrow at 9 o'clock a. m.

John J. Hedrick,
Major Commanding.

George Wortham, *Acting Adjutant.*

The fort was evacuated on the next day. Colonel Cantwell and his aides returned to Wilmington and reported the facts to Governor Ellis. The United States Sergeant again assumed control of the Government property.

Thus matters remained in this section until April of the same year, the State in the meantime drifting steadily towards secession and war, and the people sternly arming and preparing. The local military companies in Wilmington were fully recruited, and the former "Minute Men" permanently organized as the Cape Fear Light Artillery, under which name they served through the war.

On the 14th of April came the firing upon Fort Sumter, followed on the 15th by a call from the Secretary of War upon the Governor of North Carolina for "two regiments of military for immediate service." Immediately the Governor telegraphed orders to Col. J. L. Cantwell, at Wilmington, "to take Forts Caswell and Johnston without delay, and hold them until further orders against all comers." Colonel Cantwell, as commander of the Thirtieth Regiment North Carolina Militia, promptly issued orders to "the officers in command of the Wilmington Light Infantry, the German Volunteers, and the Wilmington Rifle Guards, to assemble fully armed and equipped this afternoon" (15th), which orders were promptly obeyed.

On the morning of the 16th the Governor telegraphed Colonel Cantwell to proceed at once to the forts, "and take possession of the same in the name of the State of North Carolina. This measure being one of precaution merely, you will observe strictly a peaceful policy, and act only on the defensive." The force under Colonel Cantwell's orders moved promptly. It consisted of the Wilmington Light Infantry, Capt. W. L. DeRosset; the German Volunteers, Capt. C. Cornehlson; the Wilmington Rifle Guards, Capt. O. P. Meares; and the Cape Fear Light Artillery, Lieut. James M. Stevenson, commanding. At 4 p. m., United States Sergt. James Reilly surrendered the post at Fort

Johnston, where Lieutenant Stevenson was left in command with his company. The remainder of the battalion, under Col. J. L. Cantwell, proceeded to Fort Caswell and took possession at 6.20 p. m., Sergeant Walker, of the United States Army, being placed in close confinement in his quarters "in consequence of the discovery of repeated attempts to communicate with his government."

Officers and men worked with vigor to mount guns and prepare for defense, and the work never ceased until the fall of Fort Fisher in 1865, and the necessary abandonment of the defense of the lower harbor. The Wilmington Light Infantry were soon after sent to Federal Point, where, in Battery Bolles, they began the first defensive works which afterward grew into Fort Fisher and its outlying batteries.

Thus was war inaugurated in North Carolina more than a month prior to the act of secession, and it is a noteworthy fact that the news of the act dissolving its connection with the Union, and the call upon her sons to arm themselves was first made known to the pioneer troops of the Cape Fear on the parade ground at Fort Caswell.

EARLY WAR TIMES.

The day following the fall of Sumter, Maj. W. H. C. Whiting hastened to Wilmington and by courtesy took command of the defenses of the Cape Fear. He at once formed a staff, organized the Quartermaster and Commissary Departments, and assigned Capt. F. L. Childs, of the old Army, to duty as Chief of Artillery and Ordnance, and he appointed S. A. Ashe a lieutenant, and assigned him to duty with Captain Childs. Capt. John C. Winder, who bore a commission from Governor Ellis as chief engineer, reported to Major Whiting. So all of the departments were speedily organized, and the work of preparing for defense was begun. It was a time of unremitting work.

To command New Inlet Capt. C. P. Bolles threw up the first battery on Confederate Point. It was called Battery

Bolles. The Wilmington Light Infantry, Capt. W. L. DeRosset, which had been drilled at the cannon at Caswell, was its first garrison. The most interesting of these early batteries was a casemate battery constructed by Captain Winder out of railroad iron and palmetto logs cut on Smith's Island. It was located near the river bank and a short distance higher up than Battery Bolles. Captain Winder's plan of defense for Confederate Point embraced a strong fortification to command the inlet; and in order to guard against a land attack there was a redoubt at the head of the sound, another half-way to the point, and a covered way was planned from the sound to the point, affording protection from the guns of the fleet to the riflemen while they should be engaged with any force that might attempt to land.

Major Whiting was soon promoted to the rank of general and ordered to Virginia, and Col. S. L. Fremont had general charge of the Cape Fear. After some months, Colonel Brown of the Regular Army succeeded Colonel Cantwell. Captain DeRosset was promoted and ordered to Virginia, and Maj. J. J. Hedrick had command at Confederate Point. That officer early became distinguished for energy and efficiency, and was especially remarkable for his skill in erecting batteries. His work at Confederate Point and also at Fort Johnston excited admiration. In October, 1861, when an attack was expected, Gen. Joseph R. Anderson, of Richmond, an old West Pointer, was assigned to the command of the district, and brought with him a full staff of Virginians. Major Lamb, of Norfolk, was assigned to the command of Confederate Point and fortunately proved himself to be a most capable, efficient, and acceptable officer.

Later in the war the importance of Wilmington to the Confederacy became manifest, and General Whiting, doubtless the best Engineer officer in the Army, and a gentleman of most remarkable intellect and attainments, was assigned to the command of the district. General Hebert had command of the lower defenses. His headquarters were at Fort John-

ston. It was here that he narrowly escaped being captured. One dark night young Lieutenant Cushing, of the Federal Navy, who achieved great fame by blowing up the ram *Albemarle,* made a raid on Hebert's private quarters, and came near carrying off the General to the blockading squadron. On another occasion, Cushing passed up the river to the vicinity of Wilmington and spent a day within sight of the town, without, however, gaining any information.

In 1863, Col. Thomas M. Jones, a brother of Capt. Pembroke Jones of the Navy, and associated with the Cape Fear by his marriage with Miss London, was given command of Fort Caswell, but, his health failing, in 1864 he was succeeded by Col. C. H. Simonton.

DURING THE WAR.

When Beauregard fired that fateful bombshell which burst over Fort Sumter at half past four on the morning of April 12, 1861, it sent a thrill of dismay into every Southern port and panic-stricken master mariners hurriedly prepared their ships for sea, and welcomed any wind that would blow them away from impending danger.

In a short time the Cape Fear was deserted, and the occupation of pilots and longshoremen was gone. At that time there were sixty or seventy licensed bar and river pilots and apprentices, who had no thought of the rich harvest of golden sovereigns which Fortune was to pour into their pockets in the strange commerce of a beleagured city that became the gateway of the Southern Confederacy.

The Blockade.

On the nineteenth of April, 1861, President Lincoln declared by proclamation a military and commercial blockade of our Southern ports, which was supplemented, by the proclamation of the 27th of May, to embrace the whole Atlantic coast from the Capes of Virginia to the mouth of the Rio Grande. This was technically a "constructive," or "paper," blockade, inasmuch as the declaration of the great

Powers assembled in Congress at Paris, in 1856, removed all uncertainty as to the principles upon which the adjudication of prize claims must proceed, by declaring that "blockades, in order to be binding, must be effective; that is to say, must be maintained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the enemy's coast."

It was obviously impossible at that time for the Federal Government to enforce a blockade of the Southern coast, measuring 3,549 miles and containing 189 harbors, besides almost innumerable inlets and sounds through which small craft might easily elude the four United States warships then available for service, the remaining 38 ships of war in commission being on distant stations.

Measures were, therefore, taken by the Navy Department to close the entrances of the most important Southern ports, notably those of Charleston and Savannah, by sinking vessels loaded with stone across the main channels or bars. Preparations were also made on a more extensive plan to destroy the natural roadsteads of other Southern ports and harbors along the coast by the same means; but, although twenty-five vessels were sunk in the smaller inlets, it does not appear that this novel method of blockade was generally adopted.

In the meantime, urgent orders had been sent recalling from foreign stations every available ship of war; and by December of the same year the Secretary of the Navy had purchased and armed 264 ships which, with their 2,557 guns and 22,000 men, rendered the "paper blockade" comparatively effective. A sorry looking fleet it was as compared with our modern navies; ships, barks, schooners, sloops, tugs, passenger boats—anything that would carry a gun, from the hoary type of Noah's Ark to the double-end ferry boat still conspicuous in New York waters.

"The Blockading Fleet," says Judge Advocate Cowley, "was divided into two squadrons; the Atlantic Blockading Squadron of 22 vessels, carrying 296 guns and 3,300 men, and the Gulf Blockading Squadron of 21 vessels carrying 282

guns and 3,500 men." This force was constantly increased as the two hundred specially designed ships of war were built by the Navy Department. The Squadron reached its highest degree of efficiency during the fourth year of the war by the acquisition of many prizes which were quickly converted into light draft cruisers and which rendered effective naval service, frequently under their original names.

The Blockaders.

The first blockader placed upon the Cape Fear Station was one bearing the misnomer *Daylight,* which appeared July 20, 1861. Others soon followed, until the number of the blockaders off New Inlet and the main bar of the Cape Fear River was increased to about thirty or more; these formed a cordon every night in the shape of a crescent, the horns of which were so close in shore that it was almost impossible for a small boat to pass without discovery. Armed picket barges also patrolled the bars and sometimes crept close in upon the forts. For a year or more the fleet was largely kept upon the blockading stations; then a second cordon was placed across the track of the blockade runners near the ports of Nassau and the Bermudas, the cruisers of which sometimes violated the international distance restriction of one league—three geographical miles—from neutral land. At last a third cordon was drawn on the edge of the Gulf Stream, by which the hunted and harassed blockade runner often became an easy prey in the early morning, after a hard night's run in the darkness, during which no lights were visible to friend or foe, even the binnacle lamp being carefully screened, leaving only a small peephole by which the ship was steered.

The Cruisers.

Some of the later cruisers were faster than the blockade runners and were more dreaded than the blockading squadron—not only because of their greater speed, but chiefly because of the proximity of their consorts which kept them always in sight, often to the discomfiture of their unhappy

quarry, headed off and opposed in every direction. The prospective division of big prize money, running into millions of dollars, was, of course, the most exciting feature of the service on the Federal side. Occasionally there was comparatively trifling compensation, but greater enjoyment in the capture of some small fry blockade runners, consisting of pilot boats or large yawls laden with two or three bales of cotton and a crew of three or four youths, that sometimes came to grief in a most humiliating way. These small craft, upon one of which the writer was at sea for two weeks, were too frail for the risk of the longer voyages, and were usually projected from the small inlets, or sounds, farther South, which gave them a short run of about a hundred miles to the other Bahama Keys, through whose dangerous waters they would warily make their way to Nassau. A boat of this description sailed over a Florida bar on a dark night under a favorable wind; but, failing to get out of sight of land before morning dawned, was overhauled at sunrise by a blockader and ordered to come alongside, where, with their own hands, these miniature blockade runners were obliged to hook on the falls of the Federal davits, by which they were ignominiously hoisted—boat, cargo and crew, to the captor's deck.

The desertion of negro slaves from tidewater plantations and their subsequent rescue as "Intelligent Contrabands" by the coasting cruisers formed an occasional incident in the records of their official logs; but it is a noteworthy fact, deserving honorable mention, that comparatively few of the trusted negroes upon whom the soldiers in the Confederate Army relied for the protection and support of their families at home were thus found wanting. A pathetic and fatal instance is recalled in the case of a misguided negro family which put off from the shore in the darkness, hoping they would be picked up by a chance gunboat in the morning. They were hailed by a cruiser at daylight, but in attempting to board her their frail boat was swamped, and the father alone was rescued; the mother and all the children perishing.

A Port of Refuge.

The natural advantages of Wilmington at the time of the War between the States made it an ideal port for blockade runners, there being two entrances to the river; New Inlet on the north, and the Western or main, bar on the south of Cape Fear.

The slope of our beach for miles is very gradual to deep water. The soundings along the coast are regular, and the floor of the ocean is remarkably even. A steamer hard pressed by the enemy could run along the outer edge of the breakers without great risk of grounding; the pursuer, being usually of deeper draft, was obliged to keep further off shore. The Confederate steamer *Lilian,* of which I was then purser, was chased for nearly a hundred miles from Cape Lookout by the United States steamer *Shenandoah,* which sailed a parallel course within half a mile of her and forced the *Lilian* at times into the breakers. This was probably the narrowest escape ever made by a blockade runner in a chase. The *Shenandoah* began firing her broadside guns at three o'clock in the afternoon, her gunners and the commanding officers of the batteries being distinctly visible to the *Lilian's* crew. A heavy sea was running which deflected the aim of the man-of-war, and this alone saved the *Lilian* from destruction. A furious bombardment by the *Shenandoah,* aggravated by the display of the *Lilian's* Confederate flag, was continued until nightfall, when, by a clever ruse, the *Lilian,* guided by the flash of her pursuer's guns, stopped for a few minutes; then, putting her helm hard over, ran across the wake of the warship straight out to sea, and, on the following morning, passed the fleet off Fort Fisher in such a crippled condition that several weeks were spent in Wilmington for repairs.

CHANGES DURING THE WAR.

Wilmington, the principal seaport of North Carolina, also became the most important in the Southern Confederacy. Prior to the beginning of hostilities it had sustained a large traffic in naval stores and lumber, and now it was to be for a time the chief cotton port of America. A startling change in the aspect of the port soon became apparent. The sailing vessels, even to the tiny corn-crackers from Hyde County, had vanished; likewise the two New York steamers. The long line of wharves was occupied by a fleet of nondescript craft the like of which had never been seen in North Carolina waters. A cotton compress on the western side of the river near the Market Street ferry, was running night and day, to supply these steamers with cargoes for Nassau and Bermuda, while other new comers were busily discharging their anomalous cargoes of life-preserving and death-dealing supplies for the new Confederacy.

The good old town was sadly marred by the plagues of war and pestilence and famine. Four hundred and forty-seven of the population, reduced by flight to about three thousand, had been carried off by the epidemic of yellow fever brought from Nassau by the steamer *Kate;* and hundreds more of the younger generation, who gave up their lives in the Confederate cause, had been brought to their final resting place in Oakdale Cemetery. Suspension of the civil law, neglect of sanitary precautions, the removal of nearly all the famine stricken women and children to safer places in the interior, and the coming of speculators and adventurers to the auction sales of the blockade runners' merchandise, as well as the advent of lawless and depraved characters attracted by the camps and shipping, had quite changed the aspect of the whole community. The military post, including all the river and harbor defenses, was under the command of Maj. Gen. W. H. C. Whiting, a distinguished West Point engineer of great ability, well known and honored in Wilmington, where he married and resided. He fell, mortally

wounded, in the last Fort Fisher fight, and died a prisoner of war in a Northern hospital. His remains were brought home, and now rest in Oakdale beside those of his most estimable wife, who after some years followed him.

The Yellow Fever.

The distress of Wilmington during the yellow fever epidemic was described as follows by the late Dr. Thomas F. Wood in his biographical sketch of one of the heroes of that fearful scourge, Dr. James H. Dickson, who died at his post of duty.

"The month of September, 1862, was one of great calamity to Wilmington. The alarming forebodings of the visitation of yellow fever in a pestilential form had ripened into a certainty. Depleted of her young and active men, there was only a military garrison in occupation, and when the presence of fever was announced the soldiers were removed to a safer locality. The country people, taking panic at the news of the presence of the fever, no longer sent in their supplies. The town was deserted, its silence broken only by the occasional pedestrian bound on errands of mercy to the sick, or the rumbling of the rude funeral cart. The blockade was being maintained with increased vigor. The only newspaper then published was the *Wilmington Journal,* a daily under the editorship of James Fulton, and its issues were maintained under the greatest difficulties, owing to the scarcity of paper and to sickness among the printers. All eyes were turned anxiously toward the physicians and those in authority for help. To all the resident physicians the disease was a new one; not one in the number had ever seen a case of yellow fever, and among them were men of large experience. The municipal authorities recognized their helplessness; the town was neglected, for it had been overcrowded with soldiers and visitors since the early days of the spring of 1861. The black pall of smoke from the burning tar barrels added solemnity to the deadly silence of the streets; designed to purify the air and mitigate the

pestilence, it seemed more like fuliginous clouds of ominous portent, a somber emblem of mourning. Panic, distress, mute despair, want, had fallen upon a population then strained to its utmost, with the bleeding columns of its regiments dying the hills of Maryland with their blood, until the whole air was filled with the wail of the widow and the orphan, and the dead could no longer be honored with the last tribute of respect.

"The *Wilmington Journal* of September 29, 1862, gave all its available editorial space to chronicle, for the first time, the character of the epidemic, and in a few brief words to notice the death of some of the more prominent citizens. One paragraph in the simple editorial notice ran as follows: 'Dr. James H. Dickson, a physician of the highest character and standing, died here on Sunday morning of yellow fever. Dr. Dickson's death is a great loss to the profession and to the community.' Close by, in another column, from the pen of the Acting Adjutant, Lieutenant Van-Bokkelen, of the Third N. C. Infantry, numbering so many gallant souls of the young men of Wilmington, was the list of the killed and wounded on the bloody field of Sharpsburg.

"Distressed and bereaved by this new weight of sorrow, Wilmington sat in the mournful habiliments of widowhood, striving, amidst the immensity of the struggle, to make her courageous voice heard above all the din of war, to nerve the brave hearts who stood as a girdle of steel about beleaguered Richmond.

"James Fulton, the well-known proprietor of the *Journal,* the wary politician and cautious editor, striving to keep the worst from the world, lest the enemy might use it to our disadvantage, often ruthlessly suppressed from his limited space such matters as in these days of historical research might be of the greatest service. There were two predominant topics which eclipsed all the impending sorrow and distress: first, foreign intervention, for the purpose of bringing about an honorable peace; second, warnings to the State government of the inadequacy of the defense of Wil-

mington harbor against the enemy. The former topic was discussed with unvarying pleasure. The horizon of the future was aglow with the rosy dreams of mandates from the British and French Governments which would bring independence to the Confederacy and peace and quietness to the numerous homes, from the sea to the mountains, where sorrow and death had hung like a pall. It is not strange, therefore, that the few publications that had survived the scarcity of printing material should have contained so little biographical matter. Comrades dropped on the right and on the left, but the ranks were closed up, the hurried tear wiped away, and the line pushed steadily forward. The distinguished physician, or general, or jurist, as well as the humble private, got his passing notice in the meagre letters which a chance correspondent sent to one of the few newspapers, and in a short time he was forgotten in the fresh calamity of the day."

The following may be added to Doctor Wood's interesting account:

In September, 1862, the military occupation, the laxity of municipal control, the constant movement of troops, the utter neglect of sanitary precautions, the non-enforcement of quarantine regulations, practically invited the introduction of yellow fever from Nassau by the daily arrival of blockade runners with frequent cases of infection.

The first victim was a German wood-and-coal dealer named Swartzman, whose place of business was on the wharf quite near the landing place of the blockade runner *Kate,* which brought the infection. My father was informed promptly of this by our physician, Dr. James H. Dickson, who advised him to remove his family at once to the country. As my father had seen much of this terrible scourge in the West Indies and in South America, he recognized the gravity of the situation, and sent us all to Duplin County, where he had relatives. Before we left, a ludicrous incident occurred which has stuck in my memory. One of my brothers having kept to his room from indispo-

sition, was at once the object of much solicitude. My father, being a bit of a medico, directed the boy to put out his tongue, which he did with evident reluctance, to the horror of my father, who declared he had symptoms of yellow fever. A shame-faced confession that the patient had been secretly chewing tobacco, which had caused his sickness, relieved the situation and calmed our fears. The year 1862 is still remembered by our older people as a period of terror and dismay. The date of frost was delayed nearly a whole month that fall and nothing but frost would stay the fearful pestilence.

Among the devoted band of Christians who remained at their post of duty and yielded up their lives while rendering succor to those who could not leave, were Rev. R. B. Drane, rector of St. James' Parish, aged 62 years; James S. Green, treasurer of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, aged 63 years; Dr. James H. Dickson, an accomplished physician and man of letters, aged 59 years; John W. K. Dix, a prominent merchant, aged 30 years; Isaac Northrop, a large mill owner, aged 67 years; James T. Miller, a prominent citizen and the collector of the port, aged 47 years; Rev. John L. Pritchard, a Baptist minister, who fell at his post, never faltering, aged 51 years. Thomas Clarkson Worth, an eminent merchant, after laboring among the sick and destitute, yielded his life to the plague November 1, 1862; Cyrus Stowe Van Amringe, one of nature's noblemen, who refused to leave, and remained to help the sick, died at his post, aged 26 years. Rev. Father Murphy, a Roman Catholic priest, a hero among heroes, worked night and day until nearly the last victim had died, and then fell on sleep. Hundreds of others bravely met the issue and remained to nurse the sick during the horror, and few survived. Of about 3,000 inhabitants who remained in the city, about 500 died within three months.

In a sketch of Wilmington in 1867, the late Joshua T. James wrote of the epidemic as follows:

"In August, 1821, the yellow fever appeared here, intro-

duced by means of the brig *John London* from Havana. It raged with great violence for about six weeks and a large proportion of the citizens of the little town, then numbering only about 2,500 inhabitants, was swept away by it. In the autumn of 1862 its ravages were terrible. It began August 6th and ended November 17th, 446 persons having died of the plague within that time. In this instance, as in the former, it was imported from the Indies, and on this occasion by the steamship *Kate,* a blockade runner, trading between this port and Nassau. For over ten weeks it raged with terrible violence, and at a period, too, when it was most difficult to combat its effects. Medicines and provisions were both scarce and high in price and the little luxuries needed for the convalescent were most difficult to obtain. Those of the frightened inhabitants that were able to do so, fled the town; all business was abandoned, and the closed stores and silent streets gave the place the appearance of a deserted city. It was then, in that time of distress and suffering, that a few of the noble spirits of Wilmington arose equal to the emergency. Regardless of self, many of our oldest and most valued citizens remained behind to minister to the wants of those who were unable to leave. Distributing food to the poor, medicine and attendance to the sick, consolation to the dying, and holy burial to the dead, they remained behind when many others had fled, and nobly fulfilled the trust they had assigned themselves. Many of them escaped, but some fell, and those from the ranks of the most honored and esteemed citizens of the town. Rest they well, and rest they calmly. They need no monument above their tombs; that is to be found in the hearts of those who knew them."

MRS. ARMAND J. DeROSSET.

(From the Confederate Veteran.)

This noble character deserves prominent record for her services to the South. She was President of the Soldiers' Aid Society, of Wilmington, from the beginning to the end of the war.

Endowed with administrative ability, which called forth the remark, "She ought to have been a general," gifted with unusual largeness of heart and breadth of sympathy, she was a leader of society, yet ever alive to the wants and sufferings of the poor and needy. Under her direction the Soldiers' Aid Society was early organized, and for four years did its work of beneficence with unabated energy.

The North Carolina coast was especially inviting to the attacks of the enemy, and Mrs. DeRosset's household was removed to the interior of the State. Her beautiful home in Wilmington was despoiled largely of its belongings; servants and children were taken away, but she soon returned to Wilmington, where her devoted husband was detained by the requirements of business, and here devoted herself to the work of helping and comforting the soldiers.

Six of her own sons and three sons-in-law wore the gray. The first work was to make clothing for the men. Many a poor fellow was soon without a change of clothing. Large supplies were made and kept on hand. Haversacks were homemade. Canteens were covered. Cartridges for rifles, and powder bags for the great columbiads were made by hundreds. Canvas bags to be filled with sand and used on the fortifications were required for Fort Fisher—and much more was in requisition. The ladies would daily gather at the City Hall and ply their busy needles or machines, with never a sigh of weariness.

When the troops were being massed in Virginia, Wilmington, being the principal port of entry for the Confederacy, was naturally an advantageous point for obtaining supplies through the blockade, and Mrs. DeRosset, ever

watching the opportunity to secure them, had a large room in her dwelling fitted up as a storeroom. Many a veteran in these intervening years has blessed the memory of Mrs. DeRosset and her faithful aids for the comfort and refreshment so lavishly bestowed upon him. Feasts without price were constantly spread at the depot. Nor were the spiritual needs of the soldiers neglected. Bibles, prayer-books, and hymn books were distributed. Men still live who treasure their war Bibles among their most valued possessions.

Mrs. DeRosset's ability to overcome difficulties in getting all she needed for the men was the constant wonder of those who daily assisted her in her labors. An incident of her surpassing executive power is worthy of record. After the first attack on Fort Fisher, the garrison, under the command of the gallant officers, Whiting and Lamb, was in great peril and in need of reinforcements, which came in Hoke's division of several thousand men—Clingman's Kirkland's, Colquitt's, and Hagood's brigades—and with some of the North Carolina Junior Reserves. The wires brought the news that in a few hours they would arrive, hungry and footsore. Mrs. DeRosset was asked if the ladies could feed them. The ready reply was flashed back: "Of course we can," and she proved equal to the task. Through her energies and resources, and those of her able corps of assistants, she redeemed her pledge. Alas! all efforts to relieve the garrison failed, and many heroic lives were sacrificed. The fort fell, Whiting and Lamb were both seriously wounded and carried off to prison, and our last available port was in possession of the enemy.

The harrowing scenes of hospital life followed, and here, as elsewhere, Mrs. DeRosset's labors were abundant. The sick were ministered to by tender hands, the wounded carefully nursed, and the dead decently buried. The moving spirit in all these works of beneficence was the Soldiers' Aid Society, directed by Mrs. DeRosset.

When all was over, Mrs. DeRosset was the first to urge the organization of the Ladies' Memorial Association, for

perpetuating the memory of the brave soldiers who died for our Cause. Though persistently refusing to accept office, she remained a faithful member of the Association as long as she lived.

A sketch of Mrs. DeRosset's work during the Confederacy would not be complete without some recognition of the valuable assistance given her by all of her colleagues, and especially by the Vice-President, Mrs. Alfred Martin. That she was looked up to as their leader does not in the least degree detract from the value of their services, for without strong hands and willing hearts the head would be of little avail, and she never failed to give due meed of appreciation to all who helped her in her work. From her own countrywomen such devotion was to be expected, but the German women of the city entered into the work, zealously giving their means as well as their time to the call of their President. Were it not open to a charge of invidiousness, a few names might be singled out as especially helpful and interested in serving the country of their adoption, with the unwearied fidelity of true-hearted women of every land.

Her labors ended, Mrs. DeRosset has for years rested peacefully under the shade of the Oakdale trees, waiting her joyful resurrection. The daughters of the South could have no better, purer model, should their beloved country ever call on them, as it did on her, in time of need.

Of her own sons, one noble boy of seventeen sleeps in Oakdale Cemetery, with "Only a Private" inscribed on a stone marking his resting place.

Her oldest son, Col. Wm. L. DeRosset, of the gallant Third North Carolina Infantry, was wounded nigh unto death at Sharpsburg. He had succeeded his brother-in-law, Col. Gaston Meares, in the command of his regiment, that noble officer having fallen at Malvern Hill.

Her second son, Dr. M. John DeRosset, assistant surgeon at Bellevue Hospital New York, with most flattering offers of promotion in a New York regiment, resigned his commission, came South, and was commissioned assistant

surgeon, with orders to report to Jackson, in whose command he shared the perils of the famous Valley Campaign of 1862. Later, he was one of the surgeons in charge of the hospital in the Baptist College, Richmond.

Another son, Capt. A. L. DeRosset, of the Third North Carolina Infantry, was several times disabled by slight wounds, and at Averasboro was left for dead on the field. He owes his recovery to the skill and care of a Federal surgeon, into whose hands he fell.

Louis H. DeRosset, being physically incapacitated for active duty, was detailed in the Ordnance and Quartermaster's Departments, and was sent to Nassau on business connected with the latter.

Thomas C. DeRosset, the youngest of the six, a boy at school, enlisted before the call for the Junior Reserves, and was detailed for duty under Maj. M. P. Taylor, at the Fayetteville arsenal. He died in 1878 from sunstroke when in command of the Whiting Rifles, attending the memorial services at Oakdale Cemetery.

War Prices in Wilmington.

As the war progressed the prices of food and clothing advanced in proportion to the depreciation of Confederate money; the plainest necessities were almost unobtainable, —$50 for a ham, $500 for a barrel of flour, $500 for a pair of boots, $600 for a suit of clothes, $1,500 for an overcoat, and $100 a pound for coffee or tea, were readily paid as the fortunes of the Confederacy waned. Coffee was perhaps the greatest luxury and was seldom used; substitutes of beans, potatoes, and rye, with "long sweetening,"—sorghum—having been generally adopted. Within a mile or two of our temporary home in the country there lived two unattractive spinsters of mature age, one of whom, in the other's absence, was asked by an old reprobate of some means in the neighborhood to marry him, a preposterous proposal, which she indignantly rejected. Upon the return of the absent sister, however, she was made to feel that she

had thrown away the golden opportunity of a lifetime; for, "Why," said the sister, "didn't you know he has a bag of coffee in his house?"

Another true incident will also serve to illustrate the comic side of the great crisis. Our evening meal consisted of milk, rye coffee, yopon tea, honey, and one wheaten biscuit each, with well prepared corn muffins and hominy *ad libitum*. The biscuit, however, were valued beyond price, and the right of each individual to them was closely guarded by the younger members of the family. One evening there appeared just before supper an itinerant preacher, who was made welcome to the best we had. Addressing himself with vigor to the tempting plate of biscuit, and ignoring the despised muffins, which were politely pressed upon him by our dismayed youngsters at his side, he actually devoured the entire dozen with apparent ease and great relish. Upon being informed at the hour of retiring that it would be inconvenient to serve his breakfast at daylight, when he desired to depart, he said, to our amazement, that, rather than disturb us in the early morning, he would take his breakfast then and there before going to bed. But there were no more biscuit to serve.

CONFEDERATE HEROES.

From personal knowledge and from available records I have added to this narrative the following names of the living and the dead identified with Wilmington, which are held in grateful remembrance by those who recall their devotion to the Lost Cause. Hundreds of others, equally meritorious, are upon the roll of honor, but because of limited space I can include only the names of company and regimental leaders of the lower Cape Fear, and some others whose record is known to me.

Prior to the formal secession of the State of North Carolina from the Union, affairs in Charleston had taken such a turn that the citizens of Wilmington anticipated the occupa-

tion and strengthening of Forts Caswell and Johnston at the mouth of the Cape Fear, by the Federal Government. To prevent that a Committee of Safety was organized in Wilmington, and a call made for volunteers to enlist for immediate service. This call was promptly answered, and John J. Hedrick was chosen commander. These "Minute Men" embarked on January 9, 1861, for the mouth of the river, and being joined by a Smithville detachment, speedily took possession of the two forts.

The Cape Fear Light Artillery was recruited from the local military companies, and especially from the body of "Minute Men" that took possession of Forts Caswell and Johnston prior to the formal secession of the State. Under this name the company served throughout the war.

Gen. W. H. C. Whiting, having married Miss Walker, of Wilmington, at the outbreak of the war was a Wilmingtonian by adoption. The day after the fall of Fort Sumter he came to Wilmington and by courtesy assumed command, and for some weeks directed the preparations for defense. He was, however, needed at the front and was chief engineer with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Harper's Ferry and at Manassas. After brilliant service in Virginia, on November 17, 1862, he again assumed command of the defenses of the Cape Fear.

Wilmington was the most important port of the Confederacy for the receipt of supplies and munitions of war, and an officer recognized in both armies as without a superior as an engineer was entrusted with its defense. General Whiting entered the Army with the highest record ever made by any graduate at West Point. Having been before the war in charge of the improvements of the harbor and the lower part of the river, he was entirely familiar with the topography of the country, and he exerted every energy for a successful defense. Later, he was assigned to the command of a division in Virginia, but in the summer of 1864 he returned to the Cape Fear.

General Whiting was mortally wounded in the second

attack on Fort Fisher, when he exposed himself with unsurpassed heroism. He died a prisoner at Fort Columbus, New York Harbor, March 10, 1865.

Col. Gaston Meares was appointed colonel of the Third Regiment on its first organization, with Robert H. Cowan, lieutenant colonel, and William L. DeRosset, major.

Mr. Meares, when quite a young man, moved to the West from Wilmington, and engaged in the Mexican War, and had attained the rank of colonel. On the secession of North Carolina, he reported for duty to the Governor and was at once commissioned as colonel, and given command of the Third Regiment, then just organized. Colonel Meares was a man of marked individuality, respected by his superior officers, beloved by his subordinates, and commanding the admiration and confidence of the men of his regiment, for he was always intrepid, and in him they recognized a leader who would lead.

At Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862, while on foot in front of the line, and, from a slight elevation, surveying the enemy through his field glasses, he was instantly killed by a slug from a shrapnel fired from a battery directly in front and not over twenty-five yards distant.

Major DeRosset succeeded his brother-in-law, Colonel Meares, in command of the regiment; Lieutenant Colonel Cowan having been promoted before that to the colonelcy of the Eighteenth Regiment.

William Lord DeRosset was a member of one of the oldest and most prominent families of Wilmington, being the eldest of six sons of Dr. Armand J. DeRosset, all of whom served in the Confederate Army except one, who being physically incapacitated for active duty was detailed in the Ordnance and Quartermaster's Departments. In 1861 Wm. L. DeRosset was captain of the Wilmington Light Infantry. When Fort Sumter was bombarded, several volunteer companies were ordered to occupy Fort Caswell, the Light Infantry being among them. Later, when the Constitutional Convention authorized the organization of

ten regiments, enlisted for the war and known as State Troops, he was commissioned major of the Third Regiment. Succeeding Colonel Meares in command, he led the regiment into the battle of Sharpsburg in September, 1862. He was seriously wounded; and, finding himself permanently disabled, he resigned, and was enrolled in another branch of the service.

When Fort Caswell was first occupied, January 10, 1861, the Smithville Guards, a volunteer company, of which Stephen D. Thurston was captain, joined the men enrolled in Wilmington, and took part in occupying Forts Johnston and Caswell. Captain Thurston was a few months later appointed captain of Company B, of the Third Regiment; and before Sharpsburg he had risen to the rank of lieutenant colonel. At Sharpsburg when Colonel DeRosset fell wounded, Lieut. Col. Stephen D. Thurston took immediate command of the regiment, and proved a brave and valiant soldier, leading the Third in gallant style during the rest of the battle, where they "were in the vortex of the fire, and proved their endurance, tenacity, and valor." Of the twenty-seven officers who went into action on that memorable morning all save three were disabled, seven being killed. Colonel Thurston was disabled for several months, but returned to his command in September, 1864. He was again seriously wounded on the 19th of September, at Second Winchester. Meanwhile, Lieutenant Colonel Parsley was in command during the absence of Colonel Thurston.

William Murdock Parsley, in April, 1861, organized and was commissioned captain of a company composed chiefly of the young men of Wilmington. They had formed a company in the fall of 1860, under the name of "Cape Fear Riflemen," and were among those who occupied Fort Caswell. After North Carolina seceded the Cape Fear Riflemen returned to Wilmington and disbanded. They were almost immediately reorganized under Captain Parsley and completely uniformed by his father, Mr. O. G. Parsley, sr. The Captain was just twenty years old and many of his men not

much older. The company was attached to the Third Regiment, one of the ten organized as State Troops, and enlisted for the war. They were ordered to Richmond in June, and, arriving just after the battle of Seven Pines, Mechanicsville was their first engagement. They took part in the Seven Days' Battles, and on July 1st, at Malvern Hill, Captain Parsley was severely wounded by a minie ball through the neck; but after a three-months' furlough, he returned to his command and was in every battle up to Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862.

Before that time he had by regular gradation reached the rank of major and, subsequently, on the resignation of Colonel DeRosset and the promotion of Lieutenant Colonel Thurston, he became lieutenant colonel. In the campaign of 1863, known as the Pennsylvania Campaign, Colonel Parsley had command of the regiment. He led it in the charge at Culp's Hill on the 3d of July, when, with the Maryland Battalion, they took possession of the enemy's works. The Third was greatly reduced by severe fighting at Chancellorsville and had had no chance to recruit its ranks since. This proud regiment that went into the field over a thousand strong in the Seven Days' Battles was, after Gettysburg, so much reduced that the major at the head of the column and the assistant surgeon, at the foot, could carry on a conversation without effort. Every officer of Major Parsley's old company, the Cape Fear Riflemen, was killed.

One of the original members of this old company, writing in 1898 of Colonel Parsley, says, "As brave as the bravest, kind and considerate towards inferiors in rank, he was at all times thoughtful and careful of his men in every way. I believe all loved him. I know I loved him, for he was my good friend." Another comrade says, "The Major himself, only 22 or 23 years old, had been in every engagement from the Seven Days' Battles to Gettysburg. His training had been under the eye of Col. Gaston Meares, and, as promotion followed promotion, Colonel Parsley was always a disciplinarian of the progressive type. On occasion he

could be a boy and enter a wrestling match in camp with all the zest of a schoolboy, but woe to the officer who presumed upon this to take official liberties."

Between Gettysburg and Chancellorsville he received two slight wounds, one being a narrow escape from death by the glancing of a ball on the button of his coat. At Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864, Colonel Thurston being absent, wounded, Lieutenant Colonel Parsley led the regiment, and with the greater part of it, after a desperate hand to hand fight at the "Horse Shoe," or "Bloody Angle," he was captured and confined at Fort Delaware. From there, with fifty other officers, he was transferred to Charleston Harbor on the prison ship *Dragon* and anchored in the line of fire from Charleston, "in retaliation" for the quartering of some Federal officers, prisoners, in the city of Charleston as a protection to the city, full of non-combatants, against the Federal firing from the "Swamp Angel Battery."

The prisoners on the *Dragon* were kept between decks, overcrowded, near a stove where all the cooking for the whole ship was done. Ventilation was bad, and the suffering from the heat almost unbearable. They were supplied scantily with the coarsest of food and subjected to all kinds of indignities. From here they were exchanged on the 3d of August. Colonel Parsley returned to the Army not long afterwards, taking with him a number of recruits for his regiment. He shared the fortunes of the Third till April, 1865. Just three days before Lee's surrender, in the engagement at Sailors Creek during the retreat to Appomattox, when only twenty-four years old, he met his death by a minie ball fired by a sharpshooter, falling with his face to the foe.

Capt. W. T. Ennet, originally of Onslow County, was promoted to be major after the resignation of Colonel DeRosset, and always after that commanded the regiment in the absence of Colonel Parsley. He was unfortunately captured at Spottsylvania and sent to Fort Delaware, and was among those taken to Charleston Harbor on the prison ship *Dragon,*

suffering the hardships of imprisonment with the rest. Major Ennet was by profession a physician and highly accomplished. He was also a brave soldier and a warm friend.

Col. Robert H. Cowan was first chosen lieutenant colonel of the Third Regiment, but in the summer of 1862 was elected colonel of the Eighteenth. The Third Regiment parted with sincere regret from Colonel Cowan. The whole command, both rank and file, loved him and recognized him as one of those by whom the regiment had been brought to its fine efficiency. The esteem in which he was held was manifested on his departure by the presentation to him by the regiment of a very fine horse. Colonel Cowan was a native of Wilmington and was prominent in the politics of the State. No man was more loved and admired than he. His gallantry was unequaled, while his charming personality and graceful manners are well remembered by all who knew him. He was wounded severely at the last of the Seven Days' battles around Richmond, and being disabled from service, resigned in November, 1862.

Col. John L. Cantwell's military career began with the Mexican War. The records say, "that seldom has the flag of any country waved over a braver soldier." As colonel of the Thirtieth Regiment North Carolina Militia he took possession of Forts Caswell and Johnston on April 16, 1861, being authorized by the Governor to do so. On its organization, April 13, 1862, Colonel Cantwell was elected colonel of the Fifty-first Regiment, but resigned and was appointed lieutenant colonel of the Fifty-ninth Regiment, which was most active in several campaigns in North Carolina and Virginia. "At the battle of Middleburg on June 18, 1863, at the head of a detachment of his regiment, after fiercely contesting every inch of ground with a force several times larger than his own, he stood up urging his men not to yield, until, surrounded and overpowered, his sword was snatched from his hand and he was made prisoner." Colonel Cantwell wrote a minute and exhaustive account of prison life on Morris

Island, and he was among the 600 prisoners who were exposed to a cross fire on that island.

Besides these, a host of others whose services should not be forgotten crowd the memory. Brave Maj. Alexander MacRae, of age too advanced for service in the field in Virginia, yet accepted command of the First Battalion of Heavy Artillery in General Hebert's brigade, and did duty at the mouth of the Cape Fear until the fall of Fort Fisher. The gallant old father was worthily followed by his brave sons, William, brigadier general in the Army of Northern Virginia; Henry, major of the Seventh Regiment; Robert B., major of the Eighth, and Walter G., captain in the Seventh, after serving in the Eighteenth and in the Heavy Artillery at Fort Fisher, and in Captain McNeill's Partisan Rangers.

John J. Hedrick was major of engineers. He was a brave and skillful artillery commander, and had been in active service since the beginning of the war. He had charge of the building of Fort Fisher and other forts and works in the vicinity, one small fort on Bald Head being named Fort Hedrick in his honor. When the Fortieth Regiment (Third Artillery) was organized in December, 1863, Major Hedrick was appointed its colonel. This regiment took part in the defense of Fort Fisher, December 24 and 25, 1864, and January 13, 1865, and on January 17th, it was ordered to Fort Anderson about ten miles up the river, where the garrison of about 900 men was under the immediate command of Colonel Hedrick. On February 17th, the enemy attacked the fort in the rear with about 10,000 infantry, while Porter, with a fleet of sixteen gunboats and ironclads, lying within a few hundred yards of the fort, quickly demolished the guns. In this fight, under Colonel Hedrick's leadership, great bravery and heroism were shown, but finding the command in danger of being cut off by a heavy column of infantry in the rear, Colonel Hedrick determined to evacuate the fort. Carrying all the light guns, including the Whitworth cannon, they fell back towards Wilmington. Later, while on the way to meet the enemy advancing from

New Bern, there was a battle at Jackson's Mills, in which about 2,000 Federal prisoners were captured; but the Confederate loss was heavy. Here, while gallantly leading his regiment in a charge upon the enemy, Colonel Hedrick was seriously wounded.

John D. Barry enlisted as a private in Company I, Eighth Regiment, and on the reorganization was elected captain of the company. On the fall of the gallant Colonel Purdie, of Bladen County, in June, 1863, he became colonel of the regiment. He was a valiant and dashing officer, and nobly upheld the traditions of his family, one of the best of the Cape Fear section, his grandfather being Gen. Thomas Owen and his great uncle, Gov. James Owen. The companies composing the Eighth Regiment of Volunteers (afterwards the Eighteenth North Carolina State Troops) were:

The Wilmington Light Infantry, Capt. Henry Savage; the Wilmington Rifle Guards, Capt. Robert Williams; the Scotch Boys, Capt. Charles Malloy; the German Volunteers, Capt. C. Cornehlson; and the companies of Capt. George Tait, of Bladen County; Capt. Robert Tait, of Bladen County; Captain Norment, of Robeson County; Captain Gore, of Whiteville, Columbus County; Capt. J. R. Hawes, of Long Creek, New Hanover County.

About the first of August, 1864, General Lane being wounded, Colonel Barry was appointed temporary brigadier general and commanded the brigade, skirmishing almost daily till the 28th. Subsequently, while on a reconnoitering tour, Colonel Barry was wounded by a sharpshooter. Some time in the latter part of 1864, as General Lane returned to the brigade, Colonel Barry, on account of his wounds and impaired health, was assigned to department duty with his regular grade of colonel.

After the close of the war, he returned to Wilmington and in partnership with Wm. H. Bernard, began the publication of the *Dispatch*. Only a few years were left him of broken health, and nearly fifty years ago he died in the old house he had left in vigorous youth and with high hopes in 1861.

A few years ago, Col. John D. Taylor passed from our midst, leaving a great name as a soldier and a Christian gentleman, with an affectionate memory of his manly figure, his gentle, sympathetic smile, and the empty sleeve he wore. He was captain in the Thirty-sixth Regiment (Second Artillery), was promoted to lieutenant colonel, and served at different points in defense of the Cape Fear. At the fall of Fort Fisher, Colonel Taylor and a part of his regiment were absent on leave, but they made their way to the field of Bentonville, and took part in that battle, covering themselves with glory as part of the "Red Infantry"; Colonel Taylor losing his left arm in that battle.

Upon the death of Colonel Taylor, the following tribute of a devoted friend was published in the *Star,* May 22, 1912:

"A fellow townsman recently said to the writer: 'I never passed Colonel Taylor upon the street without exercising the privilege of shaking his hand, because I believed that he exemplified in his daily life, to a remarkable degree, those virtues which adorn the character of the Southern Christian gentleman.'

"His old time urbanity, his winsome smile, his almost womanly tenderness, his gentle patience, his childlike faith, drew him to our hearts and we loved him. Probably no citizen of our community was more generally respected. There was a quiet dignity in this serene, devout Christian, which told of conflicts won while learning to endure hardness as a good soldier, and of a peace which passes the understanding of this world, which enabled him to look o'er heights of toil and sacrifice and find his chief meed in thoughts of duty done.

"During his long and honored life he had inspired the hearts and guided the steps of worthy sons and daughters in the way of life, to the end that they might 'glorify God and enjoy Him forever.' His children rise up and call him blessed.

"In public life he discharged his official duties with diligence, ability, impartiality, and uprightness. Party lines

vanished in the pure light of his moral excellence, and his return to office at the expiration of each term, without a dissenting vote, attest the abiding confidence of his fellow citizens.

"Eminent among the local leaders of the Lost Cause, he believed, with his great chieftain, that Duty is the sublimest word in our language, 'and by it as a pilot star, he ever steered his steadfast course.' He went into his last battle at Bentonville with Company A, Captain Rankin, Company B, Captain Taylor, Company C, Captain Brown, and Captain McDougal's company, and a remnant of the Thirty-sixth Regiment, in all 350 men; and he emerged with nineteen other survivors, an honorable record, and an empty sleeve. Rankin, Taylor, McDougal and Brown were desperately wounded, and Colonel Taylor was the only officer who survived the desperate and bloody charge of the 'Red Infantry.'

"He sheathed his sword when the cause for which he fought was lost, but he put on the invisible armor of the Soldier of the Cross, and he has fought a good fight and laid hold on Eternal Life. The greater number of his devoted comrades have crossed over the river, and they rest with their commander under the shades of the trees.

"We read that at the roll call of the flower of Napoleon's army, the Imperial Guard, as silence fell upon the utterance of a name which death had claimed from the arms of victory, a comrade would step forward from the ranks, and, raising his hand in grave salute, would answer: 'Died on the field of honor!' The thin gray line of Appomattox, diminishing day by day as it yields to the call of the great Conqueror, still closes up its broken ranks of hoary heads and feeble knees. Soon it will vanish away and there will be no reverent comrade's voice to answer the roll call of the dead.

"But Death's truer name is Onward. 'No discordance in the roll of that eternal harmony, whereto the worlds beat time!'

'The glory born of goodness never dies,
Its flag is not half-masted in the skies!'

"In the sessions of his beloved church, our friend will be greatly missed—in no circle beyond his beautiful home life was he more welcome than in that of the church of his fathers.

"David Worth, DuBrutz Cutlar, Kenneth Murchison, William DeRosset, Alfred Waddell, John D. Taylor, classmates all at Chapel Hill, were of the flower of Wilmington, and they are gone; but to live in the hearts of those we love is not to die. 'By the light of their lofty deeds and kindly virtues, memory gazes back into the past and is content; by the light of Revelation hope looks beyond the grave into the bright day of immortality and is happy.' "

Edward D. Hall organized at Wilmington, in the spring of 1861, a company composed principally of Irishmen; and no better, or more loyal men or braver soldiers could be found. When work or fighting was to be done they were always ready. This company was first stationed at Fort Caswell; was later sent to Weldon and attached to the Second Regiment, North Carolina Infantry, and ordered to Richmond, and from there to various points in Virginia until the spring of 1862, when it was returned to North Carolina with General Holmes' division, and was afterwards detached and sent to the Cape Fear and stationed at fortifications on the river.

In March, 1862, Captain Hall was made colonel of the Forty-sixth Regiment, organized at Camp Mangum near Raleigh. Ordered to Virginia, this regiment bore a conspicuous part in the battle of Sharpsburg, calling forth from the division commander especial mention of its gallant colonel and staff for distinguished bravery and coolness under fire. During that day the regiment occupied several positions of importance and great danger, and on every occasion, it exhibited that steadiness and coolness which characterized its record. In October at Bristow Station General Cooke fell, and the command of the brigade devolved on Colonel Hall. An unequal struggle was waged, and disaster was averted only by Colonel Hall's skillful management of his command. Late in 1863 Colonel Hall resigned to accept a civil office in North Carolina, and the regiment lost its brilliant com-

mander, a brave man, a good disciplinarian, a most valuable and efficient officer. It was with much regret that his regiment bade him farewell.

Alexander Duncan Moore, who at first commanded a battery of light artillery from Wilmington, was made colonel of the Sixty-sixth Regiment, organized in August, 1863. Colonel Moore had been at West Point Military Academy and was a brilliant young officer of remarkable appearance and soldierly bearing. The Sixty-sixth was ordered to Virginia in May, 1864, where in "its first baptism of fire on the 15th of May, its gallantry was conspicuous, and favorably commented upon by commanding officers." A series of battles followed, and on the 3d of June, 1864, Colonel Moore was mortally wounded, a ball striking him in the neck. The memory of his heroic courage was ever after present with the officers and men of his command, and comments were made upon his gallantry and the soldierly qualities he always exhibited.

In the attack on Petersburg Colonel Moore was told that his regiment was advancing too rapidly ahead of the right and left, and he was directed to preserve the alignment. On receiving this order Colonel Moore seized his colors, planted the staff upon the ground and lifted his sword in the air above his head, the well known signal; his command halted and dressed on the colors, until the regiments on the right and left came upon the same line—then with a yell, all three sprang forward and rushed upon the enemy. The movement was successful and the foe retreated.

George Tait, of Bladen County, who was elected major of the Eighth Regiment in July, 1861, resigned his commission, and was, with Company K, of the Fortieth Regiment, stationed at a battery near Federal Point Lighthouse. On the 1st of December, 1863, when the Fortieth Regiment was organized as Third Artillery, Captain Tait was appointed lieutenant colonel. In January, 1865, he resigned this commission to take one as colonel of the Sixty-ninth North Carolina Regiment. Colonel Tait was a fine disciplinarian. He re-

mained detached from the Fortieth Regiment after it had formed in order to train, drill, and discipline the officers and men of the Thirty-sixth; and then he drilled and disciplined the Fortieth, which was afterwards pronounced by the Inspector General, Colonel Tansill, "the best drilled regiment of Confederate soldiers" that he had ever seen.

Colonel Tait was a good and brave officer, and in his rank had no superior.

The Thirty-sixth North Carolina Regiment, Second Artillery, was organized at Fort Caswell under Brig. Gen. S. G. French, commanding the District of the Cape Fear. Col. Wm. Lamb was colonel and James M. Stevenson, of Wilmington, major. Major Stevenson, in November, 1864, was ordered with a part of his battalion to Georgia to join the Confederate forces opposing Sherman's advance to Savannah. About fourteen miles from that place, at Harrison's Old Field, with parts of four battalions he met and contested the advance of a large force of the enemy, fighting so valiantly that his whole command came near being captured. He, however, made his escape with all his men, except thirteen killed. He also brought off all wounded, his artillery and wagons; and that same night he marched into Savannah and reported to General Hardee, by whom he was warmly received and highly complimented. He afterwards returned to Fort Fisher, was there when Fort Fisher fell, and was badly wounded, captured, and taken to Governors Island, where he died of his wounds in prison.

Maj. James Dillard Radcliffe, then connected with the Engineer Department of the Cape Fear defenses, was elected colonel of the Eighth Regiment of Volunteers, on its first organization in 1861. Colonel Radcliffe, who had been principal of a military school in Wilmington for several years previous to the war, was an excellent drillmaster and disciplinarian, and soon had the regiment well drilled. On the reorganization in 1862, the regiment then being the Eighteenth State Troops, he was not reëlected, but he became colonel

of the Sixty-first Regiment, when it was organized in August, 1862.

Alfred M. Waddell, lieutenant colonel of the Forty-first Regiment (Third Cavalry) was a scion of one of the old and venerated families of the Cape Fear. He was commissioned lieutenant colonel in August, 1863, having previously served as adjutant. His regiment was scattered over an extended field of operations, and operated as detached cavalry, or partisan rangers. In August, 1864, Colonel Waddell resigned. After the war he used his brilliant talent and eloquence, always as long as he lived, in behalf of his comrades and his fellow citizens of the Cape Fear section.

In August, 1863, Roger Moore, a descendant of another Roger Moore who lived in princely style in Colonial times, and was known on the Cape Fear as "King" Roger, was appointed major of the Third Cavalry. He was a brave soldier, maintaining the honor of his ancestors upon the field. In August, 1864, when Colonel Waddell resigned, Major Moore became commanding officer of the regiment, which was looked upon as a bulwark of protection for the railroad from Weldon to Wilmington, and of all that portion of thirty counties east of it which was not in the hands of the enemy. Protecting the villages and settlements from forays, guarding the cross-roads and bridges and checking the approach of the enemy whenever he advanced beyond his gunboats, this regiment daily and hourly did service of vital importance. In 1864 the regiment was ordered to Virginia and took part in the brilliant attack on Reams Station, August 25, 1864, following which General Lee wrote to Governor Vance, "If those men who remain in North Carolina have the spirit of those sent to the field, as I doubt not they have, her defense may be securely entrusted to their hands."

John Grange Ashe entered the Confederate service in April, 1861, as lieutenant under Gen. Braxton Bragg, at Pensacola. He was appointed acting adjutant general to Gen. Robert Ransom in June, 1862, and later in the same year was made major of sharpshooters. He also partici-

pated in the Red River campaign with Gen. Dick Taylor, in 1864. He died in Texas in 1867.

William S. Ashe was appointed major quartermaster July 17, 1861, and colonel quartermaster, September 25, 1861. He had in charge all Confederate transportation east of the Mississippi River. Desiring more active service, in the summer of 1862 he was authorized by President Davis to raise a legion of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, but before he had been able to do so, he was killed in a railroad accident in September, 1862.

Dr. Alexander Ashe served as assistant surgeon in the Confederate Navy. He died in Texas, 1866.

Samuel A. Ashe was appointed lieutenant of artillery on April 17, 1861, by Major Whiting, who had assumed command of the Cape Fear defenses, and in May was commissioned by the State. Although all North Carolina staff appointments ceased on the transfer of our troops to the Confederacy on August 20, 1861, he and Capt. John C. Winder continued at their work until November, when he was relieved. Captain Ashe then joined, as a volunteer, Company I, Eighth Regiment, at the front at Coosawhatchie, S. C.; and later enlisted regularly as a private in that company. But in December, the President appointed him in the Regular Army, and in March, 1862, the commission came to him through Gen. R. E. Lee, then commanding at the South. He was assigned to duty at the Charleston arsenal, where he remained until the middle of July, when he was appointed acting adjutant general to General Pender, and joined Pender's brigade in Virgina. The night following the battle of Second Manassas, he fell into the enemy's hands and was confined in the Old Capitol Prison until October, when he was exchanged. In November he was assigned to duty with General Clingman's brigade, and in July, 1863, became ordnance officer of Battery Wagner, and continued so until the fall of that fort in September, when he was ordered to the arsenal at Fayetteville, where he served as assistant to the commanding officer until the end of the war. On the day General Johnston surren-

dered, Captain Ashe's chief, General Gorgas, at Charlotte, in the most appreciative terms gave him orders to join him across the Mississippi, but later told him he could go home, and govern himself according to circumstances.

At the election in 1870, he was elected a representative from New Hanover and became a very active member of the legislature, Chairman of the Finance Committee, and leading member of the Judiciary and other committees. In 1874 he edited at Raleigh a daily paper, the *Evening Crescent,* which probably did more than any other one instrumentality in bringing about the redemption of the State, the Democratic majority that year being 12,000. In 1879 he purchased the *Observer,* and in 1881 he consolidated the *News* with it, founding the *News and Observer,* of which he was editor until 1894. In 1903 he became editor of a *Biographical History of North Carolina,* of which seven volumes have been printed, and in 1908, his *History of North Carolina* (1584-1783) was published.

Col. John Wilder Atkinson entered the service of the Confederate States in 1861 as captain of a volunteer company which was assigned as Company A, to the Fifteenth Virginia Infantry. With this regiment he took part in the action at Big Bethel in 1861, and at the battle of Seven Pines served on the staff of General McLaws, who took occasion to mention his services in his official report. He was then promoted to be major and transferred to the Nineteenth Virginia Regiment of Artillery. To this the Tenth Virginia was added in 1863, and he was promoted to colonel of the consolidated command. He took part in the Seven Days' campaign before Richmond, and subsequently remained on duty in the Richmond defenses, where he was, toward the last, in frequent and arduous service combating the Federal raids and defending the city against regular siege. He took a prominent part in the defeat of the raider Dahlgren, and buried the body of that evil-minded man. For some time he was in command of a part of the defenses about the Confederate capital. His last battle was at Sailors Creek, where he was captured.

Thence he was taken to Johnsons Island, but was soon released without taking the oath, through the influence of his kinsman, Gen. Winfield Scott. In 1866, Colonel Atkinson made his home in Wilmington, where he recently died, leaving the heritage of an honored name.

Capt. Edward H. Armstrong, of New Hanover. In 1862 this brilliant student of the University at Chapel Hill was orderly sergeant of Company G, Third Regiment, North Carolina Troops. Very soon afterwards he was promoted to be second lieutenant of that company, and went through the Seven Days' fighting at Richmond, and with his regiment he participated in the battle of Sharpsburg with great credit and was made captain of the company, the captain, E. H. Rhodes, and Lieut. W. H. Quince, having been killed in that engagement. His subsequent career was conspicuous at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Mine Run, and he met a soldier's death at the Horse Shoe at Spottsylvania Courthouse, lamented by his comrades for his modest, beautiful character and for his soldierly qualities. It was said of him that he was fitted to command a division. During the Gettysburg campaign, his shoes having worn out, he marched barefooted.

Louis S. Belden ran away as a youth and enlisted at the beginning of the war in Moore's battery Light Artillery, Tenth Regiment North Carolina Troops, which was, after Moore's promotion to be colonel of the Sixty-sixth Regiment, commanded by Capt. John Miller. Sergeant Belden remained with the battery until the end of the war, rendering at all times excellent service. On his return home destitute, but determined to make his way, he appeared in a suit of clothes which his sister had made of bedticking, the only available material, and he was not long in obtaining honorable employment which led to comparative independence. He still retains, in his advanced years and in impaired health, the esteem and confidence of the community.

Charles P. Bolles had been employed on the Coast Survey by the United States Government for many years previous

to the war, and was a man of marked ability. In April, 1861, he was assigned to duty as an engineer, and constructed the first battery at Confederate Point, called in compliment to him, "Battery Bolles." For a year or more he was employed with the engineers, and then transferred to the Fayetteville Arsenal. His professional skill was exemplified in the preparation of bolts for Whitworth guns. An English firm presented a battery of Whitworth guns to the Confederate Government through Colonel Lamb at Fort Fisher, by whom they were effectively used at long range against the blockaders and for the protection of the blockade runners. The guns were unfortunately received without ammunition or projectiles, and were worthless until Captain Bolles devised at the Fayetteville armory the peculiar bolts which were used as projectiles and for which he had no pattern. At the arsenal, he was captain of Company A, Sixth Battalion, Armory Guards.

J. H. Boatwright was one of the Seed Corn cadets, of Charleston, S. C., when the order was issued by the hard-pressed Confederacy that boys under the military age would be permitted to go to the front and do a man's work. He was offered a lieutenancy at the age of seventeen, but his father declared that he was too young to command, and so he enlisted as a private in Company B, Citadel Guards. He saw service at Coosawhatchie, and at "Tulafinny," and in one of the engagements he was struck by a musket ball. His lieutenant, A. Coffin, hearing the bullet strike him, assisted in examining the wound, which was found to be the mutilation of a small Testament in young Boatwright's breast-pocket. The interesting bullet is still preserved by his family.

A year or so afterwards he was sent home on sick leave, and he found Columbia sacked and burned, but his mother and sister safe. Governor McGraw sent for him and, informing him that his secretary had taken fright and departed, offered young Boatwright the position, which he promptly accepted. Later, when the Governor was arrested by the Federals, his secretary was not regarded as of sufficient im-

portance to be placed under guard. This resulted in his taking charge of all the State archives, which he placed in an old vault, and he kept them in careful custody until after the war, when he delivered them to the first legislature.

Gabriel J. Boney, of Wilmington, enlisted in Company H of the Fortieth Regiment in March, 1864, at the age of eighteen, and he was on duty until the war was practically ended, completing his service in a northern prison. He was in the fight with the Federal gunboats at Fort Anderson, and at Town Creek, having been promoted to be corporal, was in command of twenty men on the line. He was also at Bentonville, where the North Carolina soldiers made their last demonstration of heroic valor. Being captured by the enemy, he was transported to Point Lookout, Md., and confined until June 4, 1865.

Lieut. Alexander Davidson Brown, a native of Scotland, earnestly supported the cause of the State during the great war, and for four years wore the Confederate gray. Although he came to Wilmington as late as 1860, in April, 1861, he enlisted as a private in the artillery company of Capt. James D. Cumming, known as Battery C, of the Thirteenth Battalion. In this gallant command he was successively promoted to corporal and lieutenant. During his military career he participated in the fighting at New Bern and on the Petersburg lines in numerous engagements, and took part in the desperate encounters on the retreat from Petersburg, and at Appomattox Courthouse previous to the surrender.

Thomas O. Bunting enlisted in the Twentieth North Carolina Infantry in May, 1861, though only about sixteen years of age, but in July following withdrew and entered the University of North Carolina, where he studied one year. Returning to the Confederate service he became a private in Company C, of the Sixty-third Regiment, or Fifth Cavalry, and shared the subsequent gallant career of this command, taking part in the engagements at White Hall and Goldsboro,

in 1862, and then, in Virginia, under the leadership of Baker, Gordon, Barringer, Hampton, and Stuart, meeting the enemy on many a field. On April 3, 1865, at Namozine church he was captured by the Federals, and was confined at Point Lookout until June 28th. Throughout his gallant career he was once seriously wounded, receiving a shot through the ankle on the Ground Squirrel Road near Petersburg, which disabled him for three months.

Samuel R. Bunting was captain of Company I, Tenth Regiment State Troops, Light Artillery, which was organized at Wilmington in May, 1861. This company served at first as coast guard at Wrightsville and Masonboro Sounds, and in March, 1862, moved to Kinston and saw active service in that vicinity, then returned to Fort Fisher. After the fall of Fort Fisher and the evacuation of Wilmington, the regiment joined Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and fought and surrendered with him.

Bunting's Battery was engaged for three days at Spring Bank, and lost nineteen men killed and wounded.

James G. Burr was colonel of the Seventh Regiment, Home Guards, but did not see actual service in the field.

Thomas Jefferson Capps was a private in Company E, Third North Carolina Infantry, and was in charge of the field ambulances at the battle of Chancellorsville when a captain ordered him to go to the front, which he refused to do because he was under Dr. McRee's orders and could not leave his post. Finally the officer reluctantly told him that Stonewall Jackson was wounded and required immediate attention, but he must act with great secrecy. Mr. Capps then drove his ambulance down the road under heavy fire, lifted the General into his ambulance and brought him from the field. He was kept under guard all night in order to prevent the possibility of conveying the distressing news, and thereby demoralizing the troops.

Robert E. Calder was elected lieutenant of Company B (of Wilson County), which was part of the Second Regiment.

When Colonel Cantwell was ordered to have Fort Caswell evacuated in January, 1861, he was accompanied by R. E. Calder, acting adjutant, and Wm. Calder, acting quartermaster.

Lieut. William Calder was born in Wilmington, May 5, 1844. In 1859 he entered the military academy at Hillsboro and left there in May, 1861, having been appointed drillmaster by Governor Ellis, and assigned to the camp of instruction at Raleigh. Upon the organization of the first ten regiments of State Troops he was commissioned a second lieutenant of the Third Regiment. He served as drillmaster at Garysburg about four months, and was then transferred to the Second Regiment of Infantry as second lieutenant of Company K. With this command he participated in the Seven Days' campaign about Richmond; and at Malvern Hill he was wounded in the left thigh, causing a disability that continued until after the battle of Sharpsburg. He was in battle at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and in most of the engagements of Jackson's and Ewell's corps; and during the three days' fighting at Gettysburg he was in command of the sharpshooters of Ramseur's brigade. On the return to Orange Courthouse he was appointed adjutant of the First North Carolina Battalion, heavy artillery, and subsequently was on duty with this command at Fort Caswell, until that post was evacuated. He was in the battles at Fort Anderson, Town Creek, and Kinston, and at the battle of Bentonville he served as acting assistant adjutant general on the staff of Colonel Nethercutt, commanding the brigade of Junior Reserves. From that time until the end of hostilities he was with his artillery battalion in outpost duty on the upper Cape Fear River.

James Carmichael, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, Wilmington, was devoted to the Confederate cause during the great struggle. He was compelled to retire from his studies at the Alexandria Theological Seminary by the advance of the invading armies, in 1861. In May of that year he was

commissioned chaplain of the Thirtieth Virginia Infantry, and he was with this command in the field of duty until the spring of 1862, when he was disabled by lung trouble and was sent on furlough to Greensboro, N. C. There he remained, unfit for duty, until November following, when, at the request of Dr. James L. Cabell, post surgeon at Danville, he was assigned as post chaplain at the latter place. In this capacity he served until July 3, 1865.

Anthony D. Cazaux, a well known citizen of Wilmington, was appointed captain and assistant quartermaster of the Eighteenth Regiment, North Carolina Troops. The Eighteenth Regiment was part of the Branch-Lane Brigade, and Captain Cazaux acted as one of its quartermasters. This brigade took part in active service in Virginia throughout the war and fought with such signal bravery that it attracted the special attention of General Lee, and a Northern military historian said of it, in serio-comic vein, "If Lane's brigade had remained at home many New England regiments would have been happier. It is admitted here that Lane's boys were a bad, quarrelsome set of fellows and too fond of a fight altogether."

Columbus L. Chestnutt was appointed assistant quartermaster of the Thirteenth Battalion, which was organized December 1, 1863.

John Cowan joined the Wilmington Rifle Guards, (afterwards Company I, Eighteenth Regiment) and took part in the original capture of Fort Caswell by order of Governor Ellis. After a few months he was promoted to lieutenant of Company D, Third North Carolina Regiment of Infantry.

He was present at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and various other battles, and served through the Gettysburg campaign. Once, in the absence of Captain Van Bokkelen, he was left with his company to hold a line which had been captured the evening before, and he defended his position with great tenacity and held it until he was ordered out. At Spottsylvania he was captured, along with the entire brigade,

and sent to Fort Delaware. Subsequently he was placed under fire at Morris Island, after which he was returned to Fort Delaware, where he remained until the end of the war. During all his life Captain Cowan was exceedingly kind to the sailors of this port. He became one of the trustees of the Seamen's Friend Society, and never failed to be present at the Bethel meeting on Sunday afternoons.

The following tribute by a fellow citizen, on the occasion of a memorial meeting after his death, illustrates the character of this highly esteemed Cape Fear gentleman:

"We are called today to add the honored name of John Cowan to the long roll of the majority, and to pay our tribute of respect to the memory of one of the few members of our society who was faithful unto death.

"For years he has sat with us here during our Sabbath service, inspiring us by his devout attention and unswerving loyalty with more zeal in our sacred cause and uniting our handful of supporters in a closer bond of union and sympathy with the thousands of seafaring men, who, 'like ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing,' have heard the friendly warning voice of our preacher and vanished from our sight. His beaming face, full of sympathetic courtesy, will be sadly missed in our assemblies.

"Like the great leader in the wilderness, whose presence reflected the glory of his God, he wist not that his face so shone. That face so deeply lined of late by weariness and pain is, I believe, radiant now in the presence of Him with whom there is fullness of joy. Buffeted by the storms of life, and disabled by disease and suffering, this sailors' friend has met his great Pilot and cast his anchor within the haven of eternal rest.

"His eminent public service as a soldier of the Confederacy is a part of its history. His native modesty forbade the mention by him of his heroic deeds, but who of you will forget the valor of that thin line of twenty-five muskets, the remnant of his shattered but intrepid command, which held

an overwhelming force in check at Gettysburg? When he surrendered his sword at 'the bloody angle' he retained that invisible armor for the good fight of faith from which he has come off more than conqueror through Him that loved him and gave Himself for him.

"I am requested by our late chaplain, the Rev. Dr. James Carmichael, who could not be present with us today, to add his loving testimony to the work and faith of our dead comrade, who for many years encouraged and sustained him as a co-laborer at the Bethel service. He mourns with us the loss of one of the truest friends and supporters whom this Society has ever known."

Wm. A. Cumming joined the famous Third Regiment, the record of which has been given in several sketches, and, about a year later, after a fatiguing day's march, he was exposed all night to a soaking rain, which brought on an attack of rheumatism. He was sent to the hospital and, deriving no benefit, was later sent home so emaciated that his father did not at first recognize him. Later, he returned to the Army, but he never fully recovered his health, and he was given a commission in the Commissary Department, in which he remained during the war. He never recovered from the first exposure in the field and died after the war from rheumatism, which attacked his heart. He had many warm friends in the Third North Carolina Infantry and in civil life, for he was a kindly, unselfish, Christian gentleman, of fine presence and old-time urbanity.

Preston Cumming, a survivor of the Cape Fear Artillery, enlisted in October, 1861, as a private in the artillery company commanded by his brother, James D. Cumming, and known as Cumming's battery, or Cape Fear Artillery. During his service he was promoted to sergeant, participated in the fighting on the Petersburg lines several months, and was in the battles of Washington, Kinston, and Bentonville, and finally surrendered with Johnston at Greensboro.

James D. Cumming was second lieutenant of one of the

companies that took possession of Fort Johnston and Fort Caswell at the outbreak of the war. The Company was assigned soon after to the defense of Confederate Point, and in April, 1862, was reorganized, with Lieutenant Cumming as captain. A battery of field artillery was provided for it, and it bore the name of Cumming's battery. It became part of the Thirteenth Battalion in December, 1863. In May, 1864, a section of it was ordered to Petersburg, Va., and assigned to Moseley's battalion of artillery. The battery, therefore, gave active service to the Confederacy both in Virginia and in eastern North Carolina.

Roger Cutlar, a brother of DuBrutz Cutlar, served throughout the war in Moore's battery. After the war he moved to California. He was a courageous and gallant soldier.

Champ T. N. Davis: Among the officers of Company G, Sixteenth Regiment, on its organization June 17, 1861, appears the name of Capt. C. T. N. Davis, of Rutherford County. The Sixteenth was ordered to Virginia soon after its mobilization, proceeded to Valley Mountain, and assisted in holding the gap against the Federals under General Rosecrans. Afterwards it was attached to Hampton's legion around Fredericksburg and Yorktown, where it was reorganized, and Captain Davis elected its colonel. At the battle of Seven Pines the regiment was exposed to a galling fire from several Federal batteries and lost some of its bravest and best officers and men, among whom was the gallant Colonel Davis.

Graham Daves was appointed private secretary to Governor Ellis on January 1, 1859, and held that position until the outbreak of the War between the States. He then joined the Army as first lieutenant of the Twelfth Volunteers, Col. J. Johnston Pettigrew, afterward known as the Twenty-second Regiment, North Carolina Troops, of which he was appointed adjutant, July 24, 1861. With this regiment he served until April, 1862, being on duty at different times at Raleigh, Richmond, and Brooke Station, Va., but most of the time at Evansport, now called Quantico, where the regi-

ment was employed in erecting batteries, which some of the companies occupied and served. These were the batteries that so long blockaded the Potomac River at that point. Lieutenant Daves having resigned his commission on November 16, 1863, was enrolled as a private and assigned to duty in the conscript office, Raleigh, where he remained until July, 1864. He served in various other positions until the surrender of General Johnston's army to General Sherman near Greensboro.

Junius Davis, born June 17, 1845, was a son of George Davis and his first wife, Mary Polk. He was in school at Bingham's Institute in Alamance County when North Carolina decided to cast her lot with the Confederate States, and in the spring of 1863, being nearly eighteen years of age, he left his books to enter the military service. He enlisted as a private in Battery C, Third Battalion, North Carolina Artillery, Capt. J. G. Moore, and served until the close of the war. For nearly a year he was about Petersburg, and was in the battles of Drewry's Bluff and Bermuda Hundred, and of Fort Harrison lines. In the last day's fight at Petersburg he was slightly wounded, but continued on duty during the retreat. The battery being at first a part of the rear guard was almost constantly engaged and was roughly handled; but later it became a part of the van, and at the end, Corporal Davis and a small squad escaped without surrendering. In civil life, Mr. Davis has well worn the mantle of his distinguished father.

Horatio Davis, a half-brother of Mr. Geo. Davis, served in the Confederate Army and later became a judge in Virginia, and finally moved to Florida. He was a brave and fearless soldier.

Armand L. DeRosset was elected captain of Company B at the formation of the Sixth Battalion, called the Armory Guards, which was stationed at the Fayetteville Arsenal and Armory during the War between the States.

Moses John DeRosset was on duty as surgeon in the hos-

pitals at Richmond in 1861, and became surgeon of the Fifty-sixth Regiment on its organization in the summer of 1862. Dr. DeRosset stood high in his profession, having taken a course in Europe and being besides an accomplished French and German scholar.

Edward B. Dudley was captain of Company D, Anderson Artillery, of the Thirty-sixth Regiment. This regiment was stationed at various points of defense along the Cape Fear. On November 22, 1864, Captain Dudley was sent with his company and others under Maj. James M. Stevenson to Georgia to join the Confederate forces opposing Sherman's advance to Savannah. Later he returned to Fort Fisher and performed his part in the epic defense.

Guilford L. Dudley: The First Regiment was organized near Warrenton in the spring of 1861. G. L. Dudley was appointed one of the two quartermasters, and was second lieutenant of Company E, First Regiment. He served with distinction throughout the Seven Days' Battles, the South Mountain campaign, and at Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, and in other battles. The last volley fired by the Army of Northern Virginia was fired by North Carolina troops, and the First Regiment was among the number.

Charles D. Ellis: Shortly after the outbreak of the war the Legislature of North Carolina, coöperating with the Confederate Government in defending the entrance of the Cape Fear River and Wilmington, passed an act authorizing the formation of a battalion of heavy artillery (Ninth Battalion Heavy Artillery), to be composed of three companies, to man the defenses constructed for the protection of the harbor and the shores close to the Cape Fear bar.

The second company (Company B) was organized by Capt. Charles D. Ellis, and its members were mostly from Brunswick, Duplin, and other counties near New Hanover. Captain Ellis, however, resigned October, 1862, and was succeeded by Capt. Jacob W. Taylor. In 1863, the three com-

panies were organized into what was known thereafter as the First Battalion of Heavy Artillery.

Z. Ellis was one of the three lieutenants in Company B—raised by C. D. Ellis—and he served with this company throughout the war.

Henry G. Flanner was originally second lieutenant in Company F, Thirteenth Battalion. A section of this company served in the winter of 1863-64 and spring of 1864 attached to MacRae's (Tenth) battalion in western North Carolina. This battery, under Capt. H. G. Flanner, was ordered to Virginia in 1862, and served continuously, with the above exception, in General Lee's army. It served on the lines around Petersburg with great credit. It surrendered at Appomattox. Flanner's battery is entitled to the credit of preventing the Federal Army from entering Petersburg on the morning of the springing of the mine (July 29th).

Capt. Owen Fennell entered the Confederate service as second lieutenant of Company C, First Regiment, under Col. M. S. Stokes, in June, 1861. The regiment did good service during the Seven Days' campaign around Richmond and in the Maryland campaign, and Lieutenant Fennell shared its marching and fighting until just after the battle of Sharpsburg, when he was made acting assistant commissary of subsistence, with the rank of captain. He continued in this service until the office was abolished after the Gettysburg campaign.

William Henry Green entered the service as a private in the Branch Artillery, Capt. A. C. Latham, in July, 1862. In the following year he was detailed as sergeant major of the battalion of Maj. J. C. Haskell, to which Latham's battery was attached, and he served in this capacity during the remainder of the war. He had an active career as artilleryman, participating in the famous battles of Cedar Run, Second Manassas, Chantilly, Warrenton Springs, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Spottsylvania, and Second Cold Harbor, and throughout the siege of Petersburg and the retreat to Appomattox, where he was paroled.

Maj. Edward Joseph Hale volunteered as a private in the Bethel Regiment, of which D. H. Hill was colonel, the day after Lincoln's proclamation calling for troops. He was in the first pitched battle at Big Bethel, June 10, 1861. When that regiment was disbanded Governor Clark appointed him a second lieutenant of North Carolina Troops. In 1862 he was appointed first lieutenant and adjutant, and assigned to duty with the Fifty-sixth North Carolina Regiment, Ransom's brigade. He participated in all the engagements of that command in Virginia and eastern North Carolina, and distinguished himself for his coolness and bravery. Though little over twenty-one years of age, General Longstreet recognized his ability and appointed him judge-advocate of the department of court-martial. His ability, fighting record, and general qualifications were known to Brigadier-General Lane, and that officer, after the death of Capt. George B. Johnston, tendered him the position of adjutant general of his brigade of veterans in the fall of 1863. Captain Hale displayed such strong character in the conduct of his duties that before the close of the terrific campaign of 1864 he was the idol of the troops. His behavior on the battlefield was extraordinarily cool and courageous. In the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania, and Turkey Ridge; in many battles before Petersburg, after Grant had crossed to the south side of the James; at Deep Bottom, Gravelly Hill, Riddle's Shop, and Fussell's Mill; at Reams Station; in the battles of the 2d of April, 1865, in the morning, and later at Battery Gregg and Battery 45; at Amelia Courthouse, Farmville and other engagements on the retreat to Appomattox, he distinguished himself and acted with conspicuous gallantry. Not long before the close of the war a remarkable tribute was paid to Captain Hale's bravery and skill. Upon the petition of the major commanding the Twenty-eighth North Carolina Regiment and all of its officers present, he was recommended by his brigade, division, and corps commanders for the colonelcy of that regiment because of conspicuous gallantry and merit. Later, he was appointed major on the staff.

B. Frank Hall served throughout the war as a member of the Duplin Rifles, or Company A of the Forty-third Regiment, North Carolina Infantry. He entered the service as a private, but soon rose to the rank of first sergeant. Sergeant Hall was on duty with his regiment in Daniel's brigade during the Seven Days' campaign before Richmond, was under fire at Malvern Hill, and afterwards at Drewry's Bluff and Suffolk, and from December, 1862, to June, 1863, he was on duty in North Carolina, participating in the affair at Deep Gulley. He took part in the terrific fight of July 1st at Seminary Ridge, and the next two days of the Gettysburg battles, and in the affair at Hagerstown, on the retreat from Pennsylvania. Subsequently being attached to Hoke's brigade, he served in North Carolina at the battle of Bachelors Creek, the siege and capture of Plymouth, and the skirmishes before New Bern. Returning thence to Virginia, he participated in the battle of Hanover Junction, Bethesda Church, in 1864; and in the spring of 1865 he took part in the assault upon the Federal works at Hare's Hill, March 25th. On the morning of April 2d, prior to the evacuation of Petersburg, he was in command of a squad of twelve men, which, with a similar squad from the Forty-fifth, entered Fort Mahone, then in the hands of the enemy, capturing 100 prisoners, and he aided effectively in the gallant fighting which forced the Federals from the lines. During the retreat Sergeant Hall was in the battle at Sailor's Creek; and at Appomattox, Sunday morning, he joined in the last assault upon the enemy.

Dr. William White Harriss was born in 1824 and was graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1842. He entered the Confederate service as surgeon of the Sixty-first Regiment North Carolina Volunteers, and was on duty chiefly around Charleston. In 1863 General Whiting appointed him surgeon of the "City Garrison" at Wilmington, where he remained until the surrender. When Wilmington was evacuated he was appointed by General Bragg to remain

as surgeon to take care of the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers.

Maj. Gabriel H. Hill, son of Dr. John Hill of Kendal, appointed a lieutenant in the U. S. Army in 1855, came home and served with high distinction at the battle of Roanoke Island, and afterwards served across the Mississippi. He was a very fine officer. After the war he lived in Virginia.

Lieut. John Hampden Hill enlisted early in the winter of 1863, at Smithville, N. C., in Company H, Fortieth Regiment, and was commissioned second lieutenant by Governor Vance. With this command he was at Fort Anderson during the bombardment, and in the battles of Tom's Creek, Wilmington, Northeast River, Wise's Fork, near Kinston, and Bentonville, receiving a wound in the left leg in the last battle.

Thomas Hill, M.D., entered the Confederate service in April, 1861. He was commissioned assistant surgeon, Confederate States Army, in July, 1861, and from that date until March, 1862, was in charge of the general hospital of the army at Fredericksburg, Va. Subsequently he was in charge of the general hospital at Goldsboro until May, 1862, when he was promoted surgeon in the Confederate Army and appointed to the presidency of the medical examining board at Raleigh; he was also put in charge of General Hospital No. 8, at Raleigh, the building now known as Peace Institute. Remaining there until April, 1864, he was then assigned as surgeon to the Fortieth Regiment, North Carolina Troops, and in December following was appointed chief surgeon of the North Carolina Reserves, on the staff of General Holmes. After this distinguished career, which was brought to a close by the surrender at Greensboro, he resumed the practice of his profession.

Lieut. George W. Huggins was mustered into military service as a private in the Wilmington Rifle Guards, in April, 1861, which was later assigned as Company I to the Eighth (Eighteenth) North Carolina Regiment, one of the volunteer regiments of the State first organized. Private Huggins was

promoted to first corporal in September, 1861, and to second lieutenant in April, 1862. With his regiment, in the Army of Northern Virginia, he took part in the battles of Hanover Courthouse, Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Fraser's Farm, and Malvern Hill. At the close of the bloody Seven Days' struggle before Richmond, at Harrison's Landing, he received a severe wound in the foot, which disabled him until July, 1863. He then returned to his regiment in Virginia, but was detailed for duty in the Quartermaster's Department at Wilmington, where he remained until the city was evacuated, when he made his way to Johnston's army and was paroled with it at Greensboro.

James B. Huggins was second lieutenant of Company G, Thirteenth Battalion, and was later assigned to service in the Quartermaster's and Paymaster's Departments, with the rank of captain.

John Christopher James entered the Confederate service in 1863 at the age of sixteen in Company B, Third Junior Reserves, afterwards the Seventy-second Regiment, North Carolina Troops, Colonel Hinsdale commanding. He was made orderly sergeant of Company D, under Captain Kerr, and later commissioned third lieutenant, and served in the first bombardment of Fort Fisher, in the engagement at Kinston, N. C. (Hoke's division), and also at the battle of Bentonville, N. C. He surrendered with General Johnston's army at Bush Hill, N. C., April 26, 1865, and was paroled with his regiment, May 2, 1865.

He possessed in common with his brother Theodore, to whom eloquent reference was made in Capt. John Cowan's and Capt. Jas. I. Metts' sketch of the Third Regiment, a most attractive personality; and in his devoted, useful life were blended the finest characteristics of the old time Southern gentleman. Beloved by all who knew him, his memory still lives in the hearts of his friends.

Theo. C. James was an adjutant in the Third Regiment. In writing of him Captain Cowan and Captain Metts say: "Adjutant Theo. C. James has also crossed the narrow stream

of death. Our pen falters when we attempt to pay tribute to his memory; companion of our youth, friend of our manhood. For him to espouse a cause was to make it a part of his very self. Intrepid, no more courageous soldier trod the soil of any battlefield upon which the Army of Northern Virginia encountered a foe. The impulses of his nature were magnanimous; no groveling thoughts unbalanced the equity of his judgment. True to his friends and to principle, he remained as

> 'Constant as the Northern Star
> Of whose true, fixt and resting quality
> There is no fellow in the firmament.'

Leaving his right arm upon a battlefield in Virginia, and exempt for that cause from further military duty, he disdained any privilege which such disability brought to him, but continued in active serice until the last shot had been fired, 'arms stacked' forever."

Stephen Jewett, when sixteen years of age, joined the Forty-fourth Georgia Regiment of Infantry, near Richmond, July 1, 1862, just after the Seven Days' Battles. It was in Ripley's brigade. He served with that regiment until May 10, 1864, never missing a day's service, skirmish, or battle in which his regiment participated. He was in the engagements at South Mountain, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Warrenton Springs, Morton's Ford, the Wilderness, Gettysburg, and Spottsylvania, where he was captured, May 10, 1864, and taken to Fort Delaware. He remained a prisoner of war until March 10, 1865, when he was sent back to Richmond on parole, and was on parole furlough when the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia ended the war. He entered the Army as a private when he could scarcely carry a musket and he continued to serve throughout the war in that capacity with ever increasing efficiency. Steadfastness, tenacity of purpose, cheerfulness in his devotion to duty, a high sense of integrity, have marked his career from boyhood to comparatively old age.

J. Pembroke Jones, a prominent officer in the U. S. Navy,

resigned his commission and joined the Confederate Navy. He was first lieutenant commanding on the ironclad sloop-of-war *Raleigh,* which carried four guns, and which attacked and broke the Cape Fear blockade. He served with distinction in several departments of the Confederate Navy, and after the war was employed by the Argentine Republic upon important military defenses.

Capt. William Rand Kenan enlisted as a private in the Forty-third Regiment in November, 1863, while attending the University of North Carolina. He was at once detailed as sergeant major. In May and June, 1864, he was acting adjutant of his regiment, and after that, on account of his gallantry at the battle of Bethesda Church, he was ordered by General Grimes to take command of the sharpshooters from his regiment, with the rank of acting lieutenant. While serving in this capacity he was shot through the body in the fight at Charles Town, in the Shenandoah Valley, August 22, 1864, which compelled him to remain at home sixty days. On recovery, he was assigned to the command of Company E, Forty-third Regiment, by Colonel Winston, who sent in an application for his promotion to second lieutenant on account of distinguished gallantry. This bore the warm endorsement of General Grimes and was approved by General Early. After three weeks' service in command of Company E, he was appointed adjutant of the regiment, the rank which he held to the close of hostilities. Among the battles and skirmishes in which he was engaged were the following: Plymouth, N. C., Drewry's Bluff, Bethesda Church, Gaines' Mill, Cold Harbor, Harper's Ferry, Monocacy, Md., Washington, D. C., Snicker's Ford, Kernstown, Winchester, Hare's Hill, Petersburg, Sailors Creek, Farmville, and Appomattox Courthouse.

George W. Kidder was a lieutenant in Company A, First North Carolina Battalion, until he resigned in 1862 or 1863.

Charles Humphrey King entered service in the Wilmington Rifle Guards, in April, 1861, serving in the occupation of

Fort Caswell. The company was assigned to the Eighth Regiment, North Carolina Infantry, and he continued with it, earning promotion to corporal and fourth sergeant, until June, 1862, when the period of enlistment expired. He then became a private trooper in the Scotland Neck Rifles; and eight or ten months later he was transferred to the Sixty-first Regiment, North Carolina Infantry, as quartermaster sergeant. He was on duty with this command until the surrender of Johnston's army.

Lieut. William Emmett Kyle enlisted among the earliest volunteers in the famous First Regiment of Volunteers, under Col. D. H. Hill, and shared the service of that command at Big Bethel. After the disbandment of that regiment, he entered the Fifty-second Regiment of State Troops, and was commissioned lieutenant of Company B. With this regiment, in Pettigrew's brigade, he participated as a part of the Army of Northern Virginia, and fought at Franklin, Hanover Junction, Gettysburg, Hagerstown, Falling Waters, Bristow Station, Culpeper, Mine Run, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Courthouse, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Drewry's Bluff, Hatcher's Run, Southerland's Station, Reams' Station, Amelia Courthouse, and Farmville, and he surrendered at Appomattox, April 9, 1865. Lieutenant Kyle was wounded three times—at Gettysburg, Spottsylvania Courthouse, and Petersburg—in the head, hip, and leg; and he was taken prisoner at Petersburg, but managed to escape a few hours later. At the time of the surrender at Appomattox he was in command of the sharpshooters of MacRae's brigade.

Col. William Lamb was elected colonel of the Thirty-sixth Regiment, which was composed of ten companies, and served in the defense of Cape Fear. On July 4, 1862, he relieved Major Hedrick of the command of Fort Fisher, which was greatly enlarged by Colonel Lamb. Colonel Lamb was wounded and captured in the second attack on Fort Fisher. A comrade, in writing of him, says: "One of the most lovable men in existence, a fine, dashing young Confederate officer, and a firm friend of the blockade runners."

Colonel Lamb did distinguished service in the defense of the Cape Fear section.

John R. Latta was adjutant of the Fifty-first North Carolina Regiment, which was organized at Wilmington, April 13, 1862, and went into camp near Wilmington, occupying various camps near the city and at Smithville. About December 1st, after being employed on picket duty and on various scouting expeditions to points near New Bern, the regiment returned to Wilmington, but soon afterwards it was ordered to Goldsboro, and was under fire for the first time near that place (Neuse River Bridge) when it engaged the enemy on December 17th. After this engagement the regiment returned to Wilmington, where it remained during the winter.

About the 18th of February, 1863, the Fifty-first Regiment was ordered to Charleston, and thence to Savannah. But after a few days at the latter point, it was again ordered to Charleston and camped on James Island. It returned to Wilmington on May 1st. When the enemy began active operations against Charleston about July 1st, the regiment was sent to Morris Island as a garrison for Battery Wagner. There it was almost continuously exposed to the sharp shooting and cannonading of the enemy until the 18th. Remaining at Charleston until November 24, during which time the Fifty-first did its share of the garrisoning at Battery Wagner, it returned to North Carolina, going to Tarboro by rail and marching to Williamston; and it was stationed at Foster's Mill in Martin County. On December 13th it returned to Tarboro, where it remained until January 5, 1864, going thence to Petersburg, Va. Later, in January, the regiment returned to North Carolina, marching on New Bern, and engaged in a sharp skirmish at Bachelors Creek, driving the enemy from their position and pushing them into New Bern.

Returning to Petersburg about April 1st, the regiment was ordered to Ivor Station and marched on Suffolk, returning to Petersburg about the first of May, when it occupied Dunlop

Farm, about four miles distant, in the direction of Richmond. On May 12th, the Fifty-first marched to Drewry's Bluff, and on the 18th and 19th to Cold Harbor, where on June 1st the battle of Cold Harbor was fought.

From August 19th to December 24th the Fifty-first Regiment was engaged in meeting a raiding party operating on the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, and in assaulting Fort Harrison; after which it received marching orders and proceeded to North Carolina, where it was needed on account of Butler's threatening Fort Fisher. After the fall of Fort Fisher the regiment was taken by rail to Kinston, where it engaged in three days' fighting, March 7, 8, and 9, 1865. The advance of the enemy from Wilmington and the near approach of Sherman's army from Fayetteville caused its withdrawal from Kinston, and orders were given to proceed to Bentonville where the Confederate forces met and checked Sherman. The regiment surrendered with Johnston's army at Bush Hill, and was paroled May 2, 1865, to return home. Adjutant Latta was with the regiment from the beginning to the end, without once returning home, having participated in the campaigns mentioned above.

Lewis Leon, a well known resident of Wilmington and a veteran of the Confederate States service, was born in Mecklenburg, Germany, November 27, 1841. Three years later he was brought by his parents to New York City, whence he moved to Charlotte in 1858, and engaged in mercantile pursuits as a clerk. Becoming a member of the Charlotte Grays, he entered the active service of that command, going to the camp of instruction at Raleigh on April 21, 1861. The Grays were assigned to Col. D. H. Hill's regiment, the First, as Company C, and took part in the battle of Big Bethel, in which Private Leon was a participant. At the expiration of the six months' enlistment of the Bethel Regiment, he reënlisted in Company B, Capt. Harvey White, of the Fifty-first Regiment, commanded by Col. William Owen. He shared the service of this regiment in its subsequent hon-

orable career, fighting at Gettysburg, Bristow Station, Mine Run, and the Wilderness, receiving a slight wound at Gettysburg, but not allowing it to interfere with his duty. During the larger part of his service he was a sharpshooter.

On the 5th or 6th of May, 1864, the sharpshooters of his regiment were much annoyed by one of the Federal sharpshooters who had a long range rifle and who had climbed up a tall tree, from which he could pick off the men, though sheltered by stumps and stones, himself out of range of their guns. Private Leon concluded that "this thing had to be stopped," and taking advantage of every knoll, hollow, and stump, he crawled near enough for his rifle to reach, and took a "pop" at this disturber of the peace, who came tumbling down. Upon running up to his victim, Leon discovered him to be a Canadian Indian, and clutching his scalp-lock, he dragged him back to the Confederate line.

At the battle of the Wilderness he was captured, and from that time until June, 1865, he was a prisoner of war at Point Lookout and Elmira, N. Y. Upon being paroled he visited his parents in New York City, and then worked his way back to North Carolina. He is warmly regarded by his comrades of Cape Fear Camp, U. C. V., and has served several terms as its adjutant. When Col. James T. Morehead prepared a sketch of his regiment, the Fifty-third, Private Leon furnished him with a copy of a diary which he had kept from the organization of the regiment up to the 5th of May, 1864, when he was captured.

Richard F. Langdon was one of the second lieutenants of Company E (New Hanover County), First Regiment North Carolina Troops, and was subsequently appointed captain and quartermaster of the Third North Carolina Infantry.

Capt. Thomas C. Lewis became a member of the Wilmington Rifle Guards and went on duty with that organization early in the conflict. When it became Company I of the Eighth Regiment he was appointed a sergeant, and after the reënlistment in 1862 he served as quartermaster sergeant

until the battle of Second Manassas, when he became second lieutenant of his company. At this battle he received a severe wound in the hip which disabled him for half a year. Upon rejoining his command he was promoted to be captain. He served with his company until he was captured in the disaster to Johnson's division at Spottsylvania Courthouse. He was confined at Fort Delaware, and shared the bitter experience of the 500 officers held under fire at Morris Island, and he was not released until June, 1865. It is much to the credit of Captain Lewis' memory that although efforts were made by his Northern kinsmen to induce him to take the oath of allegiance while he was a prisoner at Fort Delaware, he manfully refused and remained a prisoner of war until the final surrender.

Capt. J. W. Lippitt was captain of Company G, Fifty-first Regiment, North Carolina Troops, and commanded the regiment at the surrender at Bush Hill, N. C.

Maj. Charles W. McClammy joined a cavalry company commanded by Captain Newkirk at the beginning of hostilities in 1861, and was elected lieutenant of this organization. This company did good service in eastern North Carolina, among its achievements being the capture of a gunboat of the enemy which had grounded in New River in Onslow County. Upon the resignation of Captain Newkirk, Lieutenant McClammy was promoted to the captaincy. His subsequent gallant career is well described in the following extract from an address delivered by Colonel Moore: "From the time he gave his services to his State and country, he was all enthusiasm and dash, and never lost an opportunity to do his best. In nearly every fight our regiment was engaged in he was present, and in glorious service. His services were so meritorious that Colonel Baker, before his capture, spoke of wanting to promote him. When he was promoted, he was ninth captain in rank, and one of the youngest, if not the very youngest. He was complimented in general orders for gallant services in battles on the White Oak and Charles City road."

During the Holden-Kirk war, in 1870, favored by the local factions and divisions of the dominant Republicans, Major McClammy and Capt. Samuel A. Ashe were elected to the Assembly, and became leaders in the important work of that body, remedying many of the excesses of the Reconstruction period, impeaching and deposing the Governor, pacifying the State, and measurably unifying the discordant elements of the white people of the State. Many years then elapsed before New Hanover had another Democratic Representative in the Assembly. Later Major McClammy represented the Cape Fear District in the Congress of the United States.

William Dougald McMillan, M.D., enlisted in the spring of 1861, at the age of sixteen years, in the Topsail Rifles, with which he served one year on the coast. In the spring of 1862 he became a member of Rankin's heavy artillery; but, after a few months' service, he provided a substitute for that command and volunteered as a private in the Fifty-first Regiment of Infantry. There he served in 1863 as sergeant major, and during 1864-65, while able for duty, as acting adjutant. His regiment was attached to Clingman's brigade and did gallant service in North Carolina and Virginia. He shared its fortunes in battle at Plymouth, Bermuda Hundred, Drewry's Bluff, Cold Harbor, Port Walthall Junction, in the trenches at Petersburg and the fighting on the Weldon Railroad, and at Fort Harrison and the Crater. He was slightly wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Second Cold Harbor, Bermuda Hundred, and Petersburg, and seriously at Fort Harrison. He was last in battle in the defense of Fort Fisher. He surrendered at High Point in the spring of 1865.

Alexander MacRae: Shortly after the outbreak of the war in 1861, the Legislature of North Carolina coöperating with the Confederate Government in defending the entrance to the Cape Fear River, passed an act authorizing the formation of a battalion of heavy artillery, to be composed of three companies. One of the companies was raised by Capt. Alexander MacRae, of Wilmington. Captain MacRae had been President of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad

Company, and was then well advanced in age. Captain MacRae's company was on duty at Fort Anderson and at Fort Fisher. In 1863, four companies were organized into a battalion with Alexander MacRae as major, the companies being known as Companies A, B, C, and D, of the First Battalion of Heavy Artillery. This, with the Thirty-sixth and Fortieth Regiments, and attached companies, formed Hebert's brigade. After participating in the defense of the lower Cape Fear, this brigade returned to Goldsboro and fought at Bentonville. Major MacRae was paroled in May, 1865.

Henry MacRae: The Eighth Regiment, North Carolina State Troops, was organized at Camp Macon, near Warrenton, N. C., in August and September, 1861, and Henry MacRae was commissioned captain of Company C. Captain MacRae died while in service.

Capt. Walter G. MacRae, a gallant North Carolina soldier, was born in Wilmington, January 27, 1841. He was educated in New England, entering a private school in Boston in 1856, graduating at the English High School in that city in 1860, receiving the Franklin medal, and then studied law at the Harvard Law School until the outbreak of hostilities in 1861, when he returned home to fight for his State. Joining the Eighth North Carolina, he accompanied it to South Carolina, and a few months later was transferred to the heavy artillery and stationed at Fort Fisher. Subsequently he became a member of McNeill's Partisan Rangers, and, after an adventurous career of thirteen months with that command, joined Company C of the Seventh North Carolina Infantry, with a commission as lieutenant from Governor Ellis. From that time he was in command of his company, with promotion to captain after the battle of Gettysburg. Among the engagements in which he participated were the encounters at Thompson's Bridge, on the Neuse River, the skirmish near Pollocksville, and the battle of Chancellorsville, where he was slightly wounded in the right thigh. Afterward he was in command of three companies of skirmishers during the fighting on the Rappahannock River. At Gettysburg he was in battle three

days, and on the evening of the third day received a severe wound in the left thigh. While being carried to Richmond he was sick three weeks with fever at Newton, Va., and, on reaching the Confederate capital, he was granted a furlough for forty days. In May, 1864, he participated in the death grapple of the armies in the Wilderness and had the misfortune to be captured. He was held at Fort Delaware, and in the following August was one of the 500 officers placed under fire at Morris Island, thence being returned to Fort Delaware and held until the close of hostilities.

Gen. William MacRae was a man of commanding gifts, but very strong prejudices. The severity of his discipline in his regiment was universally known. He was elected lieutenant colonel of the Fifteenth Regiment, and afterwards, on June 22, 1864, was appointed brigadier general and assigned to the command of Kirkland's brigade. An officer of the regiment speaking of General MacRae, said: "General MacRae soon won the confidence and admiration of the brigade, both officers and men. His voice was like that of a woman; he was small in person and quick in action. History has never done him justice. He could place his command in position quicker and infuse more of his fighting qualities into his men than any other officer I ever saw. His presence with his troops seemed to dispel all fear and to inspire every one with a desire for the fray. The brigade remained under his command until the surrender. General MacRae on being assigned to the brigade changed the physical expression of the whole command in less than two weeks, and gave the men infinite faith in him and in themselves which was never lost, not even when they grounded arms at Appomattox."

General MacRae distinguished himself in the battle of Reams Station, August 25th, when with a small force he captured several flags and cannon, killed a large number of the enemy, and took 2,100 prisoners. He was one of the best of Lee's brigadiers and won a most enviable reputation.

Capt. Robert B. MacRae was captain of Company C (New Hanover County), Seventh Regiment, and was wounded

in the battle of Hanover Courthouse, May 27, 1862. Colonel Haywood was wounded in the second battle of Manassas, and Captain MacRae took command of the regiment, and right gallantly did he discharge the duties imposed upon him. In this battle he was severely wounded. Later, he was promoted to be major of the regiment.

MacRae's battalion, commanded by Maj. James C. MacRae, was better known as the Eighteenth Battalion. It was organized in the summer and fall of 1863 for the protection of the counties of western North Carolina against the bushwhackers and partisan leaders. No general engagement between the whole force and the enemy ever occurred, but there were frequent encounters between the detached companies and parties of bushwhackers who infested the mountains. There were many stirring adventures and brave and venturesome acts by these men, whose history ought to have been better preserved.

Capt. Robert M. McIntire, of Rocky Point, raised a cavalry company in the spring of 1862, afterwards known as Company C, Fourth Regiment Cavalry. He furnished sabres, saddles, and twelve horses, and he was elected first lieutenant, while his uncle, Dr. Andrew McIntire, became captain. In September, 1863, Lieutenant McIntire was promoted to be captain of his company.

The service of Company C was first near Suffolk, Va., and then in eastern North Carolina. It was a part of the force that in December, 1862, repelled Foster's army, which threatened to capture Goldsboro, and pursued it until the Federal column found shelter in New Bern. Some months later the regiment was ordered to Virginia, and along with the Fifth North Carolina Cavalry, formed Robertson's cavalry brigade, which was a part of the great cavalry division under the command of that brilliant and dashing leader, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart.

Company C shared all the vicissitudes and endured all the hardships of the Gettysburg campaign. Its history is a part of the history of the regiment. At Middleburg it struck

the First Rhode Island Regiment, and "then commenced a series of cavalry battles continuing through several days, in which the regiment was an active participant, suffering great loss in killed, wounded, and captured." Then on the 21st of June, near Upperville, "the fighting became desperate, often hand to hand, with severe loss. * * * All the companies were engaged in this fight and sustained losses."

The Fourth Regiment passed through Hagerstown, and on July 1st, reached Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, and then moved towards Carlisle, but soon hurried to Gettysburg, arriving on the morning of the 3d, when, at once becoming engaged, it charged and routed the Federal Cavalry. But this hard contest was the end of Captain McIntire's fine, active career. Like many others he fell into the enemy's hands at South Mountain, Pennsylvania, and, along with Colonel Kenan and hundreds of other brave soldiers of the Cape Fear, he suffered all the terrible hardships of a long captivity on Johnsons Island; and it was not until the war had virtually closed, March 15, 1865, that he was paroled.

John C. McIlhenny was a first lieutenant in Company E, Light Artillery, Tenth Regiment, North Carolina Troops; a fine officer.

Thomas Hall McKoy, of Wilmington, entered the army early in the war and saw active service throughout the campaigns of the Branch-Lane Brigade, of which he was one of the two commissaries, with rank of major.

His devotion to the cause, and his eminence as a merchant of Wilmington are worthy of honorable mention. He engaged in the mercantile business at the close of hostilities and died some years ago, respected and honored by his friends and associates.

Dr. James F. McRee, jr., was a surgeon in the Third North Carolina Infantry, and was well beloved and faithful. He was commissioned May 16, 1861, from New Hanover County. Sergt. Maj. Robert McRee, son of Dr. James F. McRee, jr., was killed at Spottsylvania Courthouse; a gallant soldier.

Henry C. McQueen[1]: The family of McQueens from whom the subject of this sketch is descended is distinguished and widely extended. In the Highlands of Scotland they adhered to the cause of Charles Edward, the Pretender, with loyal and romantic valor, and when his sun went down forever on the fatal field of Culloden many of them left the wild and picturesque scenery which surrounded their early homes and emigrated to America. Among the first of this number was James McQueen, from whom Henry C. McQueen, is lineally descended. Henry C. McQueen was born in the town of Lumberton, on the sixteenth day of July, 1846. The section in which he was born was intensely devoted to the fortunes of the South in the War between the States, and he inherited strongly this sentiment, with an abiding faith in the justice of its cause. Animated by the martial spirit of the race from which he sprung, he enlisted while a lad as a private in the First North Carolina Battery of Artillery. The boy soldier, whether in camp, on the march, or upon the field of battle, won the affection and admiration of his comrades by the faithful and conscientious discharge of every duty which devolved upon him. On the 15th day of January, 1865, his career as a soldier was brought to an end by the capture of Fort Fisher, when he was wounded and made prisoner. He was detained by the Federal authorities until the close of the war, which soon followed this event, so calamitous to the fortunes of the Southern Confederacy, yet so much to its glory.

He commenced his business career in Wilmington, North Carolina, in 1866, and it has been one of uninterrupted honor and success. He is a member of the firm of Murchison & Company, distinguished for its fair dealing and without blemish or stain. He has served two terms as president of the Produce Exchange of the city of Wilmington, now known as the Chamber of Commerce. Since 1898 he has been a member of the Board of Audit and Finance of the City of Wilmington, and has been its chairman since 1896.

In March, 1899, the Murchison National Bank of the City of Wilmington was organized. Its founders were strong men,

[1]Extract from Ashe's Biographical History of North Carolina.

skilled in finance and thoroughly conversant with the business interests of the country at large, as well as of their own immediate section. With one accord they named Henry C. McQueen as its president. He has ever executed the trust which was confided to him with unquestioned integrity and with rare skill and ability. Its success has been remarkable and unexcelled in the financial history of the State. Today not a single bank in North Carolina has so large a deposit account, and none is held in higher repute. From the day when its doors were first opened for business to the present time it has felt the lasting impress of the splendid financial capacity and superior management of its first and only president. Nor has the success of that other great financial institution of Wilmington, always under his guidance and control, been less marked. Organized in April, 1900, the Peoples Savings Bank soon reached a degree of prosperity which has made it a marvel to the public. Mr. McQueen has been for many years a member of the directory of the Carolina Insurance Company of Wilmington, which has a high and honorable record. He was one of the organizers of the Bank of Duplin at Wallace, North Carolina, in 1903, and became its president, which position he still holds. He is actively connected with various other important enterprises in Wilmington and its vicinity.

The personality of Henry C. McQueen is most attractive. He combines a quiet dignity and reserve with gentleness and courtesy. His frankness and sincerity at once enlist confidence. Perhaps the most marked feature of his character, next to his moral firmness, is his unaffected modesty, which has endeared him to his associates and won for him universal respect wherever he is known. In his intercourse with his fellow-men he is singularly free from selfishness, and his chief incentive in the struggle of life has been a supreme sense of duty and tender attachment for his wife and children. His success has been won without willful wrong to any one of his fellow-men and without self-abasement or compromise of right. Above all he is a consistent Christian, with an abiding

faith in the life to come and an absolute confidence in its immortality. He has been for many years a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Wilmington, and since 1898 has been chairman of its Board of Deacons.

He was married on the 9th day of November, 1871, to Miss Mary Agnes Hall, of Fayetteville, North Carolina, a woman whose Christian virtues and gentle heart made her the charm and delight of the circle in which she moved. She was the daughter of Avon E. Hall, a merchant of high repute. Her mother, before marriage, was Margaret Bell, a most accomplished lady, whose father was a distinguished architect. From the time of their marriage until her death in January, 1904, their home was one long happy dream where discord was unknown.

Capt. Eugene S. Martin was fourth sergeant of the Wilmington Rifle Guards, a company formed before the war and which entered service on April 15, 1861, on the occupation of Fort Caswell. Captain Martin was assigned to duty as sergeant major, and afterwards as adjutant of the post, and served as such until June 20, 1861, when he resigned the office and returned to his company. In the meantime the Eighth Regiment was formed, and the Wilmington Rifle Guards became Company I of that regiment, Captain Martin being second sergeant, in which capacity he served until he was mustered out April 15, 1862. He was commissioned in May, 1862, first lieutenant of Artillery, and assigned to Company A, First North Carolina Battalion of Heavy Artillery.

In the spring of 1864 he was detached from the company and ordered to Fort Caswell as ordnance officer, where he served until the fort was evacuated and blown up in January, 1865, upon the fall of Fort Fisher. He served at Fort Anderson during the bombardment in February, 1865, as ordnance officer, and at the battles of Town Creek, Kinston, and Bentonville, as ordnance officer of Hagood's brigade; and afterwards was ordered to the brigade of Junior Reserves, as ordnance officer, to assist in organizing that brigade. He never received his commission of captain, but ranked as

captain during the time he was at Fort Caswell and until the end of the war. He surrendered in Wilmington in May, 1865, to General Hawley, commanding that post, and afterwards took the oath of allegiance.

John E. Matthews: When Fort Sumter was bombarded by Beauregard, Doctor Matthews was a member of the Elm City cadets, of New Bern, which were ordered at once to take possession of Fort Macon. He remained there for two months under Col. C. C. Tew, who was in command, and returned with the company to New Bern, where he remained until ordered to Garysburg, N. C., when the company became a part of the Second Regiment, North Carolina Troops, under Colonel Tew. Doctor Matthews served continuously and actively with this regiment throughout the war.

After the battle of Fredericksburg, in December, 1862, the first corps of sharpshooters for Ramseur's brigade was organized, which was the beginning of this branch of the service, and Doctor Matthews was made second sergeant of the corps, participating at Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Kelly's Ford, where, while on picket duty, he was captured. He was confined at Point Lookout, but was exchanged in February, 1865, and returned to duty at Petersburg, and took part in the subsequent battles around Petersburg and on the retreat at Sailor's Creek, where he was again captured and again confined at Point Lookout until July 1st, 1865, months after the surrender.

Thomas D. Meares has the honor of being one of the boy soldiers of North Carolina during the closing scenes of the great struggle. In December, 1864, being about sixteen years of age, he enlisted as a private in the Junior Reserves, but within a few weeks his soldierly qualities led to his selection as a courier on the staff of Gen. Wade Hampton, between Hillsboro and Durham, and he began a service as courier for that gallant cavalry commander which continued until the end of the war.

Col. Oliver Pendleton Meares was captain of the Wilmington Rifle Guards, which was one of the companies that

occupied Fort Caswell on April 16, 1861. This company was composed of all the best young men of Wilmington who were not members of the older company, the Wilmington Light Infantry. At one time it had on its rolls more than a hundred men, ranging from sixteen to twenty-two years of age, and only one married man among them.

On the formation of the Eighth Regiment of Volunteers, the Rifle Guards became Company I of that Regiment. The organization was effected at Camp Wyatt on July 1, 1861, and Colonel Radcliffe was elected colonel and Oliver P. Meares lieutenant colonel. The Rifle Guards, like the Wilmington Light Infantry, furnished a large number of officers to other organizations of the State.

On the expiration of the twelve months for which the volunteer companies had originally enlisted, the regiment was reorganized, and Colonel Meares retired as lieutenant colonel. On the formation of the ten regiments of State Troops, enlisted for three years or the war, they were called First Regiment, North Carolina State Troops, and so on; and the Eighth Regiment Volunteers became the Eighteenth, and so on.

In August, 1862, Colonel Meares became commissary of the Sixty-first Regiment. Wilmington never had a truer son than Colonel Meares. After the war he became a judge, and his memory is justly revered.

Capt. E. G. Meares, of Company D, Third North Carolina State Troops, was killed in the battle of Sharpsburg. He was "a good soldier, a brave man, discharging his duty under all conditions.' He was a young man of lovely character and was greatly lamented.

Capt. James I. Metts, of Wilmington, was born at Kinston, N. C., March 16, 1842, and was reared from the age of six in the city where he now resides. Early in 1861 he left the State University to enlist in the Rifle Guards, organizing in anticipation of war, and on April 15th was with his company in the seizure of Fort Caswell. Soon afterward his company was assigned to the Eighth Regiment, and he was

made corporal and was one of the color guard of the regiment when it was ordered to Coosawhatchie, S. C. On leaving the latter place he was given charge of the regimental colors, which he carried until his term of service expired, after twelve months. Reënlisting, he became fifth sergeant of Company G, Third Regiment, Col. Gaston Meares, and entered the campaign before Richmond at the close of the battle of Seven Pines. He took part in the Seven Days' Battle with distinction, winning attention by his unassuming bravery and ability as sergeant, specially manifested in reforming part of the regiment at the battle of Cold Harbor, and in command of a detail guarding a causeway in the Chickahominy Swamp. He was among those who received the last orders of Colonel Meares before he was killed at Malvern Hill. After this fight he was made orderly sergeant, and, on return to camp near Richmond, he was honored by being assigned to the main work of drilling the recruits for his company. During the Maryland campaign he was disabled by illness contracted in the Peninsula swamp, but he rejoined his company at Bunker Hill, and Captain Rhodes and First Lieutenant Quince having been killed at Sharpsburg, in the promotions which followed Sergeant Metts became senior second lieutenant. At Winchester he was detailed as commissary of the regiment, and after Front Royal he discharged the duties of adjutant. His coolness at Fredericksburg attracted the attention of superior officers. Afterward he was disabled by pneumonia, and he was in the hospital at Richmond until the regiment started through Culpeper toward Pennsylvania, when he joined it and took part in the fighting around Winchester, where his brigade, Stuart's, at Jordan Springs, did much toward the victory over Milroy. He commanded the rear guard of the brigade two days prior to crossing the Potomac.

In the Confederate assault at Culp's Hill, on the evening of the second day of the battle of Gettysburg, he led his men forward and was soon hotly engaged within seventy-five yards of the second line of Federal breastworks. In the dark some

boy soldier came up to him and said, "Lieutenant, my father is killed." He could only answer, "Well, we cannot help it," and the boy, replying, "No, we cannot help it," turned about and resumed firing as rapidly as he could at the enemy. Long afterward the Lieutenant was told that the boy kept up his firing until exhausted, and that next day his face was black with powder. A few minutes later Lieutenant Metts felt his right breast penetrated by a rifle ball and experienced the excruciating pain that follows a wound in the lungs. He turned to Lieut. Col. William M. Parsley, Adjutant James, and Capt. Ed. H. Armstrong, three as brave men as ever stepped to the tap of the drum, and told them his condition, and James helped him to the ambulance corps. He soon fell from loss of blood and suffered terrible pain as he was hauled two miles over the rough road in an ambulance. But for the care of a Sister of Charity he would have died in the field hospital. Many people from Baltimore and elsewhere visited the wounded Confederates at Gettysburg, bringing clothing and delicacies of food. An elderly lady who brought two charming young lady friends, finding that Mr. Metts' bed had no sheet, pulled off her petticoat, tore it in two, and pinned it together, saying, "Don't mind me, boys, I'm a mother; and he shall have a good sheet to-morrow." The same kindness followed him in the general camp hospital and in the West Building Hospital at Baltimore, where he found his kinsmen, Col. Thomas S. and James G. Kenan, also wounded on Culp's Hill. Soon afterward he was transferred to Johnsons Island, Lake Erie, where Colonel Kenan was his bunkmate for thirteen months. Their sufferings here during the winter were very severe, with insufficient food, scanty clothing, in houses neither ceiled nor plastered, and with but one stove for about sixty prisoners. During one night, January 1, 1864, when the mercury was twenty degrees below zero and even the guard was forced to take shelter, Maj. John Winsted and three or four others escaped and made their way across the ice to the mainland, but the excessive cold prevented them from going further, except Major Winsted,

who reached Canada and returned to the Confederacy on a blockade runner. Many tunnels were dug for escape, but were invariably discovered; and many amusing incidents occurred in connection with them. The treatment of the prisoners by the guards was cruel. In August, 1864, Lieutenant Metts was selected, as one of the most enfeebled and delicate of the prisoners, for exchange, and not long afterwards found himself again upon the streets of Richmond, rejoicing in a new lease of life, for he had been assured that he could not survive another winter on Johnsons Island. He found that Captain Armstrong, an amiable gentleman, fine scholar, and one of the bravest of men, had been killed at Spottsylvania, and he had been promoted to the captaincy of his company, which he joined at Staunton in December. He took command of his company and Company E, and served in Cox's brigade of Grimes' division, though his health was very delicate, until detailed to serve on the staff of Major General Grimes as special instructor of division. The night before arms were stacked at Appomattox he accompanied a band from division headquarters to serenade General Lee, who was too much affected to say much, but gave each of the boys a warm pressure of the hand and an affectionate good-bye. He started home in company with Gen. W. R. Cox, Surgeon Thomas F. Wood and others, and, after joining his mother, brothers, and sisters at Graham, went to Wilmington and began the struggle of civil life, with the duty of caring for his family, who had lost all their property. His first engagement was with two Federal sutlers, who treated him kindly. Since then his exertions have been rewarded with the success that is the just desert of a brave patriot.

In 1882 Captain Metts had the pleasure of receiving his sword, which, as he was being taken to the rear at Gettysburg, he gave to a Maryland physician, Dr. J. R. T. Reeves, for safekeeping. The doctor saved the sword from capture, and after many years' search, finally discovered its owner, after the following correspondence:

CHAPTICO, MD., May 11, 1882.

DEAR SIR:—Yours of recent date came duly to hand and I avail myself of the earliest leisure to acknowledge its receipt and note contents.

I have little, if any doubt, that you are the owner of the sword which I brought with me from Gettysburg in July, 1863, and it is a source of peculiar and especial pleasure to me, that I shall be able, after a lapse of very nearly nineteen years, to restore it to its rightful owner, in the same condition in which I received it from the wounded lieutenant (shot through the lungs) from North Carolina, who, believing he was going to die and not wishing his "trusty blade" to fall into the hands of the Yankees, begged me to take it with me and keep them from getting it.

It would be very interesting to you, I am sure, to hear how I had to contrive to conceal it until I left Gettysburg, and the narrow escape I had in passing the guard with it to get on the cars for Baltimore; but the story is too long for my present sheet, and I must content myself with stating that I have no desire to retain the sword, and if, when you receive it, you should find it not to be yours, you will be more likely to find an owner for it than I will, as it certainly belongs to somebody who hailed from North Carolina in '63.

I have delivered it to Mr. Glenn, of the S. M. R. R., with the request that he forward it to you as speedily as possible; and I would be glad to hear from you on its arrival.

Very truly yours,

J. R. T. REEVES.

CHARLOTTE HALL, MD., May 11, 1882.

CAPT. JAS. I. METTS, *Wilmington, N. C.*

MY DEAR SIR:—It is with the greatest of pleasure that I forward, per express, your sword, which has been in the hands of a stranger for twenty long years. I know that it will be received by you and yours with the greatest joy, for I know how my family love and revere the scabbardless blade of my poor father, who was killed at Boonsboro.

When Dr. Reeves first informed me that he had the sword of a North Carolinian, who, even when he thought he was dying, was so careful of his own, and his State's honor, as not to wish that the sword of one of her sons should fall into the hands of the enemy, I resolved at once that, if possible, I would find the owner and return it to him, and should he be dead, which I thought from Dr. Reeves's account, more than probable, I would restore it to his family.

I am a "Tar Heel" myself, and were you in my place, you would be gratified as I am, to hear, daily, the praise bestowed by both friends and foes, upon the bravery and endurance of the gallant sons of North Carolina in our unfortunate Civil War.

In conclusion, I will state that Dr. Reeves has shown a most praiseworthy desire, all through, to restore the sword to its rightful owner. Hoping you will receive it in good order, and that you will let me know, at once, of its arrival.

I remain yours, very respectfully, E. T. B. Glenn.

Dr. James A. Miller, surgeon of the Eighth (Eighteenth) Regiment, became surgeon of the brigade and then division surgeon, and finally district surgeon of the district of the Cape Fear.

Capt. John Miller, a son of Mr. Tom Miller, commanded A. D. Moore's battery after Moore's promotion to the colonelcy of the Sixty-sixth Regiment. He moved to California.

Capt. Julius Walker Moore was instrumental in raising a company of cavalry early in the war. Later, he became captain of a cavalry company raised chiefly in Onslow County, called the Humphrey Troop, and borne on the roll as Company H, Forty-first Regiment. Captain Moore, along with a considerable number of his company, fell into the hands of the enemy, and was confined in Fort Delaware, and on James Island until the end of the war, when he returned home broken in health and fortune, and he soon died at Charlotte.

James Osborne Moore became a purser in the Confederate Navy. After the war he became a civil engineer. He died at Charlotte. A still younger brother, Alexander Duncan Moore, enlisted in Company I, Eighth Regiment of Volunteers, and was sergeant major of the regiment when he fell on one of the battlefields in Virginia. He was a bright young man, of the finest characteristics, and was imbued with the noble spirit of his Revolutionary forefathers.

Chas. D. Myers was one of the members of the Wilmington Light Infantry of ante-bellum times, and served in that company until he was made adjutant of the Eighth Regiment, North Carolina Troops. He subsequently served upon the staff of Gen. Samuel G. French, who commanded the Confederate forces in the vicinity of Wilmington, with the rank of captain.

Kenneth McKenzie Murchison[1] was born near Fayetteville, North Carolina, February 18, 1831, the son of Duncan Murchison, who was born in Manchester, Cumberland County, North Carolina, May 20, 1801, and the grandson of Kenneth McKenzie Murchison, for whom he was named, and who came to this country from Scotland in 1773. Duncan Murchison became prominent in the planting and manufacture of cotton. The eldest son, John R., enlisted in the war in the Eighth Regiment, was promoted to be colonel, and was killed in the battle of Cold Harbor, June 1, 1864. A younger son, David Reid, served in the Seventeenth and Fifty-fourth Regiments and was later inspector general of the Commissary Department of the State.

Colonel Murchison, the second son of Duncan, was graduated at Chapel Hill in 1853, after which he was engaged in business pursuits in New York City and Wilmington until the spring of 1861, when he disposed of his business in the North, assisted in the organization of a company at Fayetteville, and entered the service as second lieutenant. He commanded Company C, of the Eighth Regiment, which was captured at Roanoke Island, a disaster which Lieutenant Murchison escaped by his fortunate absence on military detail. He then organized another company in Cumberland County, which was assigned to the Fifty-fourth Regiment, with himself as captain. Upon the organization of the regiment he was elected major, was soon promoted to lieutenant colonel, and after the death of Col. J. C. S. McDowell, at Fredericksburg, became the colonel of the regiment. He was especially commended for gallant service at Fredericksburg by Gen. E. M. Law, commander of his brigade. He commanded his regiment at Chancellorsville and in the battle of Winchester against Milroy. Subsequently he was ordered to convey the prisoners taken on that occasion to Richmond, after which he returned to Winchester and served in guarding the wagon trains of Lee's army. On July 6th, in command of his regiment, he gallantly repulsed the enemy's advance on Williams-

[1]Sketch by Col. Alfred M. Waddell in the Biographical History of North Carolina.

port. He served in Hoke's brigade during the subsequent operations in Virginia, and when the brigade was cut off by the enemy at Rappahannock Station, November 7, 1863, he was among those captured. He was held a prisoner of war at Johnsons Island, Lake Erie, from that time until July, 1865, an imprisonment of twenty months. Upon his release he resumed business in New York, and formed a brief partnership under the firm name of Murray & Murchison, but dissolved it in June, 1866, and established the firm of Murchison & Company, the members of the firm being himself, his brother, David R. Murchison, George W. Williams, of Wilmington, and John D. Williams, of Fayetteville. This firm did a very large and profitable business for some years, the New York house having been managed by Colonel Murchison, under the name of Murchison & Company. The Wilmington house was known as Williams & Murchison, and the Fayetteville connection was known as John D. Williams & Company. His brother, David R. Murchison, of the Wilmington house, who had served throughout the war, was a man of extraordinary business sagacity, which was made manifest about the year 1880, when, after being appointed receiver of the Carolina Central Railway, he startled the community by buying out the whole road, and conducted it successfully until his health began to fail, when he sold it at a profit, and not long afterwards died.

Colonel Murchison lived in New York after the war, but generally spent the winter in North Carolina. In the year 1880 he bought the old historic plantation called "Orton," the family seat of "King" Roger Moore, situated about sixteen miles below Wilmington, on the west side of the Cape Fear, and the southernmost of all the old rice plantations on that river, and he expended a large amount of money in restoring it to its former condition, and improving it in various ways to satisfy his taste. Within its boundary was the colonial parish church and churchyard of St. Philip's, and this interesting ruin with its consecrated grounds was conveyed in fee simple by Colonel Murchison and his brother, David R.

Murchison, to the Diocese of North Carolina. It is now carefully preserved by the North Carolina Society of Colonial Dames of America. Orton has always been a paradise for sportsmen, and the Colonel was very fond of hunting. It was his custom to bring some of his friends down from the North every winter, and give them the opportunity to enjoy the old-time hospitality, which he dispensed with a lavish hand. It was here that those who loved him best and who were loved by him spent their happiest days in the full manhood and evening of his successful life. The restful seclusion of this grandest of all colonial homes, with its broad acres and primeval forests, was most grateful to him and to his intimate associates after the storm and stress of war and the subsequent struggles of business life. It was here that the austerity of worldly contact was relaxed and the manifold humanities of a gentle, kindly life unfolded. He never spoke of his own exploits, nor did he willingly recall the horrors of the four years' war. He loved to roam the woods with his faithful dogs, to linger for hours in the secluded sanctuary of the game he sought so eagerly, and the sight of his triumphant return from an exciting chase, with Reynard at the saddle bow, surrounded by his yelping pack of English hounds, would rouse the dullest of his guests to exclamations of delight.

Colonel Murchison was also the joint owner with his brother David of the celebrated Caney River hunting preserves, in the wildest parts of the mountains of North Carolina, where they spent the summers of several happy years upon the fourteen miles of trout streams of icy waters. Within this splendid domain is some of the most picturesque of American mountain scenery, including Mount Mitchell and the neighboring peaks. It is the scene of big Tom Wilson's hunting and trapping exploits, and Wilson still survives as the custodian of the magnificent forest and stream, to tell the curious stranger in his own peculiar way how he found the body of the great naturalist whose name Mount Mitchell bears.

Colonel Murchison's striking personality was likened by

those who knew him to that of the great German chancellor, Prince Bismarck, in his younger years. His commanding figure and uncompromising expression, which characterized his outward life, suggested a military training beyond that of his war experience, and this was in strange contrast to his inner life, a knowledge of which disclosed a sympathetic tenderness for all suffering or afflicted humanity. He preferred and practiced the simple life; his wants were few and easily supplied. A notable characteristic was his exceeding devotion to his five surviving children; he was proud of them and of their loyal love to him, and he made them his constant companions. He gave to worthy charities with a liberal and unostentatious hand. His patriotic spirit responded quickly to every public emergency, and his local pride was manifested in the building and equipment, at a great expense, of "The Orton," when a good hotel was needed in Wilmington, and when no one else would venture the investment.

During the last fifteen years of his honored life, Colonel Murchison gradually withdrew from the activities of strenuous business cares, and with the first frosts of autumn resumed control at Orton Plantation. He left it in June of 1904 in the vigor and spirits of abounding health, to meet, a few days later, the sudden call of the Messenger of Death, whom he had never feared. So lived and died a man of whom it may be said, "We ne'er shall see his like again." He was an example of splendid physical manhood, of broad experience, of unyielding integrity, pure in heart and in speech, with the native modesty of a woman and the courage of a lion. He was especially sympathetic and generous to his negro servitors, who regarded him with loving veneration.

Another one of the long line of proprietors from the days of "King" Roger Moore has crossed "over the river to rest under the shade of the trees," where the soft South breezes, which brought from their island home the first Barbadian settlers, bring to the listening ear the murmured miserere of the sea.

David Reid Murchison[1] was born at Holly Hill, Manches-

[1]Sketch by Maj. C. M. Stedman.

ter, N. C., December 5, 1837. He spent his boyhood days at Holly Hill and received his early education in Cumberland County. Later, he was a student at the University of Virginia. In 1860 he commenced his business career as a member of the firm of Eli Murray & Co., of Wilmington, N. C., which was interrupted in 1861 by the commencement of the War between the States. He enlisted at once in the Seventh North Carolina Regiment and remained with that command one year, when he was transferred to the Fifty-fourth North Carolina Regiment and assigned to duty with the rank of captain. With this regiment he saw active service and his conduct always reflected honor and credit upon him as a brave and efficient officer. He was taken from the Fifty-fourth North Carolina Regiment and made inspector general of the Commissary Department of North Carolina, having been appointed to this position by President Davis on account of his executive ability, which was then, despite his early age, recognized as of a very high order. The change from active service to his new duties was very distasteful to him and against his wishes. Brave himself, and born of heroic blood, with a firmness and fortitude which faltered in no crisis, he had an aptitude for war, and doubtless would have risen high in the profession of arms had he been allowed to see active service in the field to the close of the war, as was his wish and desire. One of his chief characteristics, however, was a high sense of duty, which always prompted him to do whatever work was before him as best he knew how. He filled the position to which he was assigned until the close of the war with great credit to himself and benefit to the soldiers of North Carolina. His papers for advancement to the grade of major were prepared but were not executed because of the close of hostilities.

He was a singularly brave man, devoid of fear. Cool and self-reliant under all circumstances, he gave confidence and strength to the weak and timid. He was generous, full of sympathy and of kindness to the poor and needy, to whom he

gave with an open and liberal hand. He was a sincere man, abhorring deception and hypocrisy and looking with scorn upon all that was base and mean. He died in New York, where he had gone for medical treatment, February 22, 1882. He was in the full meridian of his intellectual power and his nobility of mind and heart was never more clearly manifested than in his last days. He went to his rest, his fortitude unshaken by long-continued and severe suffering, his chief desire to give the least possible pain and trouble to others; solicitous not for himself but for the happiness of those he loved. His gentleness and self-abnegation were as beautiful as his iron nerve was firm and unyielding. North Carolina has furnished to the world a race of men who by their great qualities have shed lustre upon the State which gave them birth. In the elements of character which constitute true greatness, courage, honor, truth, fidelity, unselfish love of country and humanity, Capt. David Reid Murchison will rank with the best and noblest of her citizens.

Col. John R. Murchison, the oldest of the sons of Duncan Murchison, had a career brilliant with heroic deeds and personal sacrifice. Beloved at home by his fellow countrymen and upon the field by his devoted followers, as colonel of the Eighth North Carolina Regiment, Clingman's brigade, Hoke's division, he took part in the battles of Hatteras Inlet and Neuse Bridge, and after camping for two months at Camp Ashe, Old Topsail Sound, he won distinction at Morris Island, and fought so bravely at Plymouth and Drewry's Bluff, that he was recommended for honors, and was promoted to be brigadier general a few hours before his untimely death. In the battle of Cold Harbor, while personally leading a second charge of his regiment, he was mortally wounded and fell within the enemy's lines. This final sacrifice of his noble life was marked by an armistice between General Grant and General Lee, during which several officers and men of the Eighth Regiment, seeking the body of their beloved commander, were, through a misunderstanding by General Grant, made prisoners and sent to the rear of the Federal Army,

and the body of Colonel Murchison was never recovered. The official correspondence on that occasion is as follows.

COLD HARBOR, VA., June 7, 1864—10:30 a. m.

GENERAL R. E. LEE,
Comdg. Army of Northern Virginia.

I regret that your note of 7 p. m. yesterday should have been received at the nearest corps headquarters to where it was delivered after the hour that had been given for the removal of the dead and wounded had expired. 10:45 p. m. was the hour at which it was received at corps headquarters, and between 11 and 12 it reached my headquarters. As a consequence, it was not understood by the troops of this army that there was a cessation of hostilities for the purpose of collecting the dead and wounded, and none were collected. Two officers and six men of the Eighth and Twenty-fifth North Carolina Regiments, who were out in search of the bodies of officers of their respective regiments, were captured and brought into our lines, owing to this want of understanding. I regret this, but will state that as soon as I learned the fact, I directed that they should not be held as prisoners, but must be returned to their comrades. These officers and men having been carelessly brought through our lines to the rear, I have not determined whether they will be sent back the way they came or whether they will be sent by some other route.

Regretting that all my efforts for alleviating the sufferings of wounded men left upon the battlefield have been rendered nugatory, I remain, &c.,

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
June 7, 1864—2 p. m.

LIEUT. GEN. U. S. GRANT,
Commanding U. S. Armies.

GENERAL:—Your note of 10:30 a. m., today has just been received. I regret that my letter to you of 7 p. m., yesterday should have been too late in reaching you to effect the removal of the wounded.

I am willing, if you desire it, to devote the hours between 6 and 8 this afternoon to accomplish that object upon the terms and conditions as set forth in my letter of 7 p. m., yesterday. If this will answer your purpose, and you will send parties from your lines at the hour designated with white flags, I will direct that they be recognized and be permitted to collect the dead and wounded.

I will also notify the officers on my lines that they will be permitted to collect any of our men that may be on the field. I request you will notify me as soon as practicable if this arrangement is agreeable to you. Lieutenant McAllister, Corporal Martin, and two privates of the Eighth North Carolina Regiment, and Lieutenant Hartman, Corpl. T. Kinlaw, and privates Bass and Grey were sent last night, between the hours of 8 and 10 p. m., for the purpose of

recovering the body of Colonel Murchison, and as they have not returned, I presume they are the men mentioned in your letter. I request that they be returned to our lines.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

June 7, 1864.

Referred to General G. G. Meade, commanding Army of the Potomac.

I will notify General Lee that hostilities will cease from 6 to 8 for the purposes mentioned. You may send the officers and men referred to as you deem best. Please return this.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant General.

COLD HARBOR, VA., June 7, 1864—5:30 p. m.

GENERAL R. E. LEE,
Commanding Army of Northern Virginia.

Your note of this date just received. It will be impossible for me to communicate the fact of the truce by the hour named by you (6 p. m.) but I will avail myself of your offer at the earliest possible moment, which I hope will not be much after that hour. The officers and men taken last evening are the same mentioned in your note and will be returned.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant General.

Commodore W. T. Muse was an officer in the N. C. Navy. The State of North Carolina, immediately after the adoption of the ordinance of secession, began the defense of her inland sounds by the construction of forts at Hatteras and Ocracoke Inlets and by the purchase of several small steamers, which were converted into gunboats. Those of her sons who were in the United States Navy tendered their resignations and placed their services at the disposal of their native State; prominent among them being William T. Muse, who was ordered by the Naval and Military Board, of which Warren Winslow was secretary, to Norfolk, to take charge of, and fit out, as gunboats at the navy yard at Norfolk the steamers purchased by the State. Commander W. T. Muse sailed from Norfolk, August 2, 1861, with the *Ellis,* arriving off Ocracoke Inlet the 4th. North Carolina's naval force consisted of seven vessels, but she sold them to the Confederate Navy in the fall of 1861, and her naval officers were then transferred to the Confederacy.

A. W. Newkirk was commissioned as captain of Company A (originally known as the "Rebel Rangers"), New Hanover County, Forty-first Regiment, the 19th of October, 1861. A brilliant exploit performed by the "Rebel Rangers" is reported by Gen. W. H. C. Whiting, commanding the District of Wilmington. He says that in November, 1862, Captain Newkirk's cavalry and Captain Adams with a section of a field battery, captured a steam gunboat of the enemy on New River. Her crew escaped, but her armament, ammunition, and small arms were captured.

Capt. William Harris Northrop, a prominent business man of Wilmington, who served in the Confederate cause in various capacities throughout the war, was born in that city in 1836, and there reared and educated. In 1855 he became a member of the Wilmington Light Infantry, with which he was on duty before the secession of the State at Fort Caswell, and later at Fort Fisher. In June, 1865, he was commissioned lieutenant and assigned to the Third North Carolina, then stationed at Aquia Creek, on the Potomac. He served in the line about eighteen months, and was then commissioned captain quartermaster. After six months of this duty with his regiment, he was transferred to the Second Corps, Engineer Troops, and stationed at Wilmington and vicinity. After the evacuation of that city he was attached to the staff of General Bragg until the surrender. Among the engagements in which he participated were Aquia Creek on the Potomac, the Seven Days' Battles before Richmond, Frederick City, Boonsboro, Sharpsburg, and Bentonville. Both as a company officer and as a staff officer, his service was marked by bravery and entire devotion to the cause. After the close of hostilities Captain Northrop constantly resided at Wilmington.

Capt. W. P. Oldham was captain of Company K, Forty-fourth Regiment, North Carolina Troops. At the battle of Reams Station Captain Oldham sighted one of the guns repeatedly, and when he saw the effects of his accurate aim upon the masses in front, he was so jubilant that General

MacRae, with his usual quiet humor, remarked: "Oldham thinks he is at a ball in Petersburg."

Rev. George Patterson, D.D., of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was commissioned the 30th day of December, 1862, chaplain of the Third Regiment. He was faithful to the last. He preached in Wilmington for years after the war, and afterwards in Memphis, Tenn., where he recently died.

One of our venerable survivors of war times who retains the respect and admiration of all who know him, and they are legion, is Richard P. Paddison, of Point Caswell, whose military record is told in his own words. A chapter of his humorous experiences can, appropriately, be added, as the tragedies of these fearful years of bloodshed were not without a comic point of view.

He tells us that in the month of March, 1861, "this part of North Carolina was wild with excitement and rumors of war, and a public meeting was called at Harrell's Store, in Sampson County, for the purpose of organizing a military company to be tendered the Governor. In a short time an organization was effected, and a man named Taylor was elected captain. At the next meeting they voted to call the company the 'Wild Cat Minute Men.' Next the question came up as to where the company should go. After considerable talk it was voted that the company should remain around Wild Cat as a home protection. There were a number of us, however, who did not take to the Wild Cat idea, and quietly withdrew and marched to Clinton, where a company was being organized by Capt. Frank Faison, called the Sampson Rangers, composed of the flower of the young men of the county. I joined as a private in this company. We had a good time drilling and eating the best the country could afford, and every fellow was a hero in the eye of some pretty maiden. But this easement was suddenly cut short by orders to go with utmost dispatch to Fort Johnston. The whole town was in excitement. We were ordered to get in marching order, and to my dying day I shall remember that scene—mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts all cheering and encouraging their loved ones to

go forth and do their duty; such love of country could only be shown by true Southern womanhood. After a good dinner and a sweet farewell under the inspiring strains by the band of 'The girl I left behind me,' we took up our march to Warsaw, where we boarded the train for Wilmington and arrived before night. We were met by the officials and marched up Front Street to Princess and Second; here we halted and the fun began. On the northeast corner stood a large brick house built for a negro jail and operated, I think, by a Mr. Southerland. We were informed that this was to be our quarters for the night. Now picture in your mind, if you can, a hundred and twenty wealthy young men, most of them Chapel Hill and high school boys, whose combined wealth could purchase half the city of Wilmington, being forced to sleep in a negro jail. We marched into the house and deposited our luggage—which in after years would have been sufficient for Stonewall Jackson's army. The rumbling noise of discord and discontent rose rapidly. We held a council of war and informed our officers that we would not submit to quarters in that house. We were to take the steamer next morning at nine o'clock for Fort Johnston. This was rather a critical situation for both officers and men. At this juncture Judge A. A. McKoy, who was a private, said he would stand sponsor for the boys to be on hand next morning on time. This was accepted, and there was a hot time in the old town that night. Next morning, promptly on time, every man was present. We boarded a river steamer, I think the *Flora Macdonald,* and arrived in good shape at our destination, where we had a good time until the organization of the Twentieth North Carolina Regiment, when our trouble began. Our captain was elected lieutenant colonel, and an order was issued for the election of a captain. The candidates were James D. Holmes and William S. Devane. There was a strong feeling on both sides in the company. The Devane men, of whom I was one, said we would not serve under Holmes. I cannot remember how long this trouble lasted, but the matter was carried to Governor Ellis, who

settled it by ordering each faction to send out recruiting officers and make two companies, which was done. I was sent out, and had ten recruits in three or four days. Both candidates were elected, Captain Holmes' company going to the Thirtieth Regiment; and Captain Devane's company was detached for quite a long time doing service at Fort Caswell and Fort Johnson. In 1862 the Sixty-seventh Regiment was organized, and Captain Devane was made lieutenant colonel. About this time I was appointed hospital steward by Jas. A. Sedden, Secretary of War. I remained at Fort Johnston during the epidemic of yellow fever in 1862, and of smallpox in the winter of the same year; after which I was transferred to General Hospital No. 4, Wilmington, which comprised the Seamen's Home building and buildings on the opposite side of Front Street. Thomas M. Ritenour was surgeon and A. E. Wright and Josh Walker, assistant surgeons. This was one of the largest and best equipped hospitals in the State.

"After the fall of Fort Fisher we had orders to send our sick and wounded to Fayetteville and Goldsboro. By the aid of Captain Styron and his assistant, Mr. I. B. Grainger, who was the best organizer and disciplinarian I ever knew, we succeeded in getting all except thirty-two removed to safety. These were so badly wounded that it was impossible to move them. I placed these wounded in ward No. 2 with Mrs. McCauslin, matron, in charge. Supplies were very scarce. Dr. Josh Walker was the last one to leave. He went out on Tuesday night, and Wednesday morning the streets were swarming with Federal soldiers. About 10 a. m. a surgeon came to our hospital and inquired who was in charge. I replied that I was in charge. He said: 'I want you to move everything out. I want this hospital for our use.' I replied that I had nowhere to go, and no way to move. 'You must find a house,' he replied, 'and at once, and report to me at headquarters. I will furnish you with transportation.' I did not stand on the order of my going. I found a house on Fourth Street near Red Cross, owned by David Bunting,

whose family had left the city. I made the report, and the Federal Surgeon General ordered three ambulances. The transfer was soon made. I wish to state that we had courteous treatment from the authorities, but of course we were very short of supplies. The first genuine treat we had was by Mr. F. W. Foster, who was acting as sanitary agent. He drove up one morning, came in and inquired about the sick, and asked if I would like to have some milk punch for the men. I said, yes, as it had been a long time since we had had any such luxury. He went out and soon returned with two large pails and a dipper, and personally served to each all they could stand. This he continued to do for several weeks. On one of his visits he asked me if I would like to have some canned goods for the hospital. I replied, yes, and he said, 'The steamer *General Lyon* is unloading a cargo of hospital supplies. If you will go down there you can get what you want.' I replied that I had no way to get them and no money to hire with. He said, 'I will send you an ambulance; go down and get what you want.' I said, 'Won't you give me an order?' to which he replied, 'No, if any one says anything to you tell them Foster sent you.' The ambulance came. I didn't want any help. The vessel was unloading near where Springer's coal yard is now. We backed up and I began to select what I wanted. I was not at all modest, and thinking that this would be the last haul I would get from 'Uncle Sam,' I loaded to the limit. Strange to say, no questions were asked, and it is safe to say our boys fared well while things lasted. As the men improved they went home, and on the 5th of June I closed the doors. The last hero had gone to rebuild his broken fortunes and I felt a free man once more. I came out of the Army as I had entered it—without one dollar, but with a clear conscience, having performed my duty to my country as I saw it. From April 20th, 1861, to June 5th, 1865, I never had a furlough or a day's absence from duty.

"I cannot close without saying a word about the splendid women of Wilmington for their devotion and attention to

our destitute sick and wounded during those trying times. I have tried to recall the names of some of them, but cannot do so. I fear few, if any, are living to-day."

Capt. Elisha Porter, of Company E, Third North Carolina Regiment, served from the beginning of the war up to and including the battle of Chancellorsville. During that engagement he penetrated within the enemy's breastworks and was bayonetted by a Federal soldier, and finding that he was about to be killed, he attempted to scale the breastworks and succeeded in doing so, but was shot in the thigh and apparently mortally wounded. After the battle he heard the voice of a friend, by whom he was taken to the Confederate field hospital. Dr. Porter survived for many years after the war, but was always crippled.

Joseph Price was one of the first lieutenants in Company H, Fortieth Regiment, which was organized at Bald Head, at the mouth of the Cape Fear River, the 1st of December, 1863, from heavy artillery companies already in the service. Company H was composed principally of Irishmen, and no better or more loyal men or better soldiers could be found in any company. Whether work or fighting was to be done, they were always ready, and would go wherever ordered. Lieutenant Price's capture of the United States steamer *Water Witch,* by boarding in a night attack, was one of the most brilliant of the Confederate exploits on the water. His modest official report of this affair was characteristic of the man.

Capt. Richard W. Price entered the Confederate service in October, 1864, at the age of seventeen, in the Junior Reserves, afterwards the Seventy-second Regiment. He served chiefly at Fort Fisher, and when the fort fell he was captured and taken a prisoner to Fort Delaware, where he remained until after the general surrender. When the Fort Fisher Survivors' Association was organized, composed of the Blue and the Gray, Captain Price was made secretary, and held that position to the time of his death.

Capt. Robert G. Rankin was chairman of the Safety Committee before the outbreak of the war. At the beginning

of the war he was made quartermaster of Wilmington, and was afterward made captain of the First Battalion Heavy Artillery. This battalion went into the battle of Bentonville with 260 men and came out with 115, every officer except two having been killed, wounded, or captured. Captain Rankin was among the killed, eight balls having passed through his clothing.

Capt. John T. Rankin entered the Confederate Army as a private, and at the youthful age of nineteen was made first lieutenant of Company D, First Battalion North Carolina Heavy Artillery, under Captain McCormick. He was at Fort Fisher during the first battle and was highly complimented by General Whiting for gallantry. During the second battle Captain McCormick was killed, and Lieutenant Rankin became captain.

He fought at Fort Anderson, and on February 20, 1865, was wounded in the thigh at Town Creek and taken prisoner. He was treated with great courtesy by Colonel Rundell of the One Hundredth Ohio Regiment, and carried to the Old Capitol Prison at Washington, where he saw the crowd and commotion caused by the second inauguration of President Lincoln. He was afterwards sent to Fort Delaware, where he remained until released after the war.

Maj. James I. Reilly: General Whiting, in his report of the fall of Fort Fisher, says: "Of Major Reilly, with his battalion of the Tenth North Carolina, who served the guns of the land fort during the entire action, I have to say he has added another name to the long list of fields on which he has been conspicuous for indomitable pluck and consummate skill." Colonel Lamb, in his official report, says: "Major Reilly, of the Tenth North Carolina Regiment, discharged his whole duty. To the coolness of Major Reilly we are indebted for the defense of the land face." Maj. William J. Saunders, Chief of Artillery, says: "I would beg particularly to call attention to the skill displayed by that splendid artillerist, Maj. James Reilly, of the Tenth North Carolina Regiment."

James Reilly was a sergeant in the old United States

Army, and was in charge of Fort Johnston, when, on January 9, 1861, it was hastily occupied by some ardent Southerners from Wilmington. After the State seceded he was appointed captain of a light battery and won fame in Virginia. On September 7, 1863, he was promoted to major, and John A. Ramsay became captain of the company. Major Reilly was one of the bravest and most efficient defenders of Fort Fisher.

A. Paul Repiton joined the Corps of Engineers in 1863.

C. H. Robinson enlisted early in the war, having given up a good business to respond to the call of his adopted State, and he became quartermaster sergeant of the Fifty-first Regiment, North Carolina Troops, in which capacity he served throughout the war.

His regiment was organized at Camp Mangum, near Raleigh, September 18, 1862, Col. J. V. Jordan, commanding, E. R. Liles, lieutenant colonel, J. A. McKoy, major, W. H. Battle, surgeon, John W. Cox, quartermaster, and C. H. Robinson, quartermaster sergeant.

Frederick G. Robinson, a native of Bennington, Vermont, joined his prominent relatives on the Cape Fear prior to the war of 1861, and, full of enthusiasm for his adopted State, enlisted at the beginning of hostilities in the Wilmington Rifle Guards, which became Company I of the Eighth Regiment North Carolina Volunteers, and with it, and later with the Fortieth, he did valiant service through all the campaigns to the battle of Bentonville, where he was captured. He remained a prisoner of war until after the general surrender.

The writer, an intimate, lifelong friend, who admired his brave and generous nature, recalls a characteristic incident in Sergeant Robinson's military career. A contemptible comrade having behind his back questioned his loyalty to the South in view of his Northern birth, Sergeant Robinson stepped out of the ranks and publicly denounced the base insinuation, and offered to fight each and every man then and there who dared to repeat the allegation.

Beloved by many of his associates, his memory is still cherished in the hearts of his friends.

Capt. Edward Savage was captain of Company D, Third Regiment, a company raised by him. In May, 1862, Lieutenant Colonel Cowan having been promoted to the colonelcy of the Eighteenth North Carolina Infantry, Captain Savage was made major. Major Savage was wounded in the battle of Mechanicsville. After the death of Col. Gaston Meares at Malvern Hill, Major Savage became lieutenant colonel. He resigned after the battles around Richmond on account of continued ill health.

Capt. Henry Savage was one of the organizers of the Wilmington Light Infantry, in 1853, in which he held the rank of junior second lieutenant. With this command, which became Company G of the Eighth, later the Eighteenth North Carolina Regiment, he entered the Confederate service in April, 1861, and in June was promoted to be captain of his company. He served in Virginia, in the brigade of General Branch, and participated in the battles of Hanover Courthouse and the Seven Days' Battles before Richmond. He escaped serious injury from the enemy's bullets, though hit several times; but falling a victim to disease as the result of his arduous service and exposure, he was sent to a hospital in Richmond, and a few days later allowed to go to his home on furlough. Four or five months afterwards, having in a measure recovered strength, he attempted to rejoin his regiment, but, suffering a relapse en route, he returned home and accepted an honorable discharge. In the early part of 1863 he was appointed by President Davis collector of customs at the port of Wilmington and depositary for the Confederate States Treasury, and the duties of this position occupied him until the close of the struggle for independence. After the fall of Fort Fisher he retired to Raleigh, and establishing his office in a box car, moved west as necessity demanded until the fall of the government.

Daniel Shackelford enlisted with Company I, Eighth Regiment, and served in it for twelve months. He reënlisted

in the Sixty-first Regiment and became first lieutenant, and was killed at the battle of Fraser's Farm. His brother Theodore, who was in the same command, and who was also in the hospital with him, died literally of a broken heart, grieving because of the death of his brother.

Dr. Joseph C. Shepard, of Wilmington, was born in New Hanover County in 1840. Early in the fall of 1861 he enlisted in the Confederate States service, and being commissioned assistant surgeon, was assigned to duty on the coast, with Adams' battery. In the fall of 1864 he was transferred to Fort Fisher, where he remained through the first bombardment and the second, at the latter being captured with the brave defenders. He was sent as a prisoner of war to Governors Island and held there until early in March following, when he was returned to duty in North Carolina and assigned to the hospital at Greensboro, where he remained until after the surrender.

Rev. James A. Smith as a boy participated in the War between the States, manifesting the same courage and energy which have characterized his subsequent life. At the age of seventeen he enlisted as a private in the Confederate service in Company D, First North Carolina Heavy Artillery, January 13, 1865, and was given a position as courier for Major General Whiting. While serving in this capacity he was with the troops at Fort Fisher, and on January 15, 1865, during the bombardment and assault of that stronghold, was wounded. He was taken prisoner with the garrison and confined for six months at Point Lookout, being released June 9, 1865.

Maj. James Martin Stevenson entered the Army of the Confederacy at the beginning of the war as first lieutenant of a company raised by Capt. J. J. Hedrick.

Soon after the seizure of Fort Johnston, Lieutenant Stevenson was ordered to Fort Caswell as ordnance officer, and while there three young men from Sampson County raised a company and offered him the captaincy, which he accepted. This company was attached to the Thirty-sixth Regiment and

ordered to Fort Fisher, where Captain Stevenson was made major of the regiment. Major Stevenson remained at Fort Fisher until he was ordered to reinforce General Hardee in Georgia. There he was highly complimented for his cool bravery and tact in covering General Hardee's retreat. He took with him to Georgia five companies from the Thirty-sixth Regiment.

Major Stevenson was again remanded to his regiment at Fort Fisher, where he arrived just after the attack of December, 1864. On the 13th of January, 1865, the attack was renewed. In the battle Whiting and Lamb were wounded, and Major Stevenson was hurled from the parapet by the explosion of an eleven-inch shell. He fell bleeding in the fort below the battery and was carried a prisoner to Fort Columbus, Governors Island, N. Y., where he died. He did his whole duty and did it well. Wilmington had no nobler son.

James C. Stevenson and Daniel S. Stevenson were worthy sons of Maj. James M. Stevenson, of Wilmington. Both enlisted in the Confederate Army when they were much below the service age limit. James, for a time, was employed on the North Carolina steamer *Advance;* afterwards he served in the field as a private in Company A, Thirty-sixth Regiment, North Carolina Troops. He survived the war, and was for many years a prominent merchant, a most estimable citizen, and an active Christian worker. He died April 13, 1907, lamented by the community.

Daniel Stevenson was an efficient member of the Confederate States Signal Corps, and was detailed for active service with the blockade runners, on several of which he served with great coolness under fire. He was captured in 1865 off Galveston and imprisoned until the war ended. His last exploit was running through the blockade in daylight in the steamer *Little Hattie,* which drew the fire of the whole fleet, but anchored comparatively uninjured under the guns of Fort Fisher. Dan Stevenson was a young man of most amiable, generous impulses, and was greatly esteemed by his asso-

ciates for many excellent qualities. He died shortly after the termination of the war.

Capt. William M. Stevenson was elected one of the lieutenants of Company B, Sixty-first Regiment of North Carolina Troops, of which James D. Radcliffe of Wilmington was colonel and William S. Devane lieutenant-colonel and subsequently colonel. At the battle of Fort Harrison, in Virginia, September, 1864, while in command of the company, to which position he had succeeded, he was captured and taken to Fort Delaware, where he was confined until the surrender.

Captain Stevenson's service in the field was continuous from his enlistment in 1861 up to the last of 1864, including the action at Fort Hatteras and the campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Rev. Dr. James Menzies Sprunt was chaplain of the Twentieth Regiment, North Carolina Troops, commanded by Col. Iverson, in Garland's brigade, D. H. Hill's division, under Stonewall Jackson. General Hill, who greatly admired him, said he was one of the few chaplains who was always at the front on the battlefield. He served throughout the war, revered by the men of his regiment, and beloved at his home, in Duplin County, throughout his honored life.

Maj. Matthew P. Taylor was major of the Sixth Battalion Armory Guards. The battalion was as well drilled and as thoroughly disciplined as any command in the Confederate service.

Capt. John F. S. Van Bokkelen left Harvard College in 1861 and returned to Wilmington, where he aided in raising a company which was assigned to the Third North Carolina Infantry as Company D, Edward Savage, captain; E. G. Meares, first lieutenant; and Mr. Van Bokkelen, second lieutenant. He served through the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville with conspicuous bravery.

After the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond he was promoted to first lieutenant, and he acted as adjutant of the company for some time. After the battle of Sharpsburg he

was promoted to be captain of the company, Captain Meares having been killed. Captain Van Bokkelen was wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville, and died within a month afterwards.

It was with genuine grief that the death of Captain Van Bokkelen, which occurred in Richmond, was announced to the regiment while on the march in the campaign of 1863. He was universally popular and almost idolized by his own men. He was but twenty-one years of age, and full of youthful ardor, intelligent, and with an acute conception of his duties and an indomitable energy in pursuing the line of conduct which a discriminating judgment dictated to him. To him, possibly, more than to any other officer, was due the high morale to which the company attained. His surviving classmates of Jewett's school still remember the sterling character of this worthy son of the Cape Fear, who was generally beloved for his unselfish, kindly nature and genial humor.

Rev. Dr. Alfred A. Watson was chaplain of the Second Regiment, and, besides his clerical duties, gave valuable service as a scout. His information of the topography of the country was of great value to the commanding officer. He had the profound respect of every man. He was commissioned the 21st of June, 1861, and resigned in 1862. He preached in Wilmington many years after the war, and was Bishop of the Diocese of East Carolina from 1874 until his death.

Capt. O. A. Wiggins, a gallant veteran of Lane's brigade, entered the service as a private in the Scotland Neck Mounted Riflemen, organized in his native county, and subsequently was promoted to lieutenant of Company E, Thirty-seventh Regiment, in the brigade then commanded by General Branch, and later by General Lane. With this command he went through the entire war, participating in the battles of Hanover Courthouse, Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Fraser's Farm, Cedar Run, Second Manassas, Ox Hill, Sharpsburg, Harper's Ferry, Shepherdstown, Fredericksburg, Chancel-

lorsville, Gettysburg, Falling Waters, Bristow Station, Mine Run, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Courthouse, Reams Station, Jones' Farm, Hare's Hill, and the fighting on the Petersburg lines until they were broken. He was wounded at Chancellorsville. At Spottsylvania Courthouse, May 12th, he was promoted to captain on the field, and was wounded on the same field May 21st; at Petersburg, April 2d, he was shot in the head and made prisoner. While being conveyed to Johnsons Island, he escaped by jumping from a car window while the train was at full speed, near Harrisburg, Pa., after which he disguised himself and worked his way back to Dixie.

Capt. J. Marshall Williams, of Fayetteville, entered the Confederate service in the Bethel Regiment as a private. When the regiment was disbanded he and Col. K. M. Murchison organized a company of 125 men, which was assigned to the Fifty-fourth Regiment. After the Fifty-fourth Regiment was organized, it was sent immediately to Lee's army and assigned to Hood's brigade. When Hood was promoted, Gen. Robert F. Hoke succeeded to the command. The brigade was composed of the 6th, 21st, 54th, and 57th Regiments and was in Jackson's corps. This brigade was under six or eight different commanders, but was always known as Hoke's old brigade. It was in most of Lee's battles. When the regiment was captured at Fredericksburg, Captain Williams was on detached service and absent.

Having no command, he was then detailed to command sharpshooters in different regiments until his regiment was exchanged. He had the rank of captain and was adjutant and inspector general; saw his regiment overpowered and captured twice; and on the latter occasion he made his escape by swimming the Rapidan River near Brandy Station. He was wounded once, and had his shoulder dislocated by a fall. He surrendered at Appomattox as second senior officer of the regiment, and rode home on a horse that had been with Hoke's staff for two years and wounded twice.

Capt. A. B. Williams, of Fayetteville, entered the Con-

federate service at the age of eighteen as second lieutenant of Company C, Light Battery, Tenth Regiment, organized at Charlotte, May 16, 1861, and was promoted to captain March 1, 1864. He was first ordered to Raleigh, then to New Bern, and various other places in eastern North Carolina, and was in many of the great battles, including Malvern Hill, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Courthouse, where he was severely wounded, Petersburg, and Appomattox Courthouse. He was attached to Pogue's battalion, Third Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, and went with Lee's army to Maryland and Pennsylvania.

His battery is supposed to have fired one of the last, if not the last, shot at Appomattox. He was subsequently mayor of Fayetteville, chairman of County Commissioners, captain of the Lafayette Light Infantry, president of the Centennial Celebration, and delegate to State and National conventions.

From a eulogy by Colonel Broadfoot, a fellow member of U. C. V. Camp, the following is taken:

Comrades:—This time it is an artilleryman—Capt. Arthur Butler Williams, of Brem's Battery, Army of Northern Virginia, Company C, Tenth Regiment, North Carolina Troops, whose guns fired the last shot at Appomattox which will echo and reëcho to the last syllable of recorded time, and gladden all hearts ready and worthy to do and die for country. In the sixty-first year of his age he passed quietly to his rest.

He was of fine presence, good manners, pleasing address, and withal plain as a pikestaff. His habits were exemplary, his principles sound, his character the highest; in the community, in fact in this part of the State, everybody knew him, everybody respected, and those who knew him best, loved him.

We shall miss his manly form, his cheerful greeting—the eyes that looked you squarely in the face, but always pleasantly. The open hands are now folded, palm downward; the tongue that always voiced the bright side, and was never—no never—known to grumble, has been hushed.

Comrades, let us speak more often the kindly word, extend more readily the helping hand to each other; and let each soldier keep his armor bright against that day, when each in turn shall be called to pass inspection before the great Captain—"Close up."

Capt. Robert Williams became captain of the Rifle Guards, but having resigned, he was appointed purser of the blockade runner *Index,* and died of yellow fever while in that service.

Capt. David Williams, of the Burgaw section of New Hanover, raised Company K of the Third Regiment of State Troops, and was one of the most valued officers of that regiment. He had the esteem, confidence, and affection of his soldiers to a remarkable degree.

Thomas Fanning Wood, in April, 1861, joined the Wilmington Rifle Guards, which later became Company I, Eighth Regiment of Volunteers. In November, 1861, the regiment was hurried to Coosawhatchie to confront the Federals who had landed on the South Carolina coast; and in the spring of 1862, it joined Jackson's corps in Virginia.

Doctor Wood was often called on to help the sick soldiers in the hospitals, and after the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond he was ordered to hospital duty. When Dr. Otis F. Manson, of Richmond Hospital, learned that he was a medical student, he secured from the Secretary of War an order detailing him for duty at the hospital, with the privilege of attending lectures at the Virginia Medical College. Doctor Manson had brought his library to Richmond with him, and gave Doctor Wood free access to it. In 1862, after passing the examination by the Medical Board, Doctor Wood was appointed assistant surgeon and served in that capacity until the end of the war.

After the war, Doctor Wood attained eminence in his profession. He served many years as Secretary of the State Medical Society, and he established and edited until his death the *Medical Journal,* a publication, highly valued by his professional brethren.

John L. Wooster was first lieutenant of Company E, First Regiment. He was wounded in the shoulder at one of the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond in 1862, and disabled from further service.

William A. Wooster, private, Company I, Eighteenth Regiment, was killed in the Seven Days' fight in Virginia. He was one of the brightest young men of the Cape Fear. He had been commissioned lieutenant before he was killed.

Adam Empie Wright was commissioned the 20th of July, 1862, as assistant surgeon of the New Hanover County hospital in Wilmington.

Thomas Charles Wright, sergeant major, was one of the brightest and best of the Wilmington boys who went from Jewett's school to the War between the States. Fired with the enthusiasm of youth and manly courage, he served with great credit in the Virginia campaigns and was mortally wounded in the head, and died at a hospital in Richmond.

Capt. James A. Wright, son of Dr. Thomas H. Wright, was captain of Company E, First Regiment. He was killed in the battles around Richmond. He was the most brilliant young man of Wilmington—and of the State—and his early death was greatly deplored.

Lieut. Joshua Granger Wright first enlisted for military duty in the spring of 1862, becoming the orderly sergeant of an independent cavalry company. But he was with this command not more than four or five weeks when he became a member of the First North Carolina Infantry, which had been on duty in Virginia since July, 1861. In this regiment he was commissioned first lieutenant of Company E. The regiment was part of Ripley's brigade, D. H. Hill's division, and served with great credit in the battles of Boonsboro, or South Mountain, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville. At the last battle, while participating in the gallant assault by Jackson's corps, he was seriously wounded, a shot passing through his left hip. This caused his entire disability until the spring of 1864, when he attempted to reënter the service, but soon found it impossible

to undertake duty in the field. Returning to Wilmington, he was assigned to duty in the office of the provost marshal for several months. He made two more attempts to enter the field, without success, the last bringing him in the vicinity of Raleigh en route to Lee's army, when he received the news of its surrender.

Charles W. Yates enlisted in 1862 in an independent cavalry company organized from several counties, which became Company E, of the Forty-first Regiment, North Carolina Troops. During nearly the whole of his service he acted as courier for Col. John A. Baker and his successor, Col. Roger Moore. Among the cavalry engagements in which he took part were those at New Bern, Kinston, Hanover Courthouse, Reams Station, Ashland, Chaffin's Farm, Drewry's Bluff and Petersburg. He was slightly wounded in the skirmish near Kinston; and just after the fall of New Bern in June, 1862, he was captured and imprisoned in a jail at that place several months, and afterwards held nearly two months at Governors Island and Fort Delaware, before he was exchanged. During the retreat at Appomattox Courthouse, he was captured in the fight at Namozine Church, April 6th, and after that he was a prisoner of war at Point Lookout until June, 1865.

THE ROSTER OF CAPE FEAR CAMP U. C. V.

Doubtless many examples of faithful, efficient, and ever heroic service have been overlooked in the preparation of this record, although diligent inquiries have been made in order that it might be as nearly complete as possible. To this end I have been permitted to copy the roster of Cape Fear Camp, U. C. V., although it may be said that it comprises only a part of that great number of Wilmington men who served the Confederacy in the War between the States.

Alderman, Allison

* * * * * * *

Alderman, G. F.

Private Co. I, 10th N. C.....

Atkinson, John W.
Col. 10th Va. Artillery .....Died Oct. 26, 1910.
Baldwin, A. M.
Private Co. K, 40th N. C.....
Barry, John
Sergt. Co. E, 1st N. C.....Died Mar. 28, 1914.
Bear, Solomon
Private Howard's Cavalry.....Died Feb. 24, 1904.
Bellamy, W. J. H.
Private Co. I, 18th N. C.....Died Nov. 18, 1911.
Belden, Louis S.
Sergt. Co. E, 10th N. C.....Died June 8, 1914.
Bernard, W. H.
Private Co. H, Bethel Regiment.....
Bishop, C. W.
Private Co. I, 10th N. C.....
Bishop, H. M.
Private Co. H, 3d N. C.....
Blackwell, Rev. C. S.
Sergt. Co. F, 2d Va.....Removed to Norfolk, Va.
Blanks, Wm.
Non-Com. Staff, 61st N. C.....Died Feb. 26, 1904.
Bolles, C. P.
Captain P. A. C. S. .....Died 1910 or 1911.
Boatwright, J. L.
Captain P. A. C. S.....
Boatwright, J. H.
Private 1st Bat. S. C. Cadets.....Died Jan. 27, 1911.
Boney, G. J.
Corp. Co. H, 40th N. C.....
Bowden, W. B.
Private Co. H, 3d Cavalry.....Died Mar. 15, 1903.
Brown, A. D.
Lieut. Co. C, Cumming's Battery.....
Brown, E. A.
Private Co. C, 4th Artillery.....Died June 26, 1905.
Brown, Geo. L.
Hart's Battery, Va. .....Sent to Richmond 1909.
Brown, I. H.
Private Co. K, 3d N. C.....Died May 5, 1892.
Brown, T. A.
Sergt. 36th N. C.....Died Aug. 14, 1902.
Bunting, T. O.
Private Co. C, 5th Cavalry.....Died June 20, 1913.
Burr, Ancrum
Lieut. Co. D, 36th N. C.....Removed.
Burr, Jas. G.
Col. 7th Bat. H. G.....Died Nov. 13, 1898.
Calder. Wm.
Adjt. 1st Bat. Artillery.....
Cantwell, J. L.
Col. 51st N. C.....Died Dec. 21, 1909.

Capps, T. J.
Corp. Co. E, 3d N. C.....

Carman, Sam'l
Private Co. E, 56th N. C.....Died Apr. 17, 1902.

Carmichael, Rev. James
Chaplain, 30th Va.....Died Nov. 25, 1911.

Cazaux, A. D.
Capt. A. Q. M., 18th N. C.....

Chadwick, Robt.
Private Co. K, 3d N. C. .....

Chapman, Louis
Private Co. D, 2d Cavalry.....

Cobb, John G.
Private Co. C, 1st Bat. Artillery.....

Collier, Sam. P.
Sergt. Maj. 2d N. C.....

Cook, A. B.
Sergt. Co. I, 18th N. C.....Died Jan. 12, 1908.

Corbett, R. A.
Private Co. C, 4th Cavalry.....

Cornish, F. W.
Private Co. H, 51st N. C.....

Cornish, W. A.
Private Co. H, 18th N. C.....

Cowan, M. S.
Capt. Co. I, 3d N. C.....Died Mar. 24, 1900.

Cowles, Chas. L.
Capt. Co. B, 56th N. C.....Died Oct. 9, 1901.

Cox, R. E.
Private Co. B, S. C. Cavalry.....

Crapon, Geo. M.
Lieut. Co. H, 3d N. C.....

Crow, J. E.
Sergt. Co. E, 12th Va.....Died Nov. 4, 1907.

Cumming, J. D.
Capt. Cumming's Battery.....Died Nov. 26, 1901.

Cumming, Preston
Sergt. Cumming's Battery.....

Currie, Jno. H.
Private 5th Cavalry.....To Fayetteville Camp

Casteen, J. B.
Orderly Sergt. Co. D, 3d N. C.....

Cannon, J. W.
Private Co. G, 20th N. C.....

Cannon, Alfred

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Cox, T. B.
Private Co. F, 67th N. C.....

Cox, A. F.

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Daves, Graham
Major, P. A. C. S.....Resigned Feb. 1, 1890.

Davis, Jackson
Sergt. Co. K, 5th N. C.....Died Mar. 12, 1902.

Davis, Junius
Corp. Co. E, 10th N. C.....

Davis, M. T.
Private Co. A, 35th N. C.....

DeRosset, A. L.
Capt. P. A. C. S.....Died Feb., 1910.

DeRosset, Wm. L.
Col. 3d N. C.....Died Aug. 14, 1910.

Dickey, J. J.
Private Co. D, 3d N. C.....Died Nov. 11, 1911.

Dicksey, J. W.
Private Co. E, 10th N. C.....Died Aug. 31, 1899.

Divine, J. F.
Capt. A. Q. M., C. S. A.....Died Aug. 20, 1909.

Dixon, W. M.
Private Co. G, 10th N. C.....

Dowdy, W. R.
Private Co. I, 10th N. C.....Died Dec. 10, 1911.

Darden, R. J.
Goldsboro Provost Guard.....

Elliott, W. P.
Private Co. I, 10th N. C.....Died May 20, 1894.

Evans, A. H.
.....Died 1911 or 1912.

Everett, John A.
Private Co. I, 10th N. C.....

Farrior, S. R.
Lieut. Co. A, 43d N. C.....

Farrow, J. A.
Private Co. E, 10th N. C.....Died Feb., 1911.

Farrow, Benj.
Private Co. E, 10th N. C.....Died Oct. 14, 1911.

Fennell, Owen
Lieut. Co. C, 1st N. C.....Died July 6, 1910.

Fillyaw, DeLeon
Corp. Co. A, 40th N. C.....Died Jan. 27, 1904.

Fillyaw, O. M.
Private Co. A, 40th N. C.....

French, W. R.
Private Co. E, 51st N. C.....Died.....

Gaither, W. W.
Surgeon 28th N. C.....Died.....

Ganzer, C. H.
Private Howard's Cavalry.....Died May 22, 1899.

Garrell, Jacob F.
Private Co. I, 10th N. C.....Died May 29, 1891.

Giles, Clayton
Private Co. I, 53d N. C.....

Giles, Norwood
Private Co. E, 10th N. C.....Died Dec. 11, 1899.

Goodman, Wm.
Private Co. A, 1st Bat. Artillery.....Died Apr. 3, 1911.

Gore, D. L.
Private Co. D, 72d N. C.....

Gray, Jesse W.
Private Co. B, 3d Cavalry.....Died Apr. 18, 1911.

Green, W. H.
Sergt. Maj. Starr's Battery .....Died Jan. 12, 1914.

Hall, B. F.
Sergt. Co. A, 43d N. C.....

Hall, E. D.
Col. 46th N. C.....Died June 11, 1896.

Hall, S. G.
Private Co. E, 21st N. C.....Died July 31, 1911.

Hamme, R. F.
Private Co. G, 30th N. C.....

Hanby, John H.
Private Co. B, 16th Va.....Died Apr. 22, 1910.

Hanby, Jos. H.
Private Co. B, 16th Va.....Died Sept. 8, 1905.

Hancock, J. T.
Private Co. I, 10th N. C.....

Hankins, J. A.
Private Co. C, Starr's Battery.....Died July, 1910.

Hankins, A. G.
Lieut. Co. H, 3d Cavalry.....

Hankins, W. M.
Private Co. H, 3d Cavalry.....

Harper, John H.
Private Co. H, 3d N. C.....Died.....

Harriss, W. W.
Asst. Surgeon .....Died.....

Hawkins, J. W.
Private Co. A, 1st Bat. Artillery.....

Hayden, P. H.
Private Co. C, 19th Va.....Died.....

Heide, A. S.
Private Co. A, 5th Cavalry.....Resigned Feb. 4, 1901.

Heide, R. E.
Private Co. H, 1st N. C.....Died June 13, 1905.

Heinsberger, P.
Private Co. C, Starr's Battery.....

Henderson, T. B.
Lieut. Co. H, 3d Cavalry.....Died Mar. 10, 1890.

Hewett, Jas. H.
Sergt. Co. F, 3d N. C.....Died Mar. 20, 1913.

Hicks, Jas. H.
Private Co. F, 3d N. C.....Died Nov. 9, 1908.

Hill, A. J.
Sergt. Co. C, 4th Cavalry.....Died.....

Hill, Owen C
Private Co. G, 3d N. C.....Died Sept. 2, 1904.

Hines, John W.
Private Co. D, 3d N. C.....Died Feb. 27, 1906.
Hodges, L. W.
Private 16th Va.....
Hodges, T. A.
Co. E, 15th Bat. Artillery.....
Huggins, Geo. W.
Lieut. Co. I, 18th N. C.....
Huggins, J. B.
Capt. A. Q. M., C. S. A.....Died May 16, 1910.
Hawes, J. J.
Sergt. Co. G, 20th N. C.....
James, Josh T.
Lieut. Co. I, 18th N. C.....Died Nov. 13, 1899.
Jewett, Stephen
Private Co. K, 44th Ga.....
Jones, Geo. T.
Lieut. Co. E, 50th N. C.....
Keeter, Elijah
Private Co. D, 3d N. C.....Died.....
Kelly, D. C.
Private Co. B, 36th N. C.....
Kelly, Jas. E.
Private Co. K, 20th N. C.....Died Nov. 2, 1910.
Kenly, John R.
Private Co. A. 1st Md. Cavalry.....
Kenan, W. R.
Adjt. 43d N. C.....Died Apr. 14, 1903.
King, Chas. H.
Q. S. 61st N. C.....Died 1909 or 1910.
King, Jas. A.
Private Co. A, 3d Cavalry.....
King, Jas. A.
Private Co. B, 10th N. C.....
King, Jas. M.
Private Co. F, 3d N. C.....
King, John M.
Private Co. I, 10th N. C.....Died Dec., 1912.
King, T. E.
Sergt. Co. I, 10th N. C.....Died Dec. 1, 1911.
King, W. H.
Private Co. A, 3d Cavalry.....
Latta, John R.
Adjt. 51st N. C.....Died June 30, 1898.
Lee, J. B.

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Leon, L.
Private Co. C, 1st N. C.....
Leslie, Alex.
Private Co. G, 18th N. C.....
Leslie, Jos. H.
Private Co. G, 18th N. C.....Died Sept. 13, 1896.

Lewis, Thos. C.
Capt. Co. I, 18th N. C.....Died Nov. 14, 1909.
Lippitt, Thos. B.
Lieut. Co. G, 51st N. C.....Died Dec. 21, 1898.
Littleton, D. C.
Private Co. H, 41st N. C.....
Loftin, Dr. I. C. M.
Co. E, 20th M.....Died.....
Love, Rich. S.
Sergt. Co. C, 4th Cavalry.....Died.....
Love, Thad. D.
Maj. 24th N. C.....Died Jan. 6, 1892.
Lumsden, H. C.
Private Co. E, 1st N. C.....
MacRae, W. G.
Capt. Co. C, 7th N. C.....
Manning, E. W.
Chief Engineer, C. S. N.....Died Dec. 10, 1900.
Martin, E. S.
Lieut. 1st Bat. Artillery.....
Marshall, J. R.
Private Co. E, 3d N. C.....
Mason, W. H.
Private Co. E, 3d N. C.....
Matthews, D. W.
Private Co. C, 1st Battery.....
Matthews, J. E.
Sergt. Sharpshooters.....Dropped by request Apr. 9, 1910.
Meares, O. P.
Lieut. Col. 18th N. C.....Died Nov. 21, 1906.
Meares, T. D.
Courier, Wade Hampton.....
Merritt, Joseph,
Private, 18th N. C.....Died Aug. 12, 1904.
Merritt, L. W.

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Metts, J. I
Capt. Co. G, 3d N. C.....
Mitchell, Frank H.
Private Co. I, 18th N. C.....Died Feb. 28, 1899.
Mintz, W. W.
Private Co. I, 10th N. C.....Died Sept. 15, 1897.
Montgomery, Jas. A.
Private Co. B, 36th N. C.....
Moore, Benj. R.
Lieut. Col. Gen. Bates' Staff.....Died Apr. 12, 1894.
Moore, E. H.
Lieut. Co. D, 7th N. C.....
Moore, Ed. J.
Sergt. Co. G, 18th N. C.....Died May 12, 1891.
Moore, Roger
Lieut. Col. 3d N. C.....Died Apr. 21, 1900.

Moore, W. A.
Private Co. K, 36th N. C.....Died Apr. 25, 1906.
Moore, W. H.
Private Co. A, 1st Cav.....
Morton, Rev. P. C.
Chaplain, 23d Va.....Died Feb. 28, 1903.
Mott, A. J.
Private Co. G, 61st N. C.....
Munn, D.
Capt. Co. B, 36th N. C.....Died Feb., 1905.
Myers, Chas. D.
Capt. P. A. C. S.....Died Oct. 2, 1892.
Myrry, R. S.

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McClammy, Chas. W.
Major, 3d Cavalry.....Died Feb. 26, 1896.
McClammy, Chas. W.
Private Co. F, 3d N. C.....Died Nov. 19, 1900.
McEvoy, John
Lieut. Co. A, 2d N. C.....Died Nov. 21, 1896.
McGirt, A. G.
Private Co. D, 46th N. C.....Died Aug. 22, 1890.
McGowan, Jas. M.
Capt. A. Q. M.....Died June 20, 1903.
McIntire, R. M.
Capt. Co. C, 4th Cavalry.....Died Apr. 17, 1913.
McIver, J. T.
Private Co. G, 48th N. C.....Died Feb. 24, 1907.
McKeithan, R. W.
Corp. Co. E, 10th N. C.....
McKoy, T. Hall
Major Lane's Staff.....Died May 10, 1902.
McMillan, W. D.
Sergt. Maj. 51st N. C.....
McQueen, H. C.
Private Co. D, 1st Bat. Artillery.....
Nobles, S. W.
Capt. Co. K, 61st N. C.....Died Feb. 16, 1904.
Northrop, W. H.
Capt. A. Q. M., 3d N. C.....
Oldham, Wm. P.
Capt. Co. K, 44th N. C.....
Ormsby, Jas. O.
Private Co. I, 10th N. C.....
Ortman, F. W.
Private Co. A, 25th S. C.....Died April 22, 1911.
Pearce, E. L.
Capt. Co. E, 26th Ga.....Died.....
Persse, A. B.
Lieut. Co. F, 56th M.....Died Oct. 13, 1893.
Pickett, J. H.
Private Co. B, 1st Bat. Artillery.....

Pinner, J. L.
Private Co. A, 1st Bat. Artillery.....

Poisson, J. D.
Sergt. Co. G, 18th N. C.....Died Jan. 11, 1911.

Porter, Elijah
Capt. Co. E, 3d N. C.....Died July 1, 1907.

Potter, Dr. F. W.
Surgeon, 50th N. C.....Died June 1, 1893.

Pratt, D.
Private Co. I, 10th N. C.....Died.....

Prempert, H. C.
Sergt. Co. H, 2d N. C.....Died Sept. 17, 1896.

Price, Joseph
Commander C. S. N.....Died May 15, 1895.

Price, R. W.
Private Co. D, 72d N. C.....Died Nov. 25, 1909.

Primrose, Jno. W.
Capt. A. C. S., 1st Cavalry.....Resigned Dec. 29, 1890.

Rankin, R. G.
Private Co. A, 1st Bat. Artillery.....Died June 28, 1913.

Rankin, J. T.
Lieut. Co. D, 1st Bat. Artillery.....

Reaves, Calvin
Private Co. G, 61st N. C.....

Reaves, J. F. A.
Private Co. F, 3d N. C.....Died June 27, 1908.

Reaves, R. M.
Private Co. E, 18th N. C.....

Rivenbark, W. W.
Private Co. F, 20th N. C.....Died Nov. 25, 1904.

Roberts, B. M.
Private Co. C, 13th Battery.....Died Feb. 4, 1903.

Robinson, Chas. H.
Quartermaster, 31st N. C.....

Rogers, J. M.
Private Co. B, 1st Bat. Artillery.....

Ruark, J. H.
Sergt. Co. F, 3d N. C.....

Russell, B. R.
Asst. Engr. C. S. N.....Died Dec. 15, 1906.

Savage, Henry
Capt. Co. G, 18th N. C.....Died Aug. 1, 1904.

Scharf, E.
Private 1st Bat. Ala. Cavalry.....Removed to New York.

Schenck, N. W.
Captain A. C. S.....

Schriver, Eli
Private Co. H, 3d N. C. Cavalry.....

Sharp, John H.
Private 13th Bat. Va. Artillery.....

Shepard, Dr. J. C.
Asst. Surgeon C. S. A.....Died Mar. 4, 1903.

Shepard, T. A.
Lieut. Co. G, 18th N. C.....Died July 5, 1899.
Shutte, John T.
Corp. Starr's Battery.....Removed to New York.
Sikes, R. J.
Private Co. H, 3d N. C.....
Skipper, Josh G.
Private Co. I, 10th N. C.....Died Dec. 18, 1904.
Smith, H. H.
Lieut. Co. A, 5th N. C.....Died Aug. 24, 1908.
Smith, Rev. J. A.
Private Co. I, N. C. Artillery.....
Smith, M. K.
Private Co. D, 72d N. C.....
Smith, Peter H.
Private Co. F, 3d N. C.....Died.....
Smith, T. Jeff.
Private Co. I, 18th N. C.....
Sneeden, S. J.
Private Co. A, 3d N. C.....Died Dec. 7, 1910.
Southerland, D. D.
Private Co. I, 10th N. C.....Died June 14, 1900.
Southerland, T. J.
Capt. Co. I, 10th N. C.....Died Feb. 18, 1891.
Spooner, W. T.
Co. F, 3d N. C.....
Stedman, C. M.
Major 44th N. C.....Greensboro, N. C.
Stevenson, J. C.
Private Co. A, 36th N. C.....Died Apr. 13, 1907.
Stevenson, W. M.
Capt. Co. B, 61st N. C.....
Stolter, Henry
Private Co. A, 18th N. C.....Died Oct. 5, 1896.
Stolter, John F.
Private Co. A, 18th N. C.....Died Dec. 27, 1903.
Story, S. A.
Private Co. I, 10th N. C.....Died.....
Sutton, D. M.
Private Co. K, 18th N. C.....Died.....
Swain, S. A.
Private Co. C, 1st Bat. Artillery.....Died Feb. 11, 1899.
Sykes, Thos. P.
Private 3d N. C. Cavalry.....
Taylor, James H.
Adjt. 51st N. C.....
Taylor, John D.
Lieut. Col. 36th N. C.....Died May 21, 1912.
Taylor, J. J.
Private Co. H, 3d Cavalry.....Died Apr. 29, 1902.
Taylor, Lewis
Private Co. B, 1st Bat. Artillery.....Died Oct. 8, 1912.
Taylor, M. P.
..... Died.....

Tilley, Geo. F.
Private Co. H, 18th N. C.....Died May 9, 1905.
Turrentine, J. R.
Hart's Bat. Light Artillery.....
Ulmer, J. H.
.....Died Sept. 2, 1910.
Van Amringe, Stacy
Capt. Co. G, 61st N. C.....Died Jan. 2, 1897.
Voss, John G.
Private Co. A, 18th N. C.....Died July 19, 1890.
Waddell, A. M.
Lieut. Col. 3d N. C.....Died Mar. 17, 1912.
Walker, J. Alvis
Private Co. E, 2d Eng. C. S. A.....Died Sept. 29, 1912.
Walker, John M.
Ord. Sergt. Co. F, 2d N. C. Battery.....
Walker, J. P.
Private Co. E, 18th N. C.....Died 1909 or 1910.
Wallace, J. P.
Color Corps, Co. C, 51st N. C.....Died Oct., 1911.
Ward, C. H.
Private Co. G, 10th N. C.....
Warrock, E. S.
Corp. Ga. Artillery.....Removed.
Warrock, W. S.
Capt. Co. B, 1st Ala. Cavalry.....Died Mar. 19, 1900.
Watkins, L. A.
Private Co. D, 5th N. C. Battery.....
Watson, Rt. Rev. A. A.
Chaplain 2d N. C.....Died Apr. 21, 1905.
Watson, A. W.
Private Co. F, 7th N. C.....
Weill, Abram
Medical Department .....Withdrawn.
West, John W.
Sergt. Co. D, 36th N. C.....
White, B. F.
Lieut. Co. I, 18th N. C.....Died June 23, 1903.
Wiggs, Alex. W.
Sergt. Co. D, 36th N. C.....Died Aug. 30, 1906.
Wiggins, O. A.
Capt. Co. E, 36th N. C.....Resigned May 10, 1902.
Wilder, Jesse
Lieut. Co. C, 4th Cavalry.....
Wilkins, W. L.
Corp. Co. F, 3d N. C. .....Died Aug. 31, 1908.
Williams, Geo. W.
Private Co. F, 3d N. C.....
Williams, J. A.
Private Co. G, 3d N. C. Cavalry.....
Williams, J. R.
Sergt. Co. H, S. C. V.....

Wood, Dr. Thos. F.
Asst. Surg. 3d N. C.....Died Aug. 22, 1895.
Woodcock, Geo. W.
Lieut. Co. E, 18th N. C.....Died Feb. 10, 1896.
Woodcock, Henry M.
Private Co. E, 18th N. C.....Removed to Georgia.
Woodward, W. J.
Private Co. H, 1st N. C.....Died Oct. 11, 1907.
Wooten, Edward
Lieut. Co. B, 5th Cavalry.....Withdrawn.
Wright, Josh G.
Lieut. Co. E, 1st N. C.....Died Dec. 30, 1900.
Yates, C. W.
Co. E, 3d Cavalry.....
Yopp, F. V. B.
Lieut. Co. G, 51st N. C.....Died Dec. 29, 1894.

FORT FISHER.

Col. William Lamb, who was in command of Fort Fisher, in his admirable report of its defense, says:

"The indentation of the Atlantic Ocean in the Carolina coast known as Onslow Bay, and the Cape Fear River, running south from Wilmington, form the peninsula known as Federal Point, which, during the Civil War, was called Confederate Point. Not quite seven miles north of the end of this peninsula stood a high sand-hill called the 'Sugar Loaf.' Here there was an intrenched camp for the army of Wilmington under Gen. Braxton Bragg, the department commander, that was hid from the sea by forest and sand-hills. From this intrenched camp the river bank, with a neighboring ridge of sand-dunes, formed a covered way for troops to within a hundred yards of the left salient of Fort Fisher. Between the road and the ocean beach was an arm of Masonboro Sound, and where it ended, three miles north of the fort, were occasional fresh-water swamps, generally wooded with scrub growth, and in many cases quite impassable. Along the ocean shore was an occasional battery formed from a natural sand-hill, behind which Whitworth guns were carried from the fort to cover belated blockade runners or to protect more unfortunate ones that had been chased ashore.

"About half a mile north of the fort there was a rise in the plain, forming a hill some twenty feet above the tide on the river side, and on this was a redoubt commanding the approach to the fort by the river road. Thus nature, assisted by some slight engineering work, had given a defense to Confederate Point which would have enabled an efficient commander at the intrenched camp, coöperating with the garrison of Fort Fisher, to render the Point untenable for a largely superior force at night, when the covering fire of the Federal Navy could not distinguish between friend and foe."

The plans of Fort Fisher were Colonel Lamb's, and as the work progressed they were approved by Generals French, Raines, Longstreet, Beauregard, and Whiting. It was styled by Federal engineers "the Malakoff of the South." It was built solely with the view of resisting the fire of a fleet, and it stood uninjured, except as to armament, in two of the fiercest bombardments the world has ever witnessed. The two faces to the works were 2,580 yards long. The land face was 682 yards long, and the sea face 1,898 yards long.

The Land Face of Fort Fisher.

At the land face of Fort Fisher the peninsula was about half a mile wide. This face commenced about one hundred feet from the river with a half bastion, and extended with a heavy curtain to a full bastion on the ocean side, where it joined the sea face. The work was built to withstand the heaviest artillery fire. There was no moat with scarp and counterscarp, so essential for defense against storming parties, the shifting sands rendering such a construction impossible with the material available.

The outer slope was twenty feet high and was sodded with marsh grass, which grew luxuriantly. The parapet was not less than twenty-five feet thick, with an inclination of only one foot. The revetment was five feet nine inches high from the floor of the gun chambers, and these were some twelve feet or more from the interior plane. The guns were all mounted in barbette on Columbiad carriages, there being no casemated

gun in the fort. There were twenty heavy guns on the land faces, each gun chamber containing one or two guns, and there were heavy traverses exceeding in size any known to engineers, to protect from an enfilading fire. They extended out some twelve feet or more in height above the parapet, running back thirty feet or more. The gun chambers were reached from the rear by steps. In each traverse was an alternate magazine or bombproof, the latter ventilated by an air chamber. The passageways penetrated traverses in the interior of the work, forming additional bombproofs for the reliefs for the guns.

As a defense against infantry, there was a system of subterranean torpedoes extending across the peninsula, five to six hundred feet from the land face, and so disconnected that the explosion of one would not affect the others; inside the torpedoes, about fifty feet from the berm of the work, extending from river bank to seashore, was a heavy palisade of sharpened logs nine feet high, pierced for musketry, and so laid out as to have an enfilading fire on the centre, where there was a redoubt guarding a sally-port, from which two Napoleons were run out as occasion required. At the river end of the palisade was a deep and muddy slough, across which was a bridge, the entrance of the river road into the fort; commanding this bridge was a Napoleon gun. There were three mortars in the rear of the land face.

The Sea Face of Fort Fisher.

The sea face, for one hundred yards from the northwest bastion, was of the same massive character as the land face. A crescent battery intended for four guns joined this, but it was converted into a hospital bombproof. In the rear a heavy curtain was thrown up to protect the chamber from fragments of shells. From the bombproof a series of batteries extended for three-quarters of a mile along the sea, connected by an infantry curtain. These batteries had heavy traverses, but were not more than ten or twelve feet high to the top of the parapets, and were built for richochet firing.

On the line was a bombproof electric battery connected with a system of submarine torpedoes. Farther along, where the channel ran close to the beach, inside the bar, a mound battery sixty feet high was erected, with two heavy guns which had a plunging fire on the channel; this was connected with a battery north of it by a light curtain. Following the line of the works, it was over one mile from the mound to the northeast bastion at the angle of the sea and land faces, and upon this line twenty-four heavy guns were mounted. From the mound for nearly one mile to the end of the Point, was a level sand plain scarcely three feet above high tide, and much of it was submerged during gales. At the Point was Battery Buchanan, four guns, in the shape of an ellipse commanding the Inlet, its two 11-inch guns covering the approach by land. An advanced redoubt with a 24-pounder was added after the attack by the forces on the 25th of December, 1864. A wharf for large steamers was in close proximity to these works. Battery Buchanan was a citadel to which an overpowered garrison might retreat and with proper transportation be safely carried off at night, and to which reinforcements could be sent under the cover of darkness.

The Fort Fisher Fight.

General Whiting, in his official report of the taking of Fort Fisher on the night of the 15th of January, 1865, after an assault of unprecedented fury, both by sea and land, lasting from Friday morning until Sunday night, says:

"On Thursday night the enemy's fleet was reported off the fort. On Friday morning the fleet opened very heavily. On Friday and Saturday, during the furious bombardment of the fort, the enemy was allowed to land without molestation and to throw up a light line of field-works from Battery Ramseur to the river, thus securing his position from molestation and making the fate of Fort Fisher, under the circumstances, but a question of time.

"On Sunday, the fire on the fort reached a pitch of fury to which no language can do justice. It was concentrated on the land face and front. In a short time nearly every gun was dismounted or disabled, and the garrison suffered severely by the fire. At three o'clock the enemy's land force, which had been gradually and slowly advancing, formed in two columns for assault. The garrison, during the fierce bombardment, was not able to stand to the parapets, and many of the reinforcements were obliged to be kept a great distance from the fort. As the enemy slackened his fire to allow the assault to take place, the men hastily manned the ramparts and gallantly repulsed the right column of assault. A portion of the troops on the left had also repulsed the first rush to the left of the work. The greater portion of the garrison being, however, engaged on the right, and not being able to man the entire works, the enemy succeeded in making a lodgment on the left flank, planting two of his regimental flags in the traverses. From this point we could not dislodge him, our own traverses protecting him from the fire of our most distant guns. From this time it was a succession of fighting from traverse to traverse, and from line to line until nine o'clock at night, when we were overpowered and all resistance ceased.

"The fall both of the General and the Colonel commanding the fort—one about four and the other about four-thirty o'clock p. m., had a perceptible effect upon the men, and no doubt hastened greatly the result; but we were overpowered, and no skill or gallantry could have saved the place after the enemy effected a lodgment, except attack in the rear. The enemy's loss was very heavy, and so, also, was our own. Of the latter, as a prisoner, I have not been able to ascertain.

"At nine o'clock, p. m., the gallant Major Reilly, who had fought the fort after the fall of his superiors, reported the enemy in possession of the sally-port. The brave Captain Van Benthuysen, of the marines, though himself badly wounded, with a squad of his men picked up the General and the Colonel and endeavored to make way to Battery Buch-

anan, followed by Reilly, with the remnant of the forces. On reaching there, it was found to be evacuated, by whose order and by what authority, I know not. No boats were there. The garrison of Fort Fisher had been coolly abandoned to its fate. Thus fell Fort Fisher after three days' battle unparalleled in the annals of the war. Nothing was left but to await the approach of the enemy, who took us about 10 p. m. The fleet surpassed its tremendous efforts in the previous attack. The fort had fallen in precisely the manner indicated so often by myself, and to which your attention has been so frequently called, and in the presence of the ample force provided by you to meet the contingency."

Colonel Lamb, in his report, says he had half a mile of land face to defend with 1,900 men. He knew every company present and its strength. This number included the killed, wounded, and sick.

To capture Fort Fisher, the enemy lost, by their own statement, 1,445 killed, wounded, and missing. Nineteen hundred Confederates with 44 guns, contended against 10,000 men on shore and 600 heavy guns afloat, killing and wounding almost as many of the enemy as there were soldiers in the fort, and not surrendering until the last shot was expended.

The garrison consisted of two companies of the Tenth North Carolina under Major Reilly; the Thirty-sixth North Carolina, Col. William Lamb, ten companies; four companies of the Fortieth North Carolina; Company D of the First North Carolina Artillery Battalion; Company C, Third North Carolina Artillery Battalion; Company D, Thirteenth North Carolina Artillery Battalion, and the Naval detachment under Captain Van Benthuysen.

General Whiting had been assigned to no duty by General Bragg, although it was his right to command the supporting troops. He determined to go to the fort and share its fate. The commander, Colonel Lamb, offered to relinquish the control, but General Whiting declined to take away the glory of the defense from him, but remained with him and fought

as a volunteer. It is related that during the fight, when one hundred immense projectiles were being hurled per minute at the fort, General Whiting was seen "standing with folded arms, smiling upon a 400-pound shell, as it stood smoking and spinning like a billiard ball on the sand, not twenty feet away until it burst, and he then moved quietly away." During the fight General Whiting saw the Federal flags planted on the traverses. Calling on the troops to follow him, they fought hand to hand with clubbed muskets, and one traverse was taken. Just as he was climbing the other, and had his hand upon the Federal flag to tear it down, he fell, receiving two wounds. Colonel Lamb, a half-hour later, fell with a desperate wound through the hip. The troops fought on. Lamb, in the hospital, found voice enough, though faint unto death, to say: "I will not surrender"; and Whiting, lying among the surgeons near by, responded: "Lamb, if you die, I will assume command, and I will never surrender."

After the fort was captured and General Whiting was made prisoner, he was taken to Fort Columbus, on Governors Island, and there died, March 10, 1865. The fearless defender of the last stand at Fort Fisher, Maj. James Reilly, in after years, remained not far from the scene of his exploits until his death, November 5, 1894.

CAPE FEAR PILOTS.

The four years of blockade running, from 1861 to 1865, were so crowded with incidents and adventures of an extraordinary and startling nature that each day brought a new and novel experience.

I recall my first day under fire, the trembling knees, the terrifying scream of the approaching shells, the dread of instant death. Again, the notable storm at sea in which our ship was buffetted and lashed by the waves until the straining steel plates cut the rivets and the fireroom was flooded and the engines stopped, while the tempest tossed us helpless upon the mountainous waves, and all hope of our lives was gone,

until we were mercifully cast upon a reef which extends about three miles from Bermuda. Again, when our party of five persons, endeavoring to reach the Confederacy in a small launch after the fall of Fort Fisher, was cast away the second day upon Green Turtle Cay, an obscure island of the Bahamas, where we dwelt in a negro's hut for three weeks, and then foolishly risked our lives again for two weeks at sea in a small boat which landed us in the surf among the man-eating sharks off Cape Canaveral, in Florida.

Another terrifying experience of my life occurred in the quiet little town of St. George, Bermuda. It was while our ship was waiting in port for the dark of the moon to help us into the Confederacy. Our captain, who succeeded our favorite Maffitt, was addicted to gambling with others of his class afloat in the harbor, and, although, his poker parties kept him busy until two or three o'clock in the morning, he usually slept on shore, in a room next to that of a gentleman from Georgia, in his house near my hotel, where I preferred to stay while in port. One night at two o'clock I was awakened by a knock at my door, at which, to my amazement, stood our captain, greatly excited, who asked me to accompany him to O—'s house, "for," said he, "O— has suddenly gone crazy." I did not stop to think why the Captain had asked me, a mere stripling of eighteen years of age, to tackle a crazy man in the dead of the night. I went quickly. I remember the solemn stillness of the night, not a light burning, not even a sound of footsteps upon the quiet street, no policeman in sight (the force consisted of two constables), and as we walked rapidly towards our destination, the Captain told me that on reaching the house he found he had forgotten his latch-key; that after knocking loudly for the porter, who, it appeared, was absent, he heard some one coming down the stairs, and a moment afterwards O— appeared in his night clothes with a lighted candle and a pistol, which he snapped in the Captain's face and denounced him for a robber. The Captain, who was a big strong man, said that he had disarmed O— and with great difficulty got him back

to his room. And then, instead of calling a doctor, he ran for me—for what reason, I have never fathomed.

I saw at once that O— was crazy. He glared at me like a wild beast and jumped from his bed to attack me, but the Captain threw him back, and after getting him quiet, for he was raving mad, asked me to remain while he went a half mile away for a doctor. I have never understood to this day why *I* didn't go for the doctor and leave the Captain to watch; but, before this reasonable proposition entered my excited mind, I found myself alone in a big house with a maniac. I remember the Captain's last words, "Don't let him get to his dressing table, as I put his pistol in that drawer." The Captain's footsteps had scarcely died away in the distance upon the cobblestones when O— jumped at me, and in sheer desperation I met him and knocked him over the bed and planted my trembling knees upon his chest. I don't know how long I struggled with the man—it seemed like eternity—but at last I heard footsteps in the distance and then saw two persons climbing the stairs. I didn't tarry any longer than the utterance of a few pointed remarks to the Captain, whose company was subsequently as distasteful to me as that of his crazy friend.

Strangely enough, as I was writing these reminiscences of long ago, a benevolent old gentleman presented himself at my office door and said, "I want to see my old friend, Mr. Sprunt, who was purser of my ship fifty years ago, and whom I have not seen since then." It was gratifying to see again in the flesh my brother officer, Andrew J. Forrest, of Baltimore, who was first assistant engineer with us when Fort Fisher was captured and our occupation as blockade runners terminated. Among many other incidents which our meeting brought to mind was a ludicrous scene recalled by my friend. "Do you remember," said Andy, "how annoying it was to the Captain when his belated slumbers, after a night at poker, were disturbed in the early morning by the usual holy-stoning and washing-down-decks which Chief Officer Carrow was so particular about? Do you recall the

occasion when, having finished breakfast, we were strolling about the quarter-deck, and a rooster got out of the coop near the galley, and, perching himself upon the bridge-deck near the Captain's stateroom, crowed and crowed, until with a savage oath the skipper burst out of the door in his pajamas with a big Colt's revolver and chased that rooster all over the ship in a rage that fairly choked us with laughter?"

My friend tells me that we two are the only survivors of the fifty-two officers and men upon the muster roll of the old ship, which was subsequently used as a transport in the South American wars.

The stirring scenes recalled in these reminiscences occurred a half century ago. A mere handful of those who participated in blockade running still survive, and their hoary heads and feeble knees attest the measure of their days. One, whose moral excellence commands universal respect, still heeds the call of the sea, and none of his profession is more skillful in piloting the big steamers with their valuable cargoes through the devious Cape Fear channel to their berths in the city's harbor. Fifty years ago he and I were captured, man and boy together, in the same ship, under the Confederate flag; and we suffered together the privations, discomforts, and trials of prisoners of war. Upon the return of peace our vocations cemented a friendship which has extended unbroken to the present time. Some years ago he was called by the Master, who once walked upon the sea, to the higher service of a minister of the Gospel, in which he has been signally blessed.

The writer, for twenty-six years a member of the Board of Commissioners of Navigation and Pilotage, having ample means of observation at home and abroad, believes that our pilots would compare most favorably with any organization of the kind elsewhere in all the essential qualifications of this noble calling.

The story of their wonderful skill and bravery in the time of the Federal blockade has never been written, because the

survivors were modest men, and because time obliterated from their memories many incidents of that extraordinary epoch in their history.

Amidst almost impenetrable darkness, without lightship or beacon, the narrow and closely watched inlet was felt for with a deep-sea lead as a blind man feels his way along a familiar path, and even when the enemy's fire was raking the wheel-house, the faithful pilot, with steady hand and iron nerve, safely steered the little fugitive of the sea to her desired haven. It might be said of him as it was told of the Nantucket skipper, that he could get his bearings on the darkest night by a taste of the lead.

We recall the names of some of the noted blockade runners and their pilots, so well known in Smithville about fifty years ago: *Columbia,* afterwards called the *Lady Davis.* C. C. Morse; *Giraffe,* afterwards known as the *R. E. Lee,* Archibald Guthrie; *Fannie,* Henry Howard; *Hansa,* J. N. Burruss; *City of Petersburg,* Joseph Bensel; *Old Dominion,* Richard Dosher; *Alice,* Joseph Springs; *Margaret and Jessie,* Charles W. Craig; *Hebe,* George W. Burruss; *Advance,* C. C. Morse; *Pet,* T. W. Craig; *Atalanta,* Thos. M. Thompson; *Eugenia,* T. W. Newton; *Ella and Annie,* J. M. Adkins; *Banshee,* Thomas Burruss; *Venus,* R. Sellers; *Don,* William St. George; *Lynx,* J. W. Craig; *Let Her Be,* J. T. Burruss; *Little Hattie,* R. S. Grissom; *Lilian,* Thomas Grissom; *North Heath,* Julius Dosher; *Let Her Rip,* E. T. Burruss; *Beauregard,* J. W. Potter; *Owl,* T. B. Garrason; *Agnes Fry,* Thomas Dyer; *Kate,* C. C. Morse; *Siren,* John Hill; *Calypso,* C. G. Smith; *Ella,* John Savage; *Condor,* Thomas Brinkman; *Coquette,* E. T. Daniels; *Mary Celeste,* J. W. Anderson; *Susan Bierne,* Richard Dosher.

Many other steamers might be named, among them the *Britannic, Emma, Dee, Antonica, Victory, Granite City, Stonewall Jackson, Flora, Havelock, Hero, Eagle, Duoro, Thistle, Scotia, Gertrude, Charleston, Colonel Lamb, Dolphin* and *Dream,* the names of whose pilots may or may not be

among those already recalled. These are noted here because there is no other record of their exploits extant.

Some of the steamers which were run ashore by the blockaders may still be seen: The *Ella* on Bald Head, the *Spunky* and the *Georgianna McCall* on Caswell Beach, the *Hebe* and the *Dee* between Wrightsville and Masonboro. The *Beauregard* and the *Venus* lie stranded on Carolina Beach, the *Modern Greece* near New Inlet, the *Antonica* on Frying Pan Shoals. Two others lie near Lockwood's Folly bar; and others, whose names are forgotten, lie half buried in sands, where they may remain for centuries to come.

James W. Craig, a Veteran Pilot.

He is now the Reverend James William Craig, Methodist preacher, but I like to think of him as Jim Billy, the Cape Fear pilot of war times, on the bridge of the swift Confederate blockade runner *Lynx,* commanded by the intrepid Captain Reed, as she races through the blackness of night on her course west nor'west, straight and true for the Federal fleet off New Inlet, in utter silence, the salt spray of the sea smiting the faces of the watchers as they gaze ahead for the first sign of imminent danger.

Soon there is added to the incessant noise of wind and waves the ominous roar of the breakers, as the surf complains to the shore, and the deep sea lead gives warning of shoaling water. "Half-speed" is muttered through the speaking tube; a hurried parley; a recognized land fall—for Reed is a fine navigator, and "Are you ready to take her, pilot?" "Ready, sir," comes from Jim Billy in the darkness. Then the whispered orders through the tube, "Slow down," as there looms ahead the first of the dread monsters of destruction; "Starboard," "Steady." And the little ship glides past like a phantom, unseen as yet. Then "Port," "Port," "Hard a'port," in quick succession, as she almost touches the second cruiser. She is now in the thick of the blockading squadron; and suddenly, out of the darkness, close

aboard, comes the hoarse hail, "Heave to, or I'll sink you," followed by a blinding glare of rockets and the roar of heavy guns. The devoted little Confederate is now naked to her enemies as the glare of rockets and drummond lights from many men-of-war illuminate the chase. Under a pitiless hail of shot and shell from every quarter she bounds forward full speed ahead, every joint and rivet straining, while Jim Billy dodges her in and out through a maze of smoke and flame and bursting shells. The range of Fort Fisher's guns is yet a mile away—will she make it? Onward speeds the little ship, for neither Reed nor Jim Billy has a thought of surrender. A shell explodes above them, smashing the wheelhouse; another shell tears away the starboard paddle-box; and as she flies, like lightning, past the nearest cruiser, a sullen roar from Colonel Lamb's artillery warns her pursuers that they have reached their limitations; and in a few minutes the gallant little ship crosses the bar and anchors under the Confederate guns. The Captain and his trusty pilot shake hands and go below, "to take the oath," as Reed described it—for the strain must be relaxed by sleep or stimulation. "A close shave, Jim," was all the Captain said. "It was, sir, for a fact," was the equally laconic answer.

My shipmate, Jim Billy, is growing old, and so am I. Our lives have been united all these years in a bond which death only can divide; and as we talk, as we often do, about old times and those who took part with us in the stress of war, all of whom have gone out upon the boundless tide, we are thankful that we are in the convoy of Him who walked upon the sea, and that we will be guided to our desired haven by His good hand upon us. Some days ago I drew out of Jim Billy the following narrative, which I have set down as nearly as may be in his own words, and I trust it may serve to interest and instruct some of the readers who do not often hear a true sailor's yarn:

"I was born in May, 1840, and piloted my first vessel into the Cape Fear River when I was seventeen years of age. At that time Mr. P. W. Fanning, of Wilmington, was chairman

of the Board of Commissioners of Navigation and Pilotage, and the present custom of issuing branches, or licenses, was not in vogue.

"I acted under the protection of my father, who was a full branch pilot; in other words, he was permitted to carry in vessels of any depth suitable for the water then available. I was an apprentice with him.

"When the war broke out I was twenty-one years of age and, in view of certain circumstances favorable to my reputation, I was given by the Board of Commissioners of Navigation and Pilotage a license for twelve feet, the laws having been changed a year or two before the war in respect to the method of issuing licenses.

"My father, James N. Craig, lived a short distance from Fort Fisher on the river side at a place called Craig's Landing, and his house and landing were both used later by the commander of Fort Fisher, Col. William Lamb, who was so intimately engaged with my father that he gave him general charge of the duty of setting lights for the benefit of blockade runners, under certain restrictions which had been provided. I was therefore engaged for nearly two years after the outbreak of the war in assisting my father, and became more familiar with the channel and the approaches of the channel than many other pilots who had not the opportunity of sounding, as we had frequently, under government instructions.

"The first proposal made to me to take a ship through the blockade was by Capt. E. C. Reed, commander of the celebrated cruiser *Sumter*. This vessel had been dismantled of her guns on account of her slow speed and general unfitness for a cruiser, after her destruction of many vessels of the enemy, and she was sent into Wilmington with a cargo of war stores, conspicuous among which were two enormous Blakely guns, which were subsequently used in the defense of Charleston.

"After the discharge of the cargo at Wilmington the *Sumter* was loaded with cotton, and Captain Reed brought

her down to Old Brunswick landing and anchored, before he made arrangements for the engagement of a pilot to take him out.

"In coming into the Cape Fear Captain Reed had, through a successful ruse, passed through the blockading fleet by hoisting the U. S. ensign and pretending to be one of the fleet. The blockaders did not discover his true character until he was under the guns of Fort Fisher, and consequently they were very eager to capture him on his voyage outward.

"At that time of the tide it was impossible to take over the Rip Shoal or across either of the bars a ship drawing more than eleven feet. The *Sumter* drew eleven feet of water and grounded repeatedly in attempting to go out. Capt. Reed offered me $1,000 in gold if I would take the ship out successfully and reach Bermuda, where he would discharge me and proceed to England with his cargo.

"I made several ineffectual attempts to get the *Sumter* outside, but, owing to the lack of water and the vigilance of the blockading fleet, we were baffled repeatedly. At last I took her out successfully over the New Inlet bar, the fleet in the meantime having concentrated at the Western bar, expecting to capture her there, and Captain Reed subsequently told me that he proceeded to Bermuda and to England without sighting a single hostile vessel during the whole voyage.

"A short time after that I piloted the Steamship *Orion* in over New Inlet successfully, that vessel having arrived off the bar without a pilot and, very luckily for the ship as well as for me, hailed me while I was setting some lights for another vessel, the *Cornubia,* ready to go out in charge of pilot C. C. Morse.

"Just as Morse was passing us, he called out, 'Don't take your lights in too soon, because if we run afoul of a blockader outside, he may run us in again, and we want the benefit of the lights.'

"Sure enough, a few minutes after the *Cornubia* had faded from our sight beyond the bar, we were surprised by the

sudden looming up of another large steamer, which at first we supposed was a blockader chasing the *Cornubia.*

"We were still more surprised, and really frightened, when they lowered a boat and the boat pulled close up to us in the semi-darkness and demanded to know who we were, pilot Thomas Newton being with me. They asked if we were pilots, which we admitted was the case. The voice, which proved to be that of the chief officer of the blockade runner *Orion,* a very fine ship, then replied, "We have been trying to run into Charleston, and failed to do so. We are groping around for the New Inlet bar. Will you take us in?" We at once agreed and proceeded to the ship and brought her in over the bar and anchored her under the guns of Fort Fisher in safety.

"Strangely enough, the captain of the *Orion,* who claimed to be a Baltimorean, recognized me, and reminded me that I had taken him over the bar before the war, when he commanded a schooner from Baltimore.

"Some months afterwards a very fine blockade runner called the *Don,* under command of Captain Roberts (whose real name was Hobart, a son of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, and a post captain in the British Navy, who had obtained leave of absence in order to try his skill at blockade running), was brought successfully to Wilmington by pilot St. George, who was there taken sick, and I was requested to assume his place.

"On my return to Wilmington in the *Don,* I relinquished this vessel to her former pilot, St. George, and made a contract with the agent in Wilmington of a firm which owned a number of blockade runners—a notable one being the *Hansa* —to pilot any vessels which he might designate and be subject to his orders at any moment, the term of engagement being three months.

"Immediately afterwards, I was ordered to proceed to Nassau in the blockade runner *Fanny* (formerly the *Orion*), and report to Captain Watters, of the blockade runner *Annie,* for duty on that ship.

"I remember that we left in the *Fanny* on Saturday night and arrived in Nassau before daylight on Tuesday morning, where I found the *Annie* fully loaded and ready for sea and waiting for me. We accordingly left about 4 o'clock that afternoon and arrived without incident inside the Cape Fear bar on the Friday night following.

"I made a second voyage through the blockade in the *Annie,* passing within a cable length of two of the Federal fleet that failed to observe us.

"We again loaded the *Annie* in Nassau and cleared for Wilmington, but fell in with a hurricane shortly afterwards, and were obliged to heave to for about forty hours, and so lost our reckoning; failing to get observations for three days, we waited until the gale subsided, and then anchored the ship in smooth water, by a kedge, until the Captain succeeded in getting an observation of the North Star, by which he worked out his position. We then shaped our course straight for the blockade fleet off Fort Fisher.

"At that time, and subsequently, it was the custom for the flag ship of the blockading squadron to carry a large light, and, this being the only one visible, often served the purpose of guiding the blockade runners until they could get the bearings of the Mound Light.

"On this particular night of May 6, 1864, the Confederate iron-clad ram *Raleigh,* commanded by Lieut. J. Pembroke Jones, and accompanied by two small wooden gunboats named the *Yadkin* and the *Equator,* had come out from the river and attacked the blockading squadron. We were, of course, unaware of the circumstances and I came very near running afoul of the *Raleigh* outside of the bar, but, supposing him to be one of the blockaders, got out of his way as quickly as possible.

"This Confederate flotilla returned to the river next day, and the *Raleigh* unfortunately grounded on the Rip and broke her back, and remained for the rest of the war a most dangerous obstruction to vessels passing that shoal.

"My term of three months' service having expired, I was proceeding in my skiff from Craig's Landing to Wilmington when I was overtaken by a very swift blockade runner, with two rakish funnels, a perfect model of its kind, called the *Lynx,* and, having been given a tow line, climbed aboard and found, to my great surprise and delight, that the ship was commanded by my old friend, Captain Reed, who immediately requested that I would arrange to go with him, as his engagement of a pilot was only for the voyage inward.

"To this I consented, on condition that General Whiting would approve it, and I received a few days afterwards a telegram to go on board the *Lynx* at Fort Fisher. I was in a hurricane on this ship, in which she fared badly, her paddle-boxes, sponsons, and bridge-deck having been partly washed away; but we at last limped into Bermuda, and, after repairing damages, proceeded again to Wilmington.

"The longest chase of which I was a witness during the war occurred while I was on the *Lynx,* which was chased for fifteen hours by that very fast cruiser, *Fort Jackson.* The *Fort Jackson's* log and official report subsequently showed that she was making sixteen knots an hour, which at that time was considered phenomenal speed (the average blockade runner seldom exceeding fourteen knots an hour), and on this occasion I remember that the safety valves of the *Lynx* were weighted down by the iron tops of the coal bunkers, which of course imperiled the life of every one on board, but increased the speed of the *Lynx* to more than sixteen knots an hour and enabled her ultimately to escape.

"After making two round passages in the *Lynx* and running the blockade four times in this vessel, several times under fire, I joined at Wilmington the Confederate steamer *Lilian,* under the following peculiar circumstances:

"Quite a number of the Wilmington pilots had been captured by the enemy, and the force available for ships waiting in Bermuda and Nassau, belonging to the Confederate Government, was in consequence greatly reduced. The regular

pilot of the *Lilian* was Thomas Grissom, and I was one of four extra pilots (the three others being Joseph Thompson, James Bell, and Charles Craig), who were ordered by General Whiting to proceed to Bermuda and take charge of certain ships to be designated by Maj. Norman S. Walker, the Confederate agent at that port.

"Trouble began before we got outside. An armed barge from the fleet had come close inside the Western bar and lay in our track in the channel, and, immediately upon our approach, sent up a rocket and fired a gun, which was instantly answered by the whole fleet outside, and I remember that we crossed the bar in a bright flash of drummond lights and rockets which made the night as bright as day. Every one of the blockaders was firing at or over us as we headed out to sea, and when next morning dawned, which was Sunday, we had just succeeded in dropping the last of the cruisers, which had chased us all night.

"We were congratulating ourselves after breakfast that morning that we would have a clear sea towards Bermuda—and by the way, the sea was as smooth as glass—when the lookout in the crow's nest reported a vessel of war ahead, shortly afterwards another on the starboard bow, and a little later a third on our port bow, and in a few minutes a fourth one on our beam. We had unfortunately run into the second line of blockaders, called the Gulf Squadron, and it was not more than two hours before they were all in range and pelting us with bomb shells.

"The chase lasted until half past one in the afternoon, when a shell from the cruiser on our starboard beam, called the *Gettysburg,* formerly the blockade runner *Margaret and Jessie,* struck us below the water line, making a large hole through which the water rushed like a mill-stream.

"All our efforts to stop the leak with blankets were unavailing. We had previously thrown over our deck load of cotton, but it was impossible to reach the hole from the inside as the hold was jam full of cotton; and in a short time the vessel

began to steer badly and gradually sank almost to the level of the deck. Finding further efforts to escape utterly fruitless, the captain stopped the ship and surrendered to the boats which immediately surrounded us.

"I remember that when the ship was hove to and the Federal officers came on board, our sullen and dejected commander was standing on the starboard paddle-box, with his arms folded and his back turned to the approaching Federals, when one of them, with a drawn sword, approached and asked if he was in command of the ship. Captain Martin responded with an oath: "I was in command, but I suppose you are Captain now."

"Although every effort had been made to escape, those of us who knew Captain Maffitt, the former commander of the *Lilian,* regretted very much his absence on this occasion, as he would most likely have been more fortunate in getting away.

"Knowing how eager the Federals were to identify the pilot of the ship, they being in blissful ignorance that there were no fewer than five Wilmington pilots on board, we all agreed to personate firemen or members of the crew, and succeeded in passing ourselves as such. Subsequently all of us escaped except the ship's pilot, who was detained at Point Lookout until the end of the war.

"Our ship's company numbered forty-eight men, and now, after a lapse of forty-eight years, we two, James Sprunt, purser, and J. W. Craig, pilot, are the only survivors of them all.[1]

"After our escape from prison, we made our way to Halifax, Nova Scotia, through the medium of some gold coins, which I fortunately kept next to my body in a waist band and which paid the passage of four of my companions, including Mr. Sprunt. I joined the steamer *Bat* at Halifax, and proceeded as pilot of her to Wilmington. When off the bar, and in the midst of the blockading fleet, which was firing heavily upon us, the Captain lost his nerve, and, notwith-

[1]Mr. Craig has since died.

standing my expostulations, persisted in stopping the *Bat.* The cause of the Captain's excitement was due to this remarkable incident: One of our sailors was a survivor of the desperate battle between the *Alabama* and the *Kearsarge* off Cherbourg some months before, serving on the *Alabama,* but, instead of proving to be, as might be expected, a very brave man, under the fire of the blockading fleet he became terrified and hid himself as far forward under the turtleback in the eyes of our ship as he could squeeze himself. During the firing of the fleet a shot struck the exact spot where this poor fellow was hiding and cut off his leg, causing him to utter such shrieks as to demoralize the Captain, who ignobly stopped and anchored his ship in the midst of the enemy, when he might just as well have gone on, with less risk of destruction. The ship that boarded us that night was the U. S. steamer *Montgomery.*

"For the second time I was made a prisoner of war and under the following circumstances, which I have never mentioned but once.

"Before I became engaged in the blockade running service, I was acting as mate on the Confederate steamer *Flora Macdonald,* a transport on the Cape Fear River, and when the Confederate privateer *Retribution* sent into Wilmington a prize schooner, which she had captured at sea, in charge of one of the *Retribution's* officers named Jordan, who had shipped with Capt. Joseph Price in Wilmington, I assisted in towing that vessel from the bar to Wilmington, and of course saw much of Jordan.

"When I was captured by the *Montgomery,* I was taken to Portsmouth Navy Yard, where we were boarded by a Federal officer in a captain's uniform, who proved to be none other than my quondam Confederate friend Jordan, who had gone over to the enemy, and who immediately recognized me and informed against me.

"I was then put in irons and sent on board the U. S. man-of-war *Sabine,* where I was most kindly treated by its commander, Captain Loring, and while a prisoner on his ship I

was repeatedly approached by the Federal officers, who offered to pay any sum I would name if I would join their fleet off Fort Fisher and take part as a pilot in their attack against my home. I told them that the United States Government did not have enough money to induce me to accept such a proposition, and I accordingly remained a prisoner at Point Lookout until after the war was over.

"I may add that while I was a prisoner on the *Sabine,* two of the Cape Fear pilots, C. C. Morse and John Savage, were brought on board as prisoners, under suspicion of being pilots, and, although they were intimate friends of mine, I took particular pains to treat them as total strangers and paid no attention to them, lest it might get them into further trouble. They were much relieved when they discovered my purpose. Savage was subsequently released, but Morse, having been identified later by some other means, was made a prisoner with me until the end of the war.

"The monotony of prison life affords so few incidents that my experience is hardly worth recalling, and yet I remember some diversions, which gave us much merriment at the time.

"While our friends of the *Lilian* were confined for several weeks in a casemate of Fort Macon, that garrison consisted of what the Yankees called the First Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers. These men were known to us, however, as 'Buffaloes,' and they were a mean lot, as can be imagined from their having turned against their native State in time of great stress of war. Every day an officer and guard took us outside our gloomy casemate and permitted us to stretch our legs along the beach, while we gazed with longing eyes across the intervening sound to Dixie's Land. The marsh grass was full of sand fiddlers, which scuttled away at our approach. I pretended to be surprised and asked the guard what these things were, saying that they would be called lobsters in my country if they were much larger. The old renegade looked at me with a most contemptuous expression and replied: 'You know what they are; you've got millions of them at Smithville, whar you come from.'

"Another daily experience was the persistent, though unsuccessful, effort of the officer of the day to tease out of our young purser, James Sprunt, whom he thought an easy mark on account of his youth (17 years), betrayal of our pilot, little dreaming that we were five Wilmington pilots.

"A warm attachment began in that prison life between Mr. Sprunt and myself, which has been true and steadfast through all these intervening years. We little thought then that our lives would be so long united in the bonds of Christian fellowship and commercial enterprise.

"During my subsequent confinement on the *Sabine* as a prisoner of war, a large number of blockade runners who had been captured at sea were brought to that school-ship for confinement, and Captain Loring tried in every way to surprise those suspected of being pilots into an admission of the fact. One fine day, while the prisoners were lying on the deck, he, looking like an old sea dog, bluff and hearty, paced up and down among them, and suddenly, turning on his heel, he called out: 'All you North Carolinians stand up quick!' I cast my eyes over a number of our pilots, fearing they would be taken by this surprise and betray themselves, but not a man stirred, and old Loring, who was really a good fellow and kind to us, went on his way.

"I hope it may not be amiss, in the conclusion of these reminiscences, to allude to the fact that, although I have been all these years engaged as a Cape Fear pilot, in the duties of my vocation, it has pleased God to call me also to the higher duty of preaching His gospel, as a Methodist minister, and to make me the humble instrument, in His hands, of guiding some of my fellow men to their eternal rest, as I have guided the ships to their haven.

"There was a moral lesson, to those who heeded, in the devious path of our hunted fugitives of the sea in war time, for the Christian warfare is a running fight through many adversaries of the soul, and if we will but follow the lead of the Great Pilot, He will bring us safe at last to 'an anchor within the vale, whither our forerunner is already entered.'

"There is a beautiful figure in this Scripture, which few landsmen recognize. The approach by sailing vessels in the olden time to the inlets of the Mediterranean Sea was often baffled by adverse winds, or calms; a little boat was then lowered, which carried into the harbor a kedge anchor that was dropped overboard. To this small anchor was attached a line by which the vessel was warped by the windlass into the haven. The man who carried the anchor in was the forerunner, and, in a figure, He is Christ, the Captain of our Salvation; the line is the line of faith, and the man at the windlass is a human soul who trusts in God."

Capt. Daniel W. Lee.

A few weeks ago I spent a pleasant day with Capt. Daniel W. Lee, in Virginia, the sailor nephew of the illustrious leader of the Lost Cause, who served as an officer on board the C. S. cruiser *Chickamauga*, which, under the command of Capt. John Wilkinson, spread consternation up and down the Northern coast during the last ninety days of the war.

Across the historic Rappahannock lay the famous town of Fredericksburg, the home of Washington and of Mercer, the Cradle of American Independence, so often swept by fire and sword in the scourge of war. Beyond this, like two great armies, were the serried ranks of 40,000 Confederate and Federal dead, waiting for the trumpet call; and farther still, the ancient house of Brompton on Marye's Heights, around which the iron hail and storm of battle swept, leaving many thousand bullet-scars which time has not effaced.

From these familiar scenes which fill the contemplative mind with sad emotions, Captain Lee turned with kindling eyes to the recital of his daring runs through the Cape Fear blockade, and courteously inquired for the welfare of his old shipmates at Wilmington and Southport, nearly all of whom have gone out on their last voyage. With characteristic modesty he declined to write a narrative of his war-time experience; but Captain Wilkinson's narration of cruises in

which Captain Lee was engaged as a subordinate will serve to connect the sea life of this distinguished gentlemen with a unique epoch in Cape Fear history.

Pilot Burriss.

A familiar face and figure in the strenuous days of 1861 to 1866 was Pilot Ned Burriss, of Smithville. He was reckoned one of the coolest and bravest of men under fire and also a pilot of great ability. I recall a characteristic story of Burriss. When Captain Reed of the *Sumter* roused him from a deep sleep with the exclamation, "Ned, we are surrounded by the Yankees and cannot escape; we must either be sunk or run ashore," Burriss rubbed his eyes and remarked in a matter of fact tone, "Well, I guess I'd better put on a clean shirt." For years after the war he held a steady engagement as pilot on the Clyde steamers, and when he gave it up his employers parted with him regretfully, because they regarded him as a most trustworthy and capable man. Mr. Burriss always inspired his shipmates with confidence. His quiet, kindly disposition and his well known skill made many friends.[1]

Captain Steele.

I recall an instance of extraordinary nerve on the part of Captain Steele, of the blockade runner *Banshee,* who found himself at daylight close alongside a Federal cruiser. The captain of the warship *Nyphon* simply had the *Banshee* in the hollow of his hand, and desiring to capture this valuable prize without the risk of sinking her and thereby losing the prize money, he commanded Steele to heave to immediately, or he would sink him. Steele, standing on the paddle-box, presented a ludicrous spectacle as he coolly shouted back that he didn't have time to stop, because he was in a hurry. Thereupon issued a cross fire of vituperation, while Steele's engineers were piling on steam in a desperate effort to escape. The Federal commander, still unwilling to destroy his prize and lose its value, continued to threaten, until he saw the *Banshee* gradually drawing away from him, when he shot

[1]Pilot Burriss has since died.

away one of her masts and raked the little ship from stem to stern with grape shot, while Steele's men were lying flat on the deck for shelter. The quartermaster abandoned the wheel and the little ship ran into the breakers, but was brought safely through by her intrepid pilot, Tom Burriss, a brother of Ned Burriss.

John William Anderson.

John William Anderson was a Smithville mariner, engaged, as all of them were, in running the blockade. His name will live in the hearts and minds of the lower Cape Fear people, because his last voyage splendidly illustrated the heroism and fidelity to duty of a Cape Fear pilot. Although I remember the incident in all its details, I prefer to relate it in the words of the late Alfred Moore Waddell, the gifted writer of Wilmington, whose spirit has also taken its "flight to the undiscovered country":

"Among these blockade runners in 1863 was a steamer called the *Mary Celeste*. Her pilot was John William Anderson, of Smithville, and he, like all the best pilots, was as familiar with the channels over the bars, both at New Inlet (where Fort Fisher stood, and which is now closed) and at the mouth of the river, as a farmer is with the roads over his land. One night, in the month of August, 1863, Anderson took the *Mary Celeste* out over New Inlet bar, and, gliding past the blockading fleet, which was always watching for such valuable prizes, escaped under cover of the darkness and reached Nassau in safety. He only escaped one danger to run into another more fearful. Yellow fever was raging there, and the victims of that scourge were most numerous among the sailors and other non-residents. Anderson was stricken with the fever just before the *Mary Celeste* weighed anchor for her return voyage, and by the time she neared the North Carolina coast it was evident he must die.

"An entrance through the blockading fleet could, of course, only be made between sunset and sunrise, and, as Anderson was the only Cape Fear pilot on board, great anxiety pre-

vailed as to the safety of the ship. At last the critical hour arrived, when, in the uncertain light of the dawn, they found that they had run near a blockader and had been seen by her. The blockader opened fire on the *Mary Celeste* and pursued her. Like a scared greyhound she made straight for New Inlet bar, then visible several miles away, and after her steamed the blockader, from whose bow gun every few minutes would leap a flame followed by a shell which would pass over or through her rigging and burst in the air, or, striking the sea, would flash a great column of spray towards the sky. By this time poor Anderson was dying in his berth, and the officers of the ship began to realize the terrible situation in which they found themselves, with the enemy in pursuit and before them a bar over which it was almost certain destruction for any one aboard except Anderson to attempt to steer the *Mary Celeste.* Anderson heard the firing and knew what it meant before they told him. He knew, too, that he was dying and had no further interest in this world's affairs, but the sense of duty asserted itself even in the presence of death.

"He was too weak to go up, but he demanded to be taken on deck and carried to the man at the wheel. Two strong sailors lifted him and carried him up to the wheelhouse. They stood him on his feet and supported him on either side. His face was as yellow as gold, and his eyes shone like stars. He fixed his unearthly gaze upon the long line of breakers ahead, then upon the dim line of pines that stood higher than the surrounding forest, then at the compass for a moment, and then said calmly, 'Hard starboard!' Quickly revolved the wheel under the hands of the helmsman; slowly veered the stem of the rushing steamer, and a shell hurtled over the pilot-house and went singing toward the beach.

"Anderson kept his gaze fixed on the breakers, and in the same calm tone said, 'Steady.' On ploughed the steamer straight for her goal, while the group of men in the pilot-house stood in profound silence, but fairly quivering with suppressed excitement. The blockader, finally seeing that it was

impossible to overtake her and not desiring to come within range of the big guns of Fort Fisher, abandoned the chase with a farewell shot, and the *Mary Celeste,* now nearly on the bar, slacked her pace a little, and nothing but the swash of the sea and the trembling thud of the ship under the force of the engine could be heard. The dying pilot, though failing fast, continued in the same calm tone to give his directions. They were now crossing the bar, but had passed the most dangerous point, when he bent his head as if to cough, and the horrified men saw the last fatal symptom which immediately precedes dissolution—black vomit—and knew that the end was very near. He knew it, too, but gave no sign of fear and continued at his post. His earthly home was now visible to his natural eye—he was almost there where loved ones awaited his coming—but nearer still to his spiritual vision was the 'house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' At last the bar was safely crossed, smooth water was reached, the engine slowed down, the *Mary Celeste* glided silently into the harbor, stopped her headway gradually, lay still, loosed her anchor chains, dropped her anchor, and as the last loud rattle of her cable ceased, the soul of John William Anderson took its flight to the undiscovered country."

The Chase.[1]

[After Homeward Bound.]

Freed from the lingering chase, in devious ways
Upon the swelling tides
Swiftly the *Lilian* glides
Through hostile shells and eager foemen past;
The lynx-eyed pilot gazing through the haze,
And engines straining, "far hope dawns at last."

Now falls in billows deep the welcome night
Upon white sands below;
While signal lamps aglow
Seek out Fort Fisher's distant answering gleams,
The blockade runner's keen, supreme delight,—
Dear Dixie Land, the haven of our dreams!

—*James Sprunt.*

[1]First published in the *North Carolina Booklet.*

Blockade Running

FINANCIAL ESTIMATES OF BLOCKADE RUNNING.

Some idea of the magnitude of the blockade running interests involving the Cape Fear alone may be gathered from Badeau's statement that "in little more than a year before the capture of Fort Fisher, the ventures of British capitalists and speculators with Wilmington alone had amounted to sixty-six million dollars in gold, and sixty-five million dollars worth of cotton in gold had been exported in return."

In the same period 397 steamers had run the blockade at Wilmington. Ridpath says that the number of prizes of blockade runners made during the four years' war was 1,504 vessels captured, stranded, or destroyed.

Admiral Porter, who directed the naval operations against Fort Fisher, says that a telegraphic dispatch from General Lee to Colonel Lamb, at Fort Fisher, was captured, which read as follows: "If Fort Fisher falls, I shall have to evacuate Richmond."

In "Tales of the Cape Fear Blockade," published in the *North Carolina Booklet,* February 10, 1902, page 20, under the caption "Financial Estimates," the writer said:

"I have not been able to obtain an approximate estimate of the value of supplies brought by blockade runners into the Confederacy during the four years' war, nor the amount of the losses by shipowners who failed to make a successful voyage through the Federal fleet. I have, however, carefully computed the actual sum realized by the United States Government from public sales of prizes, recorded by Admiral Porter in his *Naval History of the Civil War,* which aggregates $21,759,595.05; to which may reasonably be added $10,000,000 for prizes to my knowledge not included in this report, and $10,000,000 more for valuable ships and cargoes stranded or destroyed by design or accident while attempting to escape from the blockading squadron. This total of $42,-

000,000 represents only a part, perhaps one-half, of the capital invested. Many successful steamers ran up their profits into millions. A steamer carrying 1,000 bales of cotton sometimes realized a profit of a quarter of a million dollars on the inward and outward run, within two weeks. Cotton could be purchased in the Confederacy for three cents per pound in gold, and sold in England at the equivalent of forty-five cents to one dollar a pound, and the profits on some classes of goods brought into the Confederacy were in the same proportion. It is probably within the bounds of truth to say that the blockade running traffic during the war, including the cost of the ships, amounted to about one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, gold standard.

The Confederate States steamer *R. E. Lee,* under Captain Wilkinson, ran the blockade at Wilmington twenty-one times and carried abroad nearly seven thousand bales of cotton, worth at that time about two million dollars in gold, and she also took into the Confederacy equally valuable cargoes.

The steamer *Siren,* most successful of all, made sixty-four runs through the blockade and her profits ran into millions.

Montesquieu has said that it is not the number of killed and wounded in a battle that determines its general historical importance, and Creasy, in the *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World, from Marathon to Waterloo,* says: "It is not because only a few hundred fell in the battle by which Joan of Arc captured the Tourelles and raised the siege of Orleans that the effect of that crisis is to be judged."

Napoleon said that an army moves upon its belly. The resources of the Confederate Army commissariat, steadily depleted by the incessant drain upon the food producers and by the blockade of all other Southern ports, were largely sustained during the war by the successful blockade runners from the West Indies to Wilmington, whence cargoes of increasing value were immediately transported to our starving Confederates in the field; but when the multiplied arms of

the new Navy, like the deadly tentacles of the octopus, reached into every hiding place of these fugitives of the sea, they gradually brought to an end, in the capture of Fort Fisher, this wonderful epoch in our naval and commercial history.

The New Inlet, since closed by the harbor and river improvements, was more frequently used by the blockade runners than the main bar, under the guns of Fort Caswell. New Inlet was protected for four years by Fort Fisher, which commanded the last gateway between the Confederate States and the outside world. Its capture, with the resulting loss of all the Cape Fear River defenses and Wilmington, the entrepot of the Confederacy, effectually ended blockade running and compelled the subsequent surrender of the Confederate Army in the field, for General Lee had previously sent word to Colonel Lamb that *Fort Fisher must be held, or he could not subsist his army.*

It was, therefore, not the valor of the Federal or of the Confederate forces in the contest at Fisher, in which were killed and wounded nearly as many of the assaulting forces as the whole garrison of the Fort Fisher defenders, that made it most memorable in the history of the war. It was the fatal blow to the Confederacy commissariat, the cutting off of its supplies, the starvation of Lee's army, the closure of the last hope of the Confederacy, which gives to the victory of Curtis, the gallant leader of the Union forces at Fort Fisher, its lasting importance as an historical event.

THE NORTH CAROLINA BLOCKADE RUNNER ADVANCE.

The following communication, prepared for me by the late Col. James G. Burr, of Wilmington, will be read with interest:

"In the month of August, 1862, Zebulon B. Vance, then a colonel of a North Carolina regiment serving in the Army of Northern Virginia, and quite a young man, was elected governor of the State by a large majority. He did not seek the office. In fact, he objected to the use of his name, for the reason that he preferred the position that he then held in the Army, and for the further reason that he thought he was too young to be governor. The people, however, thought differently and he was borne into office by a popular upheaval. With what energy and vigor he discharged his duties, how true he was in every way to his State and his people, are matters of history and need not be referred to here. He was inaugurated the ensuing September and early in his administration he conceived the idea of purchasing for the State a steamer to run the blockade at Wilmington, bringing in supplies for our soldiers in the field and for our suffering people at home.[1]

"Capt. Thomas N. Crossan, formerly of the U. S. Navy, was accordingly sent to England with Mr. Hughes, of New Bern, where, in conjunction with Mr. John White, the agent of the State in England at the time, they purchased the fine side-wheel steamer *Lord Clyde,* then running between Glasgow and Dublin, which name before her advent into Southern waters was changed to that of *Advance* or *Ad Vance,* the latter in compliment to the distinguished war Governor, through whose instructions and active influence the purchase had been made.

[1]During the Revolution the State made heavy importations and had vessels engaged in running the blockade; and early in 1861 that precedent was again recommended, especially by Gen. J. G. Martin, the adjutant general of the State, and ample funds were provided. When Vance came in as governor the time was ripe for it, and he wisely carried the plan into execution.

"In the spring of 1863 the *Advance* made her first successful trip through the blockaders and arrived safely in the harbor of Wilmington, bringing a large amount of much-needed supplies. The Governor was informed of her arrival and came to Wilmington immediately, and the next day, Sunday, went down on one of the river steamers with a number of his friends to the ship, which was lying at the quarantine station about fifteen or sixteen miles below the city. After spending several hours on board examining the ship and partaking of the hospitalities of its officers, it was determined to take her up to the city without waiting for a permit from the health officers, as it was assumed the Governor's presence on board would be a justification for the violation of quarantine regulations. Accordingly steam was raised and she came up to the city and was made fast to the wharf in front of the Custom House. This was objected to by Major Strong, aid-de-camp to General Whiting, as being in violation of quarantine regulations, and he ordered the vessel to return to her quarantine berth. But the Chairman of the Board of Commissioners of Navigation was sent for and he gave a permit for the vessel to remain where she was, and for all persons who wished to land to do so.

"The *Advance* was a first class ship in every respect and had engines of great power and very highly finished, and her speed was good. 'With a pressure of twenty pounds to the square inch she easily averaged seventeen knots to the hour, and when it was increased to thirty pounds she reeled off twenty knots without difficulty. Her officers were Captain Crossan, commander; Captain Wylie, a Scotchman, who came over with her, sailing master; Mr. Hughes, of New Bern, purser; Capt. George Morrison, chief engineer. The only objection to her was her size and heavy draught of water, the latter rendering it difficult for her to cross the shoals, which at that time were a great bar to the navigation of the river, and in consequence of which she could never go out or return with a full cargo of cotton or supplies.

"She ran the blockade successfully seven or eight trips, bringing in all kinds of supplies that were much needed by our troops and people, thanks to the energy and wise foresight of our patriotic war Governor. The regularity of her trips was remarkable and could be calculated upon almost to the very day; indeed it was common to hear upon the streets the almost stereotyped remark: 'Tomorrow the *Advance* will be in,' and when the morrow came she could generally be seen gliding up to her dock with the rich freight of goods and wares so greatly needed by our people. In the meantime, however, she had several narrow escapes from capture. Coming from Nassau on one occasion, the weather being very stormy and a heavy fog prevailing, she ran ashore opposite Fort Caswell and remained there for two days. The sea was so rough that the blockaders could not approach near enough to do her any damage, and after discharging part of her cargo she was relieved from her perilous position and got safely into port. But the most exciting trip was one made in the month of July, 1864, from Bermuda. She had on board as passengers a number of prominent gentlemen, among them Marshall Kane, of Baltimore, Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge, of Richmond, Va., and others who had come down from St. Johns, New Brunswick, and joined the ship at Bermuda, and who were extremely anxious to reach the Confederate States. By some error in calculation, instead of making Cape Fear light at 3 a. m., as was intended, they made the light on Cape Lookout, a long distance out of their course. What was best to be done was the question to be solved, and to be solved at once, for daylight comes very soon in July. The ship had scarcely enough coal in her bunkers to take her back to the port she had left and almost certain capture stared them in the face should they attempt to run in. It was determined, however, to make the attempt to get in. The ship was headed for New Inlet, and, hugging the shore as closely as possible, with all steam on she dashed down the coast with the speed of a thoroughbred on a hotly contested race course.

Fortunately, at that time many persons were engaged in making salt on the coast, and the smoke rising from the works created a cloud, or mist, which concealed the ship from the blockaders, although it was broad day; but as she neared the inlet she was compelled to change her course further out to sea on account of a shoal or spit that makes out into the ocean at that point, and she was immediately discovered by the blockading fleet, that opened fire upon her and gave chase like a pack of hounds in eager pursuit of a much coveted quarry. It was a most trying situation, for the ship was compelled to keep her course, although it carried her nearer and nearer to the enemy, until she could round the shoal and run in towards the land, when she would be in comparative safety. Round shot and shell were flying around her in every direction, but she held steadily on, though rushing, as it seemed, to certain destruction, when suddenly a roar was heard from the fort—the heavy guns upon the mound had opened upon the pursuers and with such effect as to check their speed and force them to retire; and the gallant ship, which had been so hardly pressed, soon rounded the shoal and was safe beneath the sheltering guns of the fort.

"But the pitcher that goes often to the fountain is broken at last, and the time came when the career of the *Advance,* as a blockade runner, was to cease forever. She was captured on her outward trip a few miles from our coast, owing to an inferior quality of coal she was compelled to use, which was very bituminous and emitted a black smoke that betrayed her to the watchful eyes of the fleet, and, being surrounded by them, she was obliged to surrender with her cargo of cotton, her officers and crew becoming prisoners. She was a noble ship, greatly endeared to the people of our State, and her capture was felt as a personal calamity.

"In 1867 she made her reappearance in the waters of the Cape Fear as the United States man of war *Frolic,* sent to this port to prevent the Cuban warship *Cuba* from leaving Wilmington, which duty was successfully performed. It happened on that occasion that Capt. George Morrison,

her former engineer, met some of her officers and was asked by them her rate of speed while he had charge of her engines. He replied, 'Seventeen knots, easily.' 'Impossible,' they said, 'for we have not been able to get more than eight or nine out of her.' 'Something wrong then,' said the Captain, 'and, unless you have made some alterations in her machinery, I will guarantee to drive her to Smithville at a rate of seventeen knots an hour.' He was cordially invited on board to examine, did so, and found that they had placed a damper where it ought not to have been, which prevented the generation of steam. He removed it, and then ran down to Smithville at a rate of nineteen knots an hour, to the great surprise of all on board.

"As Captain Morrison held such an important position on the *Advance* and was so competent and reliable, it is thought that a brief sketch of his early life will not be out of place in this volume. He was born in Philadelphia, served four years in a machine shop, and at the expiration of his service removed to Baltimore, where he was appointed engineer on one of the Chesapeake Bay boats; subsequently he was chief engineer of a steamer plying between Norfolk, Old Point Comfort, and the Eastern and Western shore of Virginia. He came to Wilmington about 1840 and was appointed assistant engineer on the steamer *Gladiator* running between Wilmington and Charleston. When the boat was sold, he became a conductor on the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, and served with great acceptability for a long series of years. He made six trips on the *Advance,* but was not on board when she was captured. For more than fifty years he was a citizen of Wilmington and enjoyed in his green old age the general esteem of the community.

"Another engineer on the *Advance* was Capt. James Maglenn, an Irishman, who on her last trip was chief engineer. After her capture, the *Advance* was carried into New Bern, where Captain Maglenn escaped, and got to Baltimore. There some friends aided him to escape to Canada. When he was

on the train he observed an officer and a guard come into the car, and he was very apprehensive. But the officer engaged himself in ascertaining how the passengers would vote, and while many voted for McClellan, Maglenn observed that the officer's eyes brightened when any one voted for Lincoln. When, therefore, the officer stopped opposite to him and asked, looking at him very intently, 'Who do you vote for?' In a voice loud enough to be heard throughout the car, he answered 'I cast my vote for President Lincoln.' The officer slapped him on the shoulder, and said, 'You are the right sort, my friend.' Several passengers then came up and shook hands with him. Maglenn was very happy when he had got well into Canada.

"After the war he was engineer on the Coast Line, master mechanic of the Carolina Central, and superintendent of motive power of the Seaboard. In all walks of life and in every association with his fellow-men he was honest, true, and faithful. He lived many years in Raleigh, where he recently died."

CAPTAIN WILKINSON, BLOCKADE RUNNER.

One of the most intelligent and successful commanders in the blockade running fleet was Capt. John Wilkinson, who entered the U. S. Navy as a midshipman in 1837, and, after an honorable and distinguished career, tendered his services to the Confederacy upon the secession of his native State, Virginia.

Having received a commission in the C. S. Navy, he served in various responsible positions, until ordered upon special service in command of the C. S. steamer *R. E. Lee.*

In his interesting book entitled *Narrative of a Blockade Runner,* with reference to the citizens of Virginia who resigned their commissions in the old service, he says: "They were compelled to choose whether they would aid in subjugating their State, or in defending it against invasion; for it

was already evident that coercion would be used by the General Government, and that war was inevitable. In reply to the accusation of perjury in breaking their oath of allegiance, since brought against the officers of the Army and Navy who resigned their commissions to render aid to the South, it need only be stated that, in their belief, the resignation of their commissions absolved them from any special obligation. They then occupied the same position towards the Government as other classes of citizens. But this charge was never brought against them until the war was ended. The resignation of their commissions was accepted when their purpose was well known. As to the charge of ingratitude, they reply, their respective States had contributed their full share towards the expenses of the General Government, acting as their disbursing agent; and, when these States withdrew from the Union, their citizens belonging to the two branches of the public service did not, and do not, consider themselves amenable to this charge for abandoning their official positions to cast their lot with their kindred and friends. But, yielding as they did to necessity, it was nevertheless a painful act to separate themselves from companions with whom they had been long and intimately associated, and from the flag under which they had been proud to serve."

With reference to his experience in blockade running at Wilmington, Captain Wilkinson writes:

"The natural advantages of Wilmington for blockade running were very great, owing chiefly to the fact that there were two separate and distinct approaches to Cape Fear River; *i. e.*, either by New Inlet to the north of Smiths Island, or by the Western Bar to the south of it. This island is ten or eleven miles in length; but the Frying Pan Shoals extend ten or twelve miles further south, making the distance by sea between the two bars thirty miles or more, although the direct distance between them is only six or seven miles. From Smithville, a little village about equidistant from the two bars, both blockading fleets could be distinctly seen; and the

outward bound blockade runners could take their choice through which to run the gauntlet. The inward bound blockade runners, too, were guided by circumstances of wind and weather, selecting that bar over which they would cross after they had passed the Gulf Stream, and shaping their course accordingly. The approaches to both bars were clear of danger, with the single exception of the 'Lump' before mentioned; and so regular are the soundings that the shore can be coasted for miles within a stone's throw of the breakers.

"These facts explain why the United States fleets were unable wholly to stop blockade running. It was, indeed, impossible to do so; the result to the very close of the war proves this assertion; for, in spite of the vigilance of the fleet, many blockade runners were afloat when Fort Fisher was captured. In fact, the passage through the fleet was little dreaded; for, although the blockade runner might receive a shot or two, she was rarely disabled; and, in proportion to the increase of the fleet, the greater we knew would be the danger of its vessels firing into each other. As the boys before the deluge used to say, they would be very apt to 'miss the cow and kill the calf.' The chief danger was upon the open sea, many of the light cruisers having great speed. As soon as one of them discovered a blockade runner during daylight, she would attract other cruisers in the vicinity by sending up a dense column of smoke, visible for many miles in clear weather. A cordon of fast steamers stationed ten or fifteen miles apart, inside the Gulf Stream, and in the course from Nassau and Bermuda to Wilmington and Charleston, would have been more effective in stopping blockade running than the whole United States Navy concentrated off these ports. It was unaccountable to us why such a plan did not occur to good Mr. Welles, but it was not our business to suggest. I have no doubt, however, that the fraternity to which I then belonged would have unanimously voted thanks and a service of plate to the Honorable Secretary of the United States Navy for this oversight.

"I say, inside the Gulf Stream; because every experienced captain of a blockade runner made it a point to cross the Stream early enough in the afternoon, if possible, to establish the ship's position by chronometer, so as to escape the influence of that current upon his dead reckoning. The lead always gave indication of our distance from the land, but not, of course, of our position; and the numerous salt works along the coast, where evaporation was produced by fire, and which were at work night and day, were visible long before the coast could be seen. Occasionally, the whole inward voyage would be made under adverse conditions. Cloudy, thick weather and heavy gales would prevail so as to prevent any solar or lunar observations, and reduce the dead reckoning to mere guess work. In these cases, the nautical knowledge and judgment of the captain would be taxed to the utmost. The current of the Gulf Stream varies in velocity and, within certain limits, in direction; and the Stream itself, almost as well defined as a river within its banks under ordinary circumstances, is impelled by a strong gale towards the direction in which the wind is blowing, overflowing its banks as it were. The counter current, too, inside of the Gulf Stream is much influenced by the prevailing winds.

"Upon one occasion, while in command of the *R. E. Lee,* formerly the Clyde built iron steamer *Giraffe,* we had experienced very heavy and thick weather, and had crossed the Stream and struck soundings about midday. The weather then clearing, so that we could obtain an altitude near meridian, we found ourselves at least forty miles north of our supposed position, and near the shoals which extend in a southerly direction off Cape Lookout. It would be more perilous to run out to sea than to continue on our course, for we had passed through the off-shore line of blockaders, and the sky had become perfectly clear. I determined to personate a transport bound to Beaufort, a port which was in possession of the United States forces and the coaling station of the fleet blockading Wilmington. The risk of detection was not

very great, for many of the captured blockade runners were used as transports and dispatch vessels. Shaping our course for Beaufort, and slowing down, as if we were in no haste to get there, we passed several vessels, showing United States colors to them all. Just as we were crossing the ripple of shallow water off the 'tail' of the shoals, we dipped our colors to a sloop-of-war which passed three or four miles to the south of us. The courtesy met prompt response; but I have no doubt her captain thought me a lubberly and careless seaman to shave the shoals so closely. We stopped the engines when no vessels were in sight; and I was relieved from a heavy burden of anxiety as the sun sank below the horizon, and our course was shaped at full speed for Masonboro Inlet.

"The staid old town of Wilmington was turned 'topsy-turvy' during the war. Here resorted the speculators from all parts of the South, to attend the weekly auctions of imported cargoes; and the town was infested with rogues and desperadoes, who made a livelihood by robbery and murder. It was unsafe to venture into the suburbs at night, and even in daylight there were frequent conflicts in the public streets between the crews of steamers in port and the soldiers stationed in the town, in which knives and pistols would be freely used; and not infrequently a dead body with marks of violence upon it would rise to the surface of the water in one of the docks. The civil authorities were powerless to prevent crime. *'Inter arma silent leges!'* The agents and employees of different blockade running companies lived in magnificent style, paying a king's ransom (in Confederate money) for their household expenses, and nearly monopolizing the supplies in the country market. Towards the end of the war, indeed, fresh provisions were almost beyond the reach of every one. Our family servant, newly arrived from the country in Virginia, would sometimes return from market with an empty basket, having flatly refused to pay what he called 'such nonsense prices' for a bit of fresh beef or a hand-

ful of vegetables. A quarter of lamb, at the time of which I now write, sold for $100; a pound of tea for $500. Confederate money which in September, 1861, was nearly equal to specie in value, had declined in September, 1862, to 225; in the same month in 1863, to 400, and before September, 1864, to 2,000.

"Many of the permanent residents of the town had gone into the country, letting their houses at enormous prices; those who were compelled to remain kept themselves much secluded, the ladies rarely being seen upon the more public streets. Many of the fast young officers belonging to the Army would get an occasional leave to come to Wilmington; and would live at free quarters on board the blockade runners, or at one of the numerous bachelor halls ashore.

"The convalescent soldiers from the Virginia hospitals were sent by the route through Wilmington to their homes in the South. The ladies of the town were organized by Mrs. DeRosset into a society for the purpose of ministering to the wants of these poor sufferers, the trains which carried them stopping an hour or two at the station that their wounds might be dressed and food and medicine supplied to them. These self-sacrificing, heroic women patiently and faithfully performed the offices of hospital nurses.

"Liberal contributions to this society were made by both companies and individuals, and the long tables at the station were spread with delicacies for the sick to be found nowhere else in the Confederacy. The remains of the meals were carried by the ladies to a camp of mere boys—home guards—outside of the town. Some of these children were scarcely able to carry a musket, and were altogether unable to endure the exposure and fatigue of field service; and they suffered fearfully from measles and typhoid fever. General Grant used a strong figure of speech when he asserted that 'the cradle and the grave were robbed to recruit the Confederate armies.' The fact of a fearful drain upon the population was not exaggerated. Both shared the hardships and dangers of

war with equal self-devotion to the cause. It is true that a class of heartless speculators infested the country, who profited by the scarcity of all sorts of supplies; but this fact makes the self-sacrifice of the mass of the Southern people more conspicuous; and no State made more liberal voluntary contributions to the armies, or furnished better soldiers, than North Carolina.

"On the opposite side of the river from Wilmington, on a low, marshy flat, were erected the steam cotton presses, and there the blockade runners took in their cargoes. Sentries were posted on the wharves, day and night, to prevent deserters from getting on board and stowing themselves away; and the additional precaution of fumigating the outward bound steamers at Smithville was adopted; but, in spite of this vigilance, many persons succeeded in getting a free passage abroad. These deserters, or 'stowaways,' were, in most instances, sheltered by one or more of the crew; in which event they kept their places of concealment until the steamer had arrived at her port of destination, when they would profit by the first opportunity to leave the vessel undiscovered. A small bribe would tempt the average blockade running sailor to connive at this means of escape. The 'impecunious' deserter fared worse, and would usually be forced by hunger and thirst to emerge from his hiding place while the steamer was on the outward voyage. A cruel device employed by one of the captains effectually put a stop, I believe—certainly a check—to this class of 'stowaways.' He turned three or four of them adrift in the Gulf Stream, in an open boat, with a pair of oars, and a few days' allowance of bread and water."

CAPTAIN USINA.

During my intercourse with officers of celebrated blockade running ships in the years 1863 and 1864, I met a mariner named M. P. Usina, from Charleston, familiarly known as Mike Usina, whose skill and daring made him famous in Nassau and Bermuda and in all of the Atlantic States. The American consul at Nassau, Mr. Whiting, eager for his capture by the cruisers which hovered near the British islands, bought Usina's portraits from a local photographer, and sent them broadcast among the Federal commanders in order to identify him when captured, as many Southerners escaped long confinement by claiming to be Englishmen. Captain Usina seemed to have a charmed life, but he was in reality so cool under fire, and so resourceful in a tight place or situation, that he slipped through their fingers frequently when his capture seemed certain.

I remember some of the incidents connected with his blockade experience which stirred my blood long years ago and which I still recall with something of the old time enthusiasm. In a speech before the Confederate Veterans' Association of Savannah, July 4, 1893, which I have carefully preserved, Captain Usina told a number of thrilling stories of his career which deserve honorable mention in the history of the strenuous times which he most graphically described. On that occasion he said:

"The men who ran the blockade had to be men who could stand fire without returning it. It was a business in which every man took his life in his hands, and he so understood it. An ordinarily brave man had no business on a blockade runner. He who made a success of it was obliged to have the cunning of a fox, the patience of a Job, and the bravery of a Spartan warrior. The United States Government wanted at first to treat them as pirates and was never satisfied to consider them contrabandists. The runners must not be armed and must not resist; they must simply be cool and quick and

watchful, and, for the rest, trust to God and their good ship to deliver them safely to their friends.

"The United States blockade squadron on the Atlantic coast consisted of about 300 vessels of all kinds, sailing vessels, three-deckers, monitors, iron-clads, and swift cruisers—most of them employed to prevent the blockade runners from entering Charleston and Wilmington, these being the ports where most of the blockade running was done. At each of these ports there were three lines of ships anchored in a semicircle, so that our vessels had to run the gauntlet through these three lines before they had the enemy astern and their haven ahead. Besides these, the ocean between the Confederate ports and the Bermudas and the West Indies was policed by many of the fastest ships that money could buy or build, so that we had practically to run two blockades to reach a Southern port. The swiftest of the captured blockade runners were put into this service, and I have more than once been chased by ships of which I had myself been an officer.

"A few instances will suffice to illustrate the fact that the risks to be taken by the blockade runners were not confined to our own coast, and they will also illustrate the impunity with which the Federal blockaders practically blockaded friendly ports in violation of the neutrality laws governing nations at peace with each other.

"English steamers with an English crew and without cargo bound from one English port to another, were taken as prizes simply because they were suspected of being brought to the Islands to be used as blockade runners.

"During the afternoon of March 3, 1863, while going from Nassau to Havana in the steamer *Stonewall Jackson,* we were sighted by the *R. R. Cuyler,* which chased us for thirteen hours along the Cuban coast until early the next morning, when we passed by the Morro Castle flying the Confederate flag, with the *Cuyler* a short half mile astern of us flying the stars and stripes.

"In 1864, the *Margaret and Jessie,* bound from Charleston

to Nassau, was chased and fired into while running along the coast of Eleutheria, within the neutral distance—an English league—the shot and shell passing over her fell into the pine-apple fields of the Island. She was finally run ashore by her captain to prevent her sinking from the effects of the enemy's shot.

"On one occasion I was awakened by the sound of cannon in the early morning at Nassau, and imagine my surprise to see a Confederate ship being fired at by a Federal ship-of-war. The Confederate proved to be the *Antonica,* Captain Coxetter, who arrived off the port during the night, and waiting for a pilot and daylight, found when daylight did appear that an enemy's ship was between him and the bar. There was nothing left for him to do but run the gauntlet and take his fire, which he did in good shape, some of the shot actually falling into the harbor. The Federal ship was commanded by Commodore Wilkes, who became widely known from taking Mason and Slidell prisoners. After the chase was over Wilkes anchored his ship, and when the Governor sent to tell him that he must not remain at anchor there, he said: 'Tell the Governor, etc., etc., he would anchor where he pleased.' The military authorities sent their artillery across to Hog Island, near where he was anchored, and we Confederates thought the fun was about to begin. But Wilkes remained just long enough to communicate with the consul and get what information he wanted, and left.

"All this vigilance on the part of the Yankees made the trip a very hazardous one, and the man who failed to keep the sharpest kind of a lookout was more apt to bring up in a Northern prison than in a Confederate port. Then, too, the Yankee cruisers managed to keep pretty well posted as to our movements through the American consuls stationed at the different ports frequented by our vessels.

"Having occasion to go from Nassau to Bermuda, and there being no regular line between the islands, I chartered a schooner to take me and part of my crew there, and we had

sailed within about sixty miles of our destination when, at daylight, we were spoken by the United States ship-of-war *Shenandoah.* Her officer asked: 'What schooner is that, where from, and where bound to?' Our captain was below and I answered him: 'Schooner *Royal,* bound from Nassau to Bermuda.' He ordered: 'Lower your boat and come alongside.' I said: 'I'll see you, etc., etc., and then I won't.' Nothing further was said, but in about twenty minutes they sent an armed boat alongside.

"In the meantime I had our captain called and the English ensign hoisted. Upon coming on deck the officer, quite a young lieutenant, was shown below, and after examining the vessel's papers, which he found O. K., he was about to return to his ship when I invited him to have a glass of wine with me. I have never forgotten his answer. 'I hadn't oughter, but I reckon I will.' After a little wine he grew talkative. He asked if I had not answered their hail, and when I replied 'Yes,' said 'I thought so, it sounded like you.' 'Why, what do you know about me?' I asked. 'Oh, I know enough to surprise you.' 'That is something no one has ever done yet.' 'Would you be surprised if I told you that your name is Usina?' 'Oh, no, my name is Marion Robinson.' 'How about the man who sat on the rail near you when I came on board? He is your man Irvin.' 'You have it bad this morning,' said I. 'Does wine usually affect you that way?' 'You know that I am giving it to you straight,' said he. 'Oh, no, you're badly mixed.' 'Will you think I'm mixed when I tell you that that little Frenchman is John Sassard, your chief engineer; that red-headed fellow over there is Nelson, your chief officer; these are all your men, and you are going to Bermuda to take charge of a new ship.' 'Well,' said I, 'you certainly have it bad, you had better not take any more wine.' 'Will you acknowledge I am right now?' said he, and produced my photograph with my history written on the back of it. I had to acknowledge it then; but I was under the protection of Her Most Gracious Majesty, and he had to admit

his inability to take me now, though he promised to capture me before long and boasted that he had come very near me often before. But 'close' didn't count any more then than it does now, and he promised to treat me well if he should ever have the chance, and so we parted good friends.

"I afterward found out that his ship had called at Nassau shortly after our leaving there, and the Consul had given him my picture and the information which he sprung on me. I learned then that the photographers there had been making quite a nice thing selling the pictures of blockade runners to the United States authorities, together with what information they could gather about the originals, and the result was that with but one exception (Captain Coxetter, who was too wise to have his picture taken) the Yankees had all our pictures, which did then, and perhaps do still, adorn the rogues' gallery in Ludlow Street jail, New York City. Thus many a poor fellow, who thought he was successfully passing himself off as an Englishman, was identified and sent to Lafayette or Warren, two winter resorts that are not too pleasantly remembered by some of my old shipmates.

"The enemy's ships were provided with powerful calcium searchlights, which, if a blockade runner was in reach, would light her up about as well as an electric light would at the present time, and make her a perfect target for the enemy's fire. I have several times been just far enough to be out of reach of the light and by circling around it to dodge them in the darkness. Another plan they adopted was to throw rockets over the ship occasionally, showing to all the vessels of the fleet the course taken by the fugitive. I think one of the worst frights I had during the war was the landing of a rocket on deck close to where I was standing. While we could not circumvent their searchlights, I succeeded in making the rocket scheme useless by providing myself with a quantity of them, firing back at them whenever they fired at us, or firing them in every direction, making it impossible to tell in which direction the chased ship was going.

"Among the vessels blockading Wilmington in 1864 was the little side-wheel steamer *Nansemond,* after the war a revenue cutter, and stationed at this place. She had a rifle gun mounted at each end, and being quite fast made several valuable captures. I remember that among the craft captured by her was the steamer *Hope,* Capt. Wm. Hammer, of Charleston, with 1,800 bales of cotton and more men on board the *Hope* than there were on board the *Nansemond,* but unfortunately while the *Hope* was a stronger and larger ship, and had more men, she was not allowed to defend herself and had to submit to the inevitable.

"One afternoon, while in command of the *Atalanta* and approaching Wilmington, I was sighted by the *Nansemond* and was being chased away from my port. Although I had the faster vessel, I realized that if the chase continued much longer I would be driven so far from my destination that I would not be able to get back that night, and so determined that, although I had no guns to fight with, I might try a game of bluff. Hoisting the Confederate flag I changed my course directly for him, and in a few minutes the tables were turned and the chaser was being chased, the *Nansemond* seeking with all possible speed the protection of the ships stationed off the bar, and that night the *Atalanta* was safe once more in Dixie.

"Several years afterwards I was a passenger on board the little revenue cutter *Endeavor,* better known as the *Hunkey Dory,* bound from Tybee to Savannah, and a stranger to every one on board. The conversation drifted into war reminiscences. Mr. Hapold, the officer in charge of the *Hunkey Dory,* had been an engineer on board the *Nansemond* when stationed on the blockade off Wilmington, and while giving his experience, among other incidents he told of the narrow escape they had when the *Nansemond* was decoyed away from the fleet by a cruiser, under the guise of a blockade runner, that, when she thought the *Nansemond* was far enough away from her friends, ran up the Confederate flag and attempted to make a prize of her. 'But,' said he, 'the

little *Nansemond's* speed saved her.' You can imagine their surprise when informed that I was in charge of the Confederate vessel, which was an unarmed ship chasing one that was armed. A clear case of 'run big 'fraid, little 'fraid'll catch you!'

"As a rule the blockade runners were ships very slightly built, of light draft and totally unfit to brave the storms of the Atlantic. Yet the worse the weather the better it was liked, since a rough sea greatly reduced the danger from the enemy's guns. In most of the ships the boilers and engines were very much exposed, and a single shot to strike the boiler meant the death of every one on board. We had no lighthouses or marks of any kind to guide us, except the enemy's fleet, and had to depend upon our observations and surroundings on approaching the coast. Our ships were painted gray, to match the horizon at night, some were provided with telescopic funnels, and masts hinged, so that they could be lowered, and others had the masts taken out altogether. A great source of danger, and one which was unavoidable, was the black smoke caused from our fires, and for this sign the blockaders were always on the lookout. The United States Government having forbidden the exportation of anthracite coal, there was nothing for us to do but use bituminous and take all precautions possible to prevent the issuing of black smoke from our funnels.

"On dark nights it was very difficult to discern their low hulls, and moonlight nights, as a rule, were nights of rest, few ships venturing to run the gauntlet when the moon was bright. No lights were used at sea. Everything was in total silence and darkness. To speak above a whisper or to strike a match would subject the offender to immediate punishment. Orders were passed along the deck in whispers, canvas curtains were dropped to the water's edge around the paddles to deaden the noise, and men exposed to view on deck were dressed in sheets, moving about like so many phantoms on a phantom ship.

"The impression always prevailed, and still prevails to a

great extent, that the South has no sailors, but the record of the Southern sailors during the war is second to none that the world has ever produced, and should the emergency arise again, the descendants of the same men will emulate the example set by their fathers. I do not think their services have ever been understood or appreciated, from the fact that so little of their authentic history has ever found its way into the hands of the reading public.

"Most of them had all their relatives and friends in the Southern service, suffering untold hardships and exposing their lives daily, and they felt it their duty to risk their ships and their lives to bring food to our starving countrymen, determined if their ship was stopped that it must be by the enemy and not by their own order.

"During the first two years of the war the blockade runners were almost exclusively officered by English and Scotch, but during the last two years the danger was very much increased, and while there can be no question as to the bravery of the British sailor, it required the additional incentive of patriotism to induce men to venture in the service. It is noticeable that nearly all the officers during these last two years were Confederates.

"The first steamship to which I was attached was the side-wheel steamer *Leopard*. She was officered entirely by Southern men, Captain Black, of Savannah, commander; Capt. Robt. Lockwood, of Charleston, pilot, and as gallant a man as the war produced. Cool, quiet, and never losing his wits, he was an ideal blockade pilot. In the engine room were Peck, Barbot, Sassard and Miller, four splendid mechanics and gallant fellows all. The deck officers were Bradford, Horsey, and myself, three boys, twenty-four, twenty-three and twenty-two years of age respectively, but each had received his baptism of fire in Virginia; Bradford with a Virginia artillery company, Horsey with the Washington Artillery of Charleston, and I with the Oglethorpe Light Infantry of Savannah. Yet, though long in the service, not one of us three ever saw the

inside of a Federal prison. Such were the men who supplied the munitions of war, clothing, and food for our armies up to the close of the war, while the United States Government, with an immense fleet of ships and the whole world to draw upon, was powerless to prevent it.

"When I was promoted to the command of the *Mary Celeste,* I was fortunate to have associated with me as brave and faithful a set of officers as ever fell to the lot of any man, and I needed them, for I was the boy captain, the youngest man to command a blockade runner. My chief engineer was John Sassard of Charleston, and I have never known a better engineer nor a more conscientious Christian gentleman. I never knew him to take a drink, and I never heard an oath issue from his lips. Shrinking from anything like notoriety, he was a true Confederate and as brave as brave could be. I think one of the best illustrations of his nerve was an incident that occurred on my first voyage in command. We had succeeded in getting through the blockade off Wilmington and shaped a course for Bermuda. Daylight found us in the Gulf Stream, the weather dirty, raining, and a heavy sea, our ship small and heavily loaded. The rain clearing away, there was disclosed to our view a large brig-rigged steamer within easy gun shot, with all her canvas set bearing down upon us. I found out afterwards that she was the steamship *Fulton,* a very fast ship built for the passenger trade between New York and Havre, France.

"We altered our course head to wind and sea, causing the chasing steamer to do the same and to take in her sails, which gave us a little advantage, but she was a large, able ship, and made good weather, while our little craft would bury herself clean out of sight, taking the green seas in over the forecastle. Calling Mr. Sassard, I said: 'John, this will never do. That ship will soon sink us or catch us unless we do better.' He answered in his quiet manner: 'Captain, I am going all that a sane man dare do.' 'Then,' said I, 'you must be insane, and that quick, for it is destruction or Fort Lafayette for us,

and I would rather go to the former. I am going to lighten her forward, so that she will go into the sea easier, and you *must* get more revolutions out of the engines.' He went below, and I took forty-five bales of cotton from forward, rolled them abaft the paddles, cut them open, so that the enemy could make no use of them, and threw them overboard. The loose cotton floating in our wake caused him to deviate from his course occasionally, which helped us some. About this time Sassard sent for me to come down to the engine-room, where he said: 'Captain, I am getting all the revolutions possible out of the engines. I am following steam full stroke; this is a new ship, first voyage; these boilers are, I hope, good English iron. All there is now between us and eternity are these boilers. How much steam there is on them I do not know.' (He had a kedge anchor made fast to the safety valve.) In my opinion it takes a mighty brave man to do that. I went on deck, threw the log and found the ship to be making seventeen miles an hour into a heavy head sea. 'All right,' I said, 'keep that up a little while, and there is no ship in the United States Navy that can catch her.' We were soon out of range of the enemy's guns and enabled to reduce the pressure on the boilers. Sassard and I never separated until after the surrender. My first assistant engineer, Middleton, was chief of the ill-fated *Lelia,* and lost his life when she went down at the mouth of the Mersey with very nearly all hands. My second assistant engineer was the heroic McKay, who afterwards drove the *Armstrong* for seven hours, while three ships were raining shot and shell at her. My pilot, Thomas M. Thompson, of Wilmington, was another officer who knew no fear.

"To illustrate more fully the kind of men with whom I was associated, I will relate a few incidents that occurred on board the *Atalanta* on her last run into Wilmington, when she was turned over to the naval authorities and converted into the cruiser *Tallahassee.*

"Just before leaving Bermuda for Wilmington, several of

our fastest ships returned after unsuccessful attempts to get into the Confederacy and reported that the ocean and coast were alive with the enemy's ships and that it was impossible to get through. We were ready for sea, however, and I determined to make the trial. We approached the entrance to the Wilmington harbor, a beautiful moonlight night in July, only one day before the full moon. Before approaching the blockaders the officers and men were notified that the attempt was about to be made with the chances very much against us. (There were thirty-five blockaders anchored there the afternoon before, counted from Fort Caswell.) But, I said that we had four hundred tons of meat for starving soldiers and I intended to make a run for it, and if any of them were unwilling to take the risk, they were at liberty to take the small boats and try to reach the beach. To their credit, be it said, not one man availed himself of the privilege. When I said to Mr. Thompson, our fearless pilot, 'Tom, I am going to make the attempt, what do you think of it?' his answer was 'I am ready, sir, whenever you are,' and not another word was said except the necessary orders for the management of the ship.

"Slowly approaching the vessel I supposed to be the flag ship, which we used as a point of departure to find the inlet, there being no lights or other marks to find the entrance, I was notified by the engineer that he could not hold his steam, and that we must either go faster or he would be obliged to open his safety valve, something never allowed when the enemy was within hearing. I told him to hold on a few moments and he would have a chance to work his steam off. We could distinctly see the ships in the beautiful moonlight, and they were so many that we had to steer directly for and through them. As we neared the big flag ship she fired a blank cartridge and then a solid shot across our bows; and when near enough to hail us, her officer ordered us in very emphatic language to stop that ship or he'd blow us out of the water.

" 'Hold on,' I said, 'until I speak to the engineer,' which I did through the speaking tube; but instead of stopping the engines, he threw her wide open and she almost flew from under our feet. Our neighbors soon found that we were not doing very much stopping and attempted to do the stopping themselves; but fortunately for us they failed to do so.

"My chief officer, a Virginian, named Charles Nelson (and well named) was ordered by me to ascertain the depth of water, as our ship was approaching shoal water very rapidly. In his deliberate manner he went to the leadsman, found out, and reported so slowly that I reproached him for it. Said I, 'Cannot even a shell make you move faster?' (Two of them had exploded between us in the meantime). His answer was 'What is the use, sir? I might go just fast enough to get in the way of one of them.' This man was afterwards in command of the *Armstrong,* bound from Wilmington to Bermuda, about the middle of November, 1864, when, after successfully eluding the vigilance of the blockaders around the inlet, he was sighted at 7 o'clock in the morning and then began—in my opinion—the most memorable chase in the war. She was first seen by the *R. R. Cuyler,* which was soon joined by two other ships; and the *Armstrong* was soon in the position of the little hare and three large hounds in pursuit. The *Cuyler* was a large screw steamer built for the passenger trade between Savannah and New York. She was named after a former president of the Central Railroad, and before the war was considered the fastest steamer out of New York. At 10 a. m., the first shot was fired from the *Cuyler,* and for seven long hours Nelson walked the bridge, cool and collected, not more excited, in fact, than if he was moored to a dock in a safe harbor. The *Cuyler* alone fired 195 shot and shell. The top of the paddle-box was shot away; Nelson, covered up with the wreck, shook himself clear. An exploding shell set fire to the cabin; the hose was let down, the pumps turned on, and the fire put out with less excitement than would be seen at a fire in any city in time of peace. The anchors and

chains were thrown overboard, and the masts were cut away. More than 400 bales of cotton were dumped into the sea, and everything possible was done to lighten the ship and increase her speed; but of no avail, the sea was too rough for the little fugitive to compete with the large ships that were chasing her.

"At 5 p. m. the captain of the *Cuyler* hailed Nelson and ordered him to stop the ship or he would blow them out of the water, (which seemed to be a favorite way the blockaders had of expressing themselves). Just about that time the *Armstrong's* engine-frame broke in two, and she was a prize.

"The first boat that boarded her had in it a lieutenant and a surgeon; the latter, before leaving his boat to go on board the *Armstrong,* asked: 'How many killed and wounded?' and strange to say not a man was scratched. It seemed miraculous when we consider that all hands, about forty men, were on deck engaged in throwing the cargo overboard. One of her crew afterwards told me that he could have filled a peck measure with the grape-shot that were gathered up about the decks, and that the pieces of shell were shoveled overboard. An officer of the *Cuyler* said to one of the prisoners, 'We have captured twenty-two blockade runners, and I think I know whereof I speak when I say your captain is the bravest man that runs the blockade.' The *Armstrong* made a trip to Savannah from New York after the war and was called the *Savannah.*

"The leadsman on board a blockade runner occupied a very responsible position; he had to have great physical endurance and courage. When shoal water was reached, the safety of the ship and the lives of all on board depended upon his skill and faithfulness. Were he disposed to be treacherous, he could by false soundings, put the ship in the hands of the enemy or run the ship in the breakers and endanger the lives of all.

"My leadsman was a slave owned by myself. On the last trip of the *Atalanta,* while under fire, the ship going very fast toward shoal water, I thought possibly he might get rattled, and to test him I said, 'Irvin, you can't get correct soundings, the ship is going too fast, I'll slow her down for

you.' He answered, 'This is no time to slow down, sir, you let her go, I'll give you the bottom'; and he did, he being a leadsman without a peer. I have had him in the chains for hours in cold winter weather with the spray flying over him, cold enough to freeze the marrow in his bones, the ship often in very shoal water, frequently not a foot to spare under her, and sometimes not that. Yet I never knew him to make a mistake or give an incorrect cast of the lead. He is the man to whom, when pointing to the island of New Providence, I said, 'Every man on that island is as free as I am, so will you be when we get there.' He answered, 'I did not want to come here to be free, I could have gone to the Yankees long ago if I had wished.' And afterward, when the war was over, I said to him, 'I am going to England, perhaps never to see Savannah again, you had better go home.' His answer was, 'I cannot go without you'; and he did not. The feeling that existed between us can only be understood by Southern men; by a Northern man, never.

"My brave old quartermaster, William Cuthbert, who had been with me in the chances and changes of blockade running, always took his place at the wheel on trying occasions. He had the courage necessary to steer a ship, without flinching, through the whole United States fleet. He was a sailor, every inch of him. He it was who, when I heard a crash and asked him if he was hurt, answered: 'We are all right, sir, but I do not know how much wheel there is left, and the compass is gone; give me a star to steer by.' A shot fired by a ship astern of us had passed the two men at the wheel, taken out two spokes, destroyed the compass, and buried itself in the deck. He was steering the ship as though nothing unusual had happened.

"While in command of the *Armstrong,* a very poorly built, light draft, side-wheel ship, on a trip from Nassau to Wilmington, having experienced very heavy weather, our steam-pipe was injured to such an extent that we found it impossible to make more than three miles an hour. At that rate of speed we could not reach the entrance to Wilmington be-

fore daylight, and to remain at sea would place us at the mercy of the cruisers who were then as thick as bees. So we shaped our course to make the land in the neighborhood of Georgetown, S. C.

"When daylight broke, the weather bitterly cold, we found ourselves sandwiched between three of the enemy's ships lying at anchor near the entrance to Georgetown, the farthest not more than two miles from us. We, of course, ran away from them as fast as our crippled condition would allow, expecting to be chased and captured in short order, but to our surprise and delight they remained quietly at anchor and we continued on our course, and when far enough to feel safe circled around them and came to anchor ourselves under the beach near Little River Inlet and about twenty miles from the mouth of the Cape Fear. This remarkable luck can only be accounted for by the extreme cold, which must have prevented the Yankee ships from keeping a proper lookout.

"After making all preparations for setting fire to the ship and landing the people if we should be discovered by the Federals, we blew off our steam and proceeded to make temporary repairs to the steam-pipe.

"Before coming to anchor my attention was attracted to a party of six men on shore making signals to us. I sent a boat and brought off the men, who proved to be Federal prisoners escaped from Florence, S. C., and who, after many days of suffering in a strange country, had succeeded in reaching the coast only to find themselves prisoners on board of a blockade runner instead of one of Uncle Sam's gunboats, which they fondly imagined us to be. One poor fellow remarked: 'I believe the dogs would catch a fellow in this country; this is the third time I have escaped, only to be recaptured each time.'

"I had on board at this time seven Confederates who had escaped from Johnson's Island, and whom it was my good fortune to come across in Halifax, N. S. Having been on board ship some time, they were anxious to get on shore, so I landed and found that we had anchored in the neighborhood

of some salt works, which were quite numerous on this coast, and whose fires at night frequently served us in lieu of lighthouses.

"While ashore I secured transportation by wagons, and sent my prisoners in charge of the seven Confederates across to the railroad and to Wilmington, where they met me the next day. While lying at anchor with no steam and perfectly helpless three of the enemy's ships passed us almost close enough to see the men on deck, but took no notice of us, evidently mistaking us for one of their own ships. At dark, having completed the necessary repairs to the steam-pipe, we weighed our anchor and at 11 p. m. were safely anchored under the guns of Fort Caswell.

"At one time I was one of a party of four, who were waiting at the island of Bermuda for a new ship. We became tired of the poor hotel, kept by a Northern man of whom we were not very fond, but whose hostelry was the only one there. Having an opportunity to do so, we rented a furnished cottage, and for a little while enjoyed the comforts of a bachelors' hall. Among our visitors were the officers of the Army and Navy stationed there, and we became very good friends with most of them. They professed to be warm Southern sympathizers while under *our spiritual influence,* and it was not long before I had the opportunity to test the good will of one of them.

"Some time in October, 1864, I was anchored a few miles from Nassau, taking in a lot of arms and ammunition from a schooner alongside. We were all ready to sail, with the exception of this lighter load, and had our fires banked, ready to get steam at a moment's notice. The American consul found out and notified the British authorities that we were taking in contraband of war, and an officer was sent from the British frigate, then in port, to investigate. As soon as the unwelcome visitor was seen approaching, the engineer was ordered to pull down his fires, and to be prepared to leave at once. Anxiously watching the approaching boat, I recognized the officer to be an old Bermuda acquaintance, Lieutenant

Wilson, who had partaken of our hospitality at our bachelors' cottage. As he came alongside, I said: 'Hello, Wilson! What brought you here?' He answered: 'It is reported that you are taking in contraband of war, and I am sent to look after you.'

"As he came over the side a case of rifles was being hoisted in from the other side. 'What have you there,' he asked. 'Hardware,' I said. 'Would you like to examine that case now, or will you come below and have a glass of wine first?'

"He decided to take the wine first, and spent quite a while sampling some excellent green seal and indulging in reminiscences of the pleasant days spent together at Bermuda, and when it was time to return to his ship he had forgotten to examine the cases of hardware, which were being hurried over the side in the meantime. Returning to his boat, not without some assistance, as he did not seem to have his sea-legs aboard, he bade me farewell, saying: 'Usina, take good care of that hardware; that hardware, you know.'

"Before he reached his ship and another boat could be sent, the hardware was all on board, and the *Armstrong* was steaming for Dixie, where the hardware was soon in the hands of men who knew something about that kind of hardware.

"While blockade runners dreaded moonlight, and gladly availed themselves of dark night and stormy weather to run into the Confederate ports or out of them, yet on several occasions the gauntlet was run successfully in the daytime.

"On one occasion we reached the neighborhood of the blockaders off Wilmington in a gale of wind. The sea was so heavy that if we should get ashore it meant the destruction of the ship and the loss of all hands, so we determined, if we could live the night through, (of which there was considerable doubt) to make a dash for it at daylight.

"Just as the day dawned we found ourselves alongside the U. S. steamship *Huntsville,* (an old Savannah trader) which immediately gave chase and commenced firing at us. The noise of the guns attracted the attention of the other vessels,

and we soon found ourselves in a hornet's nest. In consequence of the rough sea, however, their firing was very inaccurate, and the batteries near Fort Caswell soon began firing over us at them as fast as they came within range, causing them to keep at a respectful distance, to cease firing at us, and haul off as we neared the fort, so that it was not very long before we were in a position to receive the congratulations of our friends over our lucky escape.

"On another occasion I made the land between Georgetown and Wilmington in the afternoon, and as the night would soon be upon us I thought I would get a look at the enemy before dark. Accordingly I steamed slowly towards them, keeping a bright lookout.

"As we approached Lockwood's Folly Inlet, twelve miles from Fort Caswell, it became apparent that the ship stationed there to guard that point was absent from her post, and if we could reach there without being seen by the other ships, there was a chance that we could gain the protection of our batteries before they could head us off, and we determined to try it. As we rounded the point of shoals off Lockwood's' Folly, we came in full view of all their ships (it seemed to me that there were hundreds of them). They at once recognized our character and purpose, and then began a most exciting race for a given point, our ship going for all she was worth, hugging the shore and depending upon the leadsman to keep her afloat; the enemy's ships were coming in to head us off and the booming of their guns reminded me of the music of a pack of hounds in full chase, but on this particular occasion I failed to appreciate the music. The signal station, located between Lockwood's Folly and Fort Caswell, signaling the fort, the commanding officer rushed a couple of Whitworth guns down the beach in our direction, and in a little while we heard the welcome sound of their shots going over our heads, and we were safe. From the time we were seen by the enemy until we were under the protection of our guns did not occupy more than forty-five minutes, but to us it seemed an age.

"One of the most valuable cargoes ever brought into the Confederacy was brought in by the old cruiser *Sumter,* converted into a blockade runner and commanded by E. C. Reed. Her cargo consisted of arms, ammunition, clothing, cloth, medicines, and not the least important articles were the two big Blakely guns, which some of you now present may have seen mounted at Charleston. They were so large and unwieldy that they were loaded with their muzzles sticking out of the hatches.

"The *Sumter* was a slow ship, and could not make more than nine miles an hour. Unable to get in during the night, Reed found himself near the enemy's ships at daylight. To attempt to go off shore with so slow a ship meant a chase and certain capture. So he determined to try a game of bluff. Hoisting the American ensign, he steamed in amongst them, paying not the least attention to their signals or movements, and when they awoke to the fact that the *Sumter* was not one of themselves, she had the inside track and was soon welcomed by the guns of Fort Fisher.

"The devotion of the women of the Confederacy, and their heroic conduct during our struggle for existence, will always be held in grateful remembrance by the veterans of the Lost Cause. In my career as a blockade runner I chanced to see several instances of nerve displayed by them, which would do honor to an old soldier. On one of our trips from Bermuda to Wilmington I had with me as a passenger a lady from Richmond. On nearing the blockaders I sent her down to the cabin, which was below the water line and comparatively safe while we were under fire. A little later, during the hot chase and fire which we had to take, I heard a voice at my elbow, and turning, saw her at my side. I said: 'I told you to go below and stay there'; but she answered, 'I could not remain there in the darkness, hearing the guns; if you will let me remain here I'll give you no trouble.' 'Well, you may remain,' I told her, 'but you must not speak to any one.' She never left the bridge until we were safely anchored under

the guns of Fort Caswell, and I think was the coolest person on board the ship.

"Upon another occasion the steamer *Lynx,* Capt. E. C. Reed, while attempting to get into Wilmington, was completely riddled by the enemy's ships, and, finding her in a sinking condition, she was run ashore near Fort Fisher, to prevent her sinking in deep water, the crew escaping to the beach in the small boats. A lady passenger, a resident of Wilmington, was sent below when the firing began, where she remained until the boats were ready to land on the beach; she was found standing knee deep in the water, obeying orders 'to remain until sent for.'

"One more incident and I am done with the ladies. During the bombardment of Sumter our ship was selected, on account of her speed, to take important dispatches from the Confederacy to Europe, and we had on board as passengers a bridal couple. We had to pass out through a terrible cross fire from the batteries on Morris Island and James Island and the ironclads anchored in Morris Island channel, which was returned by Sumter, Moultrie, Ripley, Castle Pinckney, and the Confederate vessels. After passing through the fireworks display in the neighborhood of Sumter, the vessels outside the bar made it lively for us, but daylight found us well to sea with no enemy in sight. At the beginning of the firing, my attention was attracted to the bridal couple. The groom had himself spread out upon the deck load of cotton, while the bride was standing quietly near by. I said to her, 'Are you not frightened, Mrs. B.?' 'Yes, I am frightened,' she said, 'this is terrible, but we are in the hands of the Almighty.' You can imagine the respect I entertained ever after for the gentleman who, with such an example before him, displayed such arrant cowardice.

"Sailors have always been charged with being superstitious, but while I do not think there is any superstition in my composition, yet I think blockade running was a business well calculated to develop it, as is indicated, for instance, in the names of some of the ships, the *Phantom, Will-o'-the-*

Wisp, Banshee, Whisper, Dream, Owl, Bat and others of like character, the usual objection to sailing on Friday, the carrying of a corpse, etc. One of the funniest notions that came under my observation was that if a passage could be obtained or freight shipped with a certain cross-eyed Captain K. it would be a success.

"While, as I said, I do not think I am given to superstition, yet I had with me a mascot that, I believe, was at that time one of the most widely known dogs that ever existed. I was known as the man that owned the dog! He was photographed at Bermuda, and the artist realized quite a neat sum from the sale of his pictures. He was left with me by a shipmate who died at sea, and when dying frequently called for 'Tinker.' I cherished him for his master's sake, and afterwards became warmly attached to him for his own. He was a terrier, a great ratter, and fond of the water. He was my constant companion. He seemed to know when we were approaching the enemy, and to be on the alert, and when under fire would follow me step by step.

"It was our custom, in anticipation of capture or destruction of the ship, to prepare the boats for leaving the ship the afternoon before running through the fleet. 'Tinker' seemed to inspect the work and to devote most particular attention to the Captain's boat. The sailors wondered how he knew one boat from another, but he certainly did.

"When I placed my chief officer, Nelson, in command of the *Armstrong,* I induced some of my men whom I knew could be depended upon to go with him, as I was more than anxious to have him succeed. Among those that I approached was my old stand-by, William Cuthbert. His answer was, 'I do not like to refuse you, but I am too old a man now to go to Fort Lafayette in the winter time; and if you leave the ship and take "Tinker" with you I know we will be captured.' I said to him, 'I am surprised to hear a man of your intelligence express yourself in that way. What has the dog to do with the safety of the ship? I am ashamed of you.' 'Well, sir,' he replied, 'you may call it superstition, or any-

thing you please, but as sure as you leave the ship and take "Tinker" with you we will be captured.' After considerable persuasion he consented, very unwillingly, to go, saying, 'I'll go in the ship to please you, sir, but, I know how it will be.' The ship was captured; and when we met again his first words were: 'I told you so, sir.'

"I had with me as chief officer an Englishman, who was a very intelligent shipmaster. He was promoted to command, and when about to try his luck, came to me, saying, 'Captain, let me have "Tinker" just for one trip and here is five hundred dollars in gold.' I said, 'Green, two fools, you and I'; but I did not let him have the dog. I could relate a great number of incidents to illustrate the value placed upon 'Tinker' by blockade runners, but I'll inflict only one more upon you.

"I sailed for Wilmington from Bermuda in the steamship *Rattlesnake* about the 20th of January, 1865. Eight hours after I left Bermuda, Captain Maffitt, in command of the *Owl,* arrived at Nassau with the news that the forts at the mouth of the Cape Fear River had fallen. My friends at the island thought I was sure to be captured. Col. James Crenshaw, who before the war was a criminal lawyer, practicing in Richmond, and at this time was part owner and agent of our ships at the islands, had been a sailor in his young days, and certainly not an ignorant one. When told of the great danger of capture to which we were exposed, he told my wife to make herself easy, as I had 'Tinker' with me, and I was all right. Upon approaching Nassau a few days afterwards he, pointing to my flag, said: 'There is the *Rattlesnake;* didn't I tell you so?' I was lying at anchor in the harbor. I think this was the last attempt made to get into Wilmington, and an account of it may interest you.

"We reached the coast early in the night, in fact before it was yet dark, but quite hazy; so much so that we could not see a ship any distance, when suddenly I found myself surrounded by a great number of lights. When you remember that the ships of the blockade squadrons were always in dark-

ness, with no lights set, you can imagine my surprise. Proceeding toward the entrance we found our passage almost obstructed by the enemy's ships, they were so many, and stranger than all, not a shot fired at us, and no one demanding that we either 'stop that ship, or he'd blow us out of the water.' We approached Fort Fisher near enough to call the signal officer, who responded instantly. I remarked to my signal officer: 'There is something up, I never had so prompt an answer before; they are on the alert tonight.'

"We reported: 'Steamship *Rattlesnake,* bound in, set range lights.' An answer came as quick as thought: 'All right, the lights will be set.' We signaled our respects to Colonel Lamb, and asked about his health. The answer was: 'The Colonel is quite well. (He was then lying dangerously wounded). How are all on board, and what is the news from Bermuda?' I instructed the officer to amuse himself talking to them, and that I was going aloft, which I did, and as I reached the masthead and could look over the low sand hills which line the North Carolina coast, I could see the camp fires of the armies, and decided that either there had been an attack on Fort Fisher, or there soon would be one. Upon reaching the deck I said to the pilot: 'The tide is falling, and I think we will not take the risk on a falling tide. I will wait until the flood tide makes, and go in just before daylight. I remained among the fleet the best part of the night. I counted seven monitors; we came very near colliding with three of them, and not a word was said and not a shot was fired. I concluded that we had met with a very cool reception, and it was not a healthy place for us just then; so, at 2 a. m., I shaped our course for Nassau. When, upon arrival there, I asked the pilot what was the news from Wilmington, he answered: 'Wilmington has gone up the spout, sir.' I learned afterwards that several ships had gone in and congratulated themselves upon getting in so easily; but to their dismay, when the boarding officer came on board, he wore the blue instead of the gray. At the fall of Fort Fisher our signal-book fell into the hands of the enemy, and

all that was necessary was to draw the ships in and take possession, which accounted for our not being shot at.

"After the surrender, on my way to England, I buried my faithful 'Tinker' among the icebergs of the North Atlantic, and every man on board stood with uncovered head when he was consigned to his watery grave. When blockade running ceased, his spirits drooped, his occupation gone, and he soon sickened and died.

"His master felt much the same way, but survived. It was one of the saddest moments of my life. The Confederacy, of whose success I had never lost hope, no longer in existence; leaving my native land, as I then thought never more to return. I felt that all the ties that I had formed during my childhood and youth were become mere memories; that all the fast friends that I had made during our bitter fight, were to be only as some much-loved hero of a favorite novel, with whom we become very familiar until the tale is all told, and who then passes out of mind and is never heard of more. But it was ordained otherwise, and I am happy now to be in my old home, meeting everywhere men whose sympathies in that grand struggle were the same as my own, and who feel as I do, that though our fighting days are over, the memory of our dead comrades is strong enough to bind us to each other until we all shall be called away to join them in the land of eternal peace."

THOMAS E. TAYLOR.

Several large and important shipping firms in Liverpool were interested in blockade running at Wilmington, and each of these houses owned and operated from five to ten of the most successful boats.

A young gentleman, Thomas E. Taylor, scarcely twenty-one years of age, was sent out from England to represent a firm which ultimately designed and ran some of the finest ships engaged in this perilous, though profitable business; but it may be doubted if the company with whom he was associated or any other owners realized, in the end, large

profits on their ventures, because, while the returns were very large under favorable conditions, the frequent losses by capture and the final fall of the Confederacy, which left them with ships unsalable for ordinary trade, so reduced their earnings that the game was scarcely worth the candle.

In 1896 Mr. Taylor published a most readable book entitled *Running the Blockade,* in which he tells most graphically some of his extraordinary experiences. He was much liked by all who were fortunate enough to know him, and I well remember his genial, happy spirits and his masterful leadership into danger when duty called him in the interest of his employers. I quote from his narrative an exciting incident which made a sensation in blockade running circles at the time:

"The reason for my leaving the *Banshee* was the arrival at Nassau of a new steamer which my firm had sent out to me. This was the *Will-o'-the-Wisp,* and great things were expected from her. She was built on the Clyde and was a much larger and faster boat than the *Banshee,* but shamefully put together and most fragile. My first introduction to her was seeing her appear off Nassau, and receiving a message by the pilot-boat from Capper, the captain, to say that the vessel was leaking badly and he dare not stop his engines, as they had to be kept going in order to work the pumps. We brought her into the harbor, and having beached her and afterwards made all necessary repairs on the slipway, I decided to take a trip in her.

"As soon as the nights were sufficiently dark we made a start for Wilmington, unfortunately meeting very bad weather and strong head winds, which delayed us; the result was that instead of making out the blockading fleet about midnight, as we had intended, when dawn was breaking there were still no signs of them. Capper, the chief engineer, and I then held a hurried consultation as to what we had better do. Capper was for going to sea again, and if necessary returning to Nassau; the weather was still threatening, our coal supply running short, and, with a leaky ship beneath us,

the engineer and I decided that the lesser risk would be to make a dash for it. 'All right,' said Capper. 'We'll go on, but you'll get d——d well peppered!'

"We steamed cautiously on, making as little smoke as possible, whilst I went to the masthead to take a look around; no land was in sight, but I could make out in the dull morning light the heavy spars of the blockading flagship right ahead of us, and soon after several other masts became visible on each side of her. Picking out what appeared to me to be the widest space between these, I signaled to the deck how to steer, and we went steadily on—determined when we found we were perceived to make a rush for it. No doubt our very audacity helped us through, as for some time they took no notice, evidently thinking we were one of their own chasers returning from sea to take up her station for the day.

"At last, to my great relief, I saw Fort Fisher just appearing above the horizon, although we knew that the perilous passage between these blockaders must be made before we could come under the friendly protection of its guns. Suddenly we became aware that our enemy had found us out; we saw two cruisers steaming towards one another from either side of us, so as to intercept us at a given point before we could get on the land side of them. It now became simply a question of speed and immunity from being sunk by shot. Our little vessel quivered under the tremendous pressure with which she was being driven through the water.

"An exciting time followed, as we and our two enemies rapidly converged upon one point, other ships in the distance also hurrying up to assist them. We were now near enough to be within range, and the cruiser on our port side opened fire; his first shot carried away our flagstaff aft, on which our ensign had just been hoisted; his second tore through our forehold, bulging out a plate on the opposite side. Bedding and blankets to stop the leak were at once requisitioned, and we steamed on full speed under a heavy fire from both quarters. Suddenly, puffs of smoke from the fort

showed us that Colonel Lamb, the commandant, was aware of what was going on and was firing to protect us; a welcome proof that we were drawing within range of his guns and on the landside of our pursuers, who, after giving us a few more parting shots, hauled off and steamed away from within reach of the shells, which we were rejoiced to see falling thickly around them.

"We had passed through a most thrilling experience; at one time the cruiser on our port side was only a hundred yards away from us with her consort a hundred and fifty on the starboard, and it seemed a miracle that their double fire did not completely sink us. It certainly required all one's nerve to stand upon the paddle-box, looking without flinching almost into the muzzles of the guns which were being fired at us; and proud we were of our crew, not a man of whom showed the white feather. Our pilot, who showed no lack of courage at the time, became, however, terribly excited as we neared the bar, and whether it was that the ship steered badly, owing to being submerged forward or from some mistake, he ran her ashore whilst going at full speed. The result was a most frightful shaking, which of course materially increased the leaks, and we feared the ship would become a total wreck; fortunately the tide was rising, and, through lightening her by throwing some of the cargo overboard, we succeeded in getting her off and steamed up the river to Wilmington, where we placed her on the mud.

"After repairing the shot holes and other damage, we were under the impression that no further harm from running ashore had come to her, as all leaks were apparently stopped and the ship was quite tight. The result proved us to be sadly wrong on this point. After loading our usual cargo we started down the river all right, and waited for nightfall in order to cross the bar and run through the fleet. No sooner had we crossed it and found ourselves surrounded by cruisers than the chief engineer rushed on to the bridge, saying the water was already over the stoke-hole plates, and he feared that the ship was sinking. At the same moment a quantity

of firewood which was stowed around one of the funnels (and which was intended to eke out our somewhat scanty coal supply) caught fire, and flames burst out.

"This placed us in a pretty predicament, as it showed our whereabouts to the two cruisers which were following us, one on each quarter. They at once opened a furious cannonade upon us; however, although shells were bursting all around and shot flying over us, all hands worked with a will, and we soon extinguished the flames, which were acting as a treacherous beacon to our foes. Fortunately, the night was intensely dark and nothing could be seen beyond a radius of thirty or forty yards, so, thanks to this, we were soon enabled, by altering our helm, to give our pursuers the slip whilst they probably kept on their course.

"We had still the other enemy to deal with; but our chief engineer and his staff had meanwhile been hard at work and had turned on the 'bilge-injection' and 'donkey-pumps.' Still, the leak was gaining upon us, and it became evident that the severe shaking which the ship got when run aground had started the plates in her bottom. The mud had been sucked up when she lay in the river at Wilmington, thus temporarily repairing the damage; but when she got into the sea-way the action of the water opened them again. Even the steam pumps now could not prevent the water from gradually increasing; four of our eight furnaces were extinguished, and the firemen were working up to their middles in water.

"It was a critical time when daylight broke, dull and threatening. The captain was at the wheel and I at the masthead (all other hands being employed at the pumps, and even baling), when, not four miles off, I sighted a cruiser broadside on. She turned around as if preparing to give chase, and I thought we were done for, as we could not have got more than three or four knots an hour out of our crippled boat. To my great joy, however, I found our alarm was needless, for she evidently had not seen us, and, instead of

heading, turned her stern towards us and disappeared into a thick bank of clouds.

"Still we were far from being out of danger, as the weather became worse and worse and the wind increased in force until it was blowing almost a gale. Things began to look as ugly as they could, and even Capper lost hope. I shall never forget the expression on his face as he came up to me and said, in his gruff voice, 'I say, Mr. Taylor, the beggar's going, the beggar's going,' pointing vehemently downwards. 'What the devil do you mean!' I exclaimed. 'Why, we are going to lose the ship and our lives, too,' was the answer. It is not possible for any one unacquainted with Capper to appreciate this scene. Sturdy, thickset, nearly as broad as he was long, and with the gruffest manner but kindest heart, although a rough diamond, and absolutely without fear. With the exception of Steele, he was the best blockade running captain we had.

"In order to save the steamer and our lives we decided that desperate remedies must be resorted to, so again the unlucky deck cargo had to be sacrified. The good effect of this was soon visible; we began to gain on the water, and were able, by degrees, to re-light our extinguished fires. But the struggle continued to be a most severe one, for just when we began to obtain a mastery over the water the donkey-engine broke down, and before we could repair it the water increased sensibly, nearly putting out our fires again. So the struggle went on for sixty hours, when we were truly thankful to steam into Nassau harbor and beach the ship. It was a very narrow escape, for within twenty minutes after stopping her engines the vessel had sunk to the level of the water.

"I had the *Will-o'-the-Wisp* raised, hauled up on the slip, and repaired at an enormous expense before she was fit again for sea. Subsequently she made several trips, but as I found her a constant source of delay and expenditure I decided to sell her. After having her cobbled up with plenty of putty and paint, I was fortunate enough to obtain negotiations with some speculators with a view to her purchase. Having set-

tled all preliminaries, we arranged for a trial trip, and after a very sumptuous lunch, I proceeded to run her over a measured mile for the benefit of the would-be purchasers. I need scarcely mention that we subjected her machinery to the utmost strain, bottling up steam to a pressure of which our present Board of Trade, with its motherly care of our lives, would express strong disapproval. The log line was whisked merrily over the stern of the *Will-o'-the-Wisp,* with the satisfactory result that she logged 17 1-2 knots. The speculators were delighted, so was I; and the bargain was clinched. I fear, however, that their joy was short-lived; a few weeks afterwards when attempting to steam into Galveston she was run ashore and destroyed by the Federals. When we ran into that port a few months afterwards in the second *Banshee* we saw her old bones on the beach.

"After this I made a trip in a new boat that had just been sent out to me, the *Wild Dayrell.* And a beauty she was, very strong, a perfect sea-boat, and remarkably well engined.

"Our voyage in was somewhat exciting, as about three o'clock in the afternoon, while making for the Fort Caswell entrance (not Fort Fisher), we were sighted by a Federal cruiser, who immediately gave chase. We soon found, however, that we had the heels of our friend, but it left us the alternative of going out to sea or being chased straight into the jaws of the blockaders off the bar before darkness came on. Under these circumstances what course to take was a delicate point to decide, but we solved the problem by slowing down just sufficiently to keep a few miles ahead of our chaser, hoping that darkness would come on before we made the fleet or they discovered us. Just as twilight was drawing in we made them out; cautiously we crept on, feeling certain that our friend astern was rapidly closing up on us. Every moment we expected to hear shot whistling around us. So plainly could we see the sleepy blockaders that it seemed almost impossible we should escape their notice. Whether they did not expect a runner to make an attempt so early in

the evening, or whether it was sheer good luck on our part, I know not, but we ran through the lot without being seen or without having a shot fired at us.

"Our anxieties, however, were not yet over, as our pilot, (a new hand) lost his reckoning and put us ashore on the bar. Fortunately, the flood tide was rising fast, and we refloated, bumping over stern first in a most inglorious fashion, and anchored off Fort Caswell before 7 p. m.—a record performance.

"Soon after anchoring and while enjoying the usual cocktail, we saw a great commotion among the blockaders, who were throwing up rockets and flashing lights, evidently in answer to signals from the cruiser which had so nearly chased us into their midst.

"When we came out we met with equally good luck, as the night was pitch dark and the weather very squally. No sooner did we clear the bar than we put our helm aport, ran down the coast, and then stood boldly straight out to sea without interference; and it was perhaps as well we had such good fortune, as before this I had discovered that our pilot was of a very indifferent calibre, and that courage was not our captain's most prominent characteristic. The poor *Wild Dayrell* deserved a better commander, and consequently a better fate than befell her. She was lost on her second trip, entirely through the want of pluck on the part of her captain, who ran her ashore some miles to the north of Fort Fisher; he said in order to avoid capture—to my mind a fatal excuse for any blockade running captain to make. 'Twere far better to be sunk by shot, and escape in the boats if possible. I am quite certain that if Steele had commanded her on that trip she would never have been put ashore, and the chances were that she would have come through all right.

"I never forgave myself for not unshipping the captain on my return to Nassau; my only excuse was that there was no good man available to replace him, and he was a particular protégé of my chief's. But such considerations should not have weighed, and if I had had the courage of my convic-

tions it is probable the *Wild Dayrell* would have proved as successful as any of our steamers.

"About this time I had two other new boats sent out, the *Stormy Petrel* and the *Wild Rover,* both good boats, very fast, and distinct improvements on the *Banshee No. 1* and the *Will-o'-the-Wisp.* The *Stormy Petrel* had, however, very bad luck, as, after getting safely in and anchoring behind Fort Fisher, she settled, as the tide went down, on a submerged anchor, the fluke of which went through her bottom, and despite all efforts she became a total wreck; this was one of the most serious and unlucky losses I had. The *Wild Rover* was more successful, as she made five round trips, on one of which I went in her. She survived the war, and I eventually sent her to South America, where she was sold for a good sum.

"We had in the early part of the war a depot at Bermuda as well as at Nassau, and Frank Hurst was at that time my brother agent there. I went there twice, once in the first *Banshee,* and once from Halifax, after a trip to Canada in order to recruit from a bad attack of yellow fever; but I never liked Bermuda, and later on we transferred Hurst and his agency to Nassau, which was more convenient in many ways and nearer Wilmington. Moreover, I had to face the contingency, which afterwards occurred, of the Atlantic ports being closed and our being driven to the Gulf. The Bermudians, however, were a kind, hospitable lot, and made a great deal of us, and there was a much larger naval and military society stationed there than in Nassau. They had suffered from a severe outbreak of yellow fever, and the Third Buffs, who were in garrison at the time, had been almost decimated by it.

"It was on my second trip to the island that one of the finest boats we ever possessed, the *Night Hawk,* came out, and I concluded to run in with her. She was a new side-wheel steamer of some 600 tons gross, rigged as a fore-and-aft schooner, with two funnels, 220 feet long, 21 1-2 feet beam, and 11 feet in depth; a capital boat for the work, fast, strong,

of light draught, and a splendid sea boat—a great merit in a blockade runner that sometimes has to be forced in all weathers. The *Night Hawk's* career was a very eventful one, and she passed an unusually lively night off Fort Fisher on her first attempt at blockade running.

"Soon after getting under way our troubles began. We ran ashore outside Hamilton, one of the harbors of Bermuda, and hung on a coral reef for a couple of hours. There loomed before us the dismal prospect of delay for repairs, or, still worse, the chance of springing a leak and experiencing such difficulties and dangers as we had undergone on the *Will-o'-the-Wisp,* but fortunately we came off without damage and were able to proceed on our voyage.

"Another anxiety now engrossed my mind: the captain was an entirely new hand, and nearly all the crew were green at the work; moreover, the Wilmington pilot was quite unknown to me, and I could see from the outset that he was very nervous and wanting in confidence. What would I not have given for our trusty pilot, Tom Burriss. However, we had to make the best of it, as, owing to the demand, the supply of competent pilots was not nearly sufficient, and towards the close of the blockade the so-called pilots were no more than boatmen or men who had been trading in and out of Wilmington or Charleston in coasters. Notwithstanding my fears, all went well on the way across, and the *Night Hawk* proved to be everything that could be desired in speed and seaworthiness.

"We had sighted unusually few craft, and nothing eventful occurred until the third night. Soon after midnight we found ourselves uncomfortably near a large vessel. It was evident that we had been seen, as we heard them beating to quarters, and we were hailed. We promptly sheered off and went full speed ahead, greeted by a broadside which went across our stern.

"When we arrived within striking distance of Wilmington bar the pilot was anxious to go in by Smith's Inlet, but as he

acknowledged that he knew very little about it, I concluded it was better to keep to the New Inlet passage, where, at all events, we should have the advantage of our good friend Lamb to protect us; and I felt that as I myself knew the place so well, this was the safest course to pursue. We were comparatively well through the fleet, although heavily fired at, and arrived near to the bar, passing close by two Northern launches which were lying almost upon it. Unfortunately it was dead low water, and although I pressed our pilot to give our boat a turn around, keeping under way, and to wait awhile until the tide made, he was so demoralized by the firing we had gone through and the nearness of the launches, which were constantly throwing up rockets, that he insisted upon putting her at the bar, and, as I feared, we grounded on it forward, and with the strong floodtide, quickly broached-to, broadside on to the northern breakers. We kept our engines going for some time, but to no purpose, as we found we were only being forced by the tide more on to the breakers. Therefore, we stopped, and all at once found our friends, the two launches, close aboard; they had discovered we were ashore, and had made up their minds to attack us.

"At once all was in confusion; the pilot and signalman rushed to the dinghy, lowered it, and made good their escape; the captain lost his head and disappeared; and the crews of the launches, after firing several volleys, one of which slightly wounded me, rowed in to board us on each sponson. Just at this moment, I suddenly recollected that our private dispatches, which ought to have been thrown overboard, were still in the starboard lifeboat. I rushed to it, but found the lanyard to which the sinking weight was attached was foul of one of the thwarts; I tugged and tugged, but to no purpose, so I sung out for a knife, which was handed to me by a fireman, and I cut the line and pitched the line overboard as the Northerners jumped on board. Eighteen months afterwards that fireman accosted me in the Liverpool streets, saying, 'Mr. Taylor, do you remember my lending you a knife?' 'Of course I do,' I replied, giving him a tip, at which he was

mightily pleased. Poor fellow! he had been thirteen months in a Northern prison.

"When the Northerners jumped on board they were terribly excited. I don't know whether they expected resistance or not, but they acted more like maniacs than sane men, firing their revolvers and cutting right and left with their cutlasses. I stood in front of the men on the poop and said that we surrendered, but all the reply I received from the lieutenant commanding was, 'Oh, you surrender, do you?' * * * accompanied by a string of the choicest Yankee oaths and sundry reflections upon my parentage; whereupon he fired his revolver twice point-blank at me not two yards distant. It was a miracle he did not kill me, as I heard the bullets whiz past my head. This roused my wrath, and I expostulated in the strongest terms upon his firing upon unarmed men; he then cooled down, giving me into the charge of two of his men, one of whom speedily possessed himself of my binoculars. Fortunately, as I had no guard to my watch, they didn't discover it, and I have it still.

"Finding they could not get the ship off, and afraid, I presume, of Lamb and his men coming to our rescue, the Federals commenced putting the captain (who had been discovered behind a boat!) and the crew into the boats; they then set the ship on fire fore and aft, and she soon began to blaze merrily. At this moment one of our firemen, an Irishman, sang out, 'Begorra, we shall all be in the air in a minute, the ship is full of gunpowder!' No sooner did the Northern sailors hear this than a panic seized them, and they rushed to their boats, threatening to leave their officers behind if they did not come along. The men who were holding me dropped me like a hot potato, and to my great delight jumped into their boat, and away they rowed as fast as they could, taking all our crew, with the exception of the second officer, one of the engineers, four seamen, and myself, as prisoners.

"We chuckled at our lucky escape, but we were not out of the woods, yet, as we had only a boat half stove in in which to reach the shore through some 300 yards of surf, and we were

afraid at any moment that our enemies, finding there was no gunpowder on board, might return. We made a feeble effort to put the fire out, but it had gained too much headway, and although I offered the men with me £50 apiece to stand by me and persevere, they were too demoralized and began to lower the shattered boat, swearing that they would leave me behind if I didn't come with them. There was nothing for it but to go, yet the passage through the boiling surf seemed more dangerous to my mind than remaining on the burning ship. The blockaders immediately opened fire when they knew their own men had left the *Night Hawk,* and that she was burning; and Lamb's great shells hurtling over our heads and those from the blockading fleet bursting all around us formed a weird picture. In spite of the hail of shot and shell and the dangers of the boiling surf, we reached the shore in safety, wet through, and glad I was in my state of exhaustion from loss of blood and fatigue to be welcomed by Lamb's orderly officer.

"The poor *Night Hawk* was now a sheet of flame, and I thought it was all up with her; and indeed it would have been had it not been for Lamb, who, calling for volunteers from his garrison, sent out two or three boatloads of men to her, and when I came down to the beach, after having my wound dressed and after a short rest, I was delighted to find the fire had sensibly decreased. I went on board, and after some hours of hard work the fire was extinguished. But what a wreck she was!

"Luckily, with the rising tide she had bumped over the bank, and was now lying on the main beach much more accessible and sheltered. Still, it seemed an almost hopeless task to save her; but we were not going to be beaten without a try, so, after having ascertained how she lay and the condition she was in, I resolved to make an attempt to get her dry, and telegraphed to Wilmington for assistance.

"Our agent sent me down about 300 negroes to assist in bailing and pumping, and I set them to work at once. As good luck would have it, my finest steamer, *Banshee No. 2,*

which had just been sent out, ran in the next night. She was a great improvement on the first *Banshee,* having a sea speed of 15 1-2 knots, which was considered very fast in those days; her length was 252 feet, beam 31 feet, depth 11 feet, her registered tonnage 439 tons, and her crew consisted of fifty-three men in all. I at once requisitioned her for aid in the shape of engineers and men, so that now I had everything I could want in the way of hands. Our great difficulty was that the *Night Hawk's* anchors would not hold for us to get a fair haul at her.

"But here again I was to be in luck. For the very next night the *Condor,* commanded by poor Hewitt, in attempting to run in stuck fast upon the bank over which we had bumped, not one hundred yards to windward of us, and broke in two. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and Hewitt's mischance proved the saving of our ship. Now we had a hold for our chain cables by making them fast to the wreck, and were able gradually to haul her off by them a little during each tide, until on the seventh day we had her afloat in a gut between the bank and the shore, and at high water we steamed under our own steam gaily up the river to Wilmington.

"Considering the appliances we had and the circumstances under which we were working, the saving of that steamer was certainly a wonderful performance, as we were under fire almost the whole time. The Northerners, irritated, no doubt, by their failure to destroy the ship, used to shell us by day and send in boats by night; Lamb, however, put a stop to the latter annoyance by lending us a couple of companies to defend us, and one night when our enemies rowed close up with the intention of boarding us, they were glad to sheer off with the loss of a lieutenant and several men. In spite of all the shot and shell by day and the repeated attacks at night, we triumphed in the end, and, after having the *Night Hawk* repaired at heavy cost and getting together a crew, I gave May, a friend of mine, command of her, and he ran out successfully with a valuable cargo which made her pay, notwithstanding all her bad luck and the amount spent upon her.

Poor May, he was afterwards Governor of Perth gaol, and is dead now—a high-toned, sensitive gentleman, mighty proud of his ship, lame duck as she was.

"When she was burning, our utmost efforts were of course directed towards keeping her engine-room and boilers amidships intact, and confining the flames to both ends; in this we were successful, mainly owing to the fact of her having bunkers athwart-ship; but as regards the rest of the steamer she was a complete wreck; her sides were all corrugated with the heat, and her stern so twisted that her starboard quarter was some two feet higher than her port quarter, and not a particle of woodwork was left unconsumed. Owing to the limited resources of Wilmington as regards repairs, I found it impossible to have all of this put right, so her sides were left as they were, and the new deck put on with the slope I have described, and caulked with cotton, as no oakum was procurable. When completed she certainly was a queer-looking craft, but as tight as a bottle, and as seaworthy as ever, although I doubt if any Lloyd's surveyor would have passed her. But as a matter of fact she came across the Atlantic, deeply immersed with her coal supply, through some very bad weather, without damage, and was sold for a mere song, to be repaired and made into a passenger boat for service on the East Coast, where she ran for many years with success.

"It had been a hard week for me, as I had no clothes except what I had on when we were boarded—my servant very cleverly, as he imagined, having thrown my portmanteau into the man-of-war's boat when he thought I was going to be captured—and all I had in the world was the old serge suit in which I stood. Being without a change and wet through every day and night for six days consecutively, it is little wonder that I caught fever and ague, of which I nearly died in Richmond, and which distressing complaint stuck to me for more than eighteen months. I shall never forget, on going to a store in Wilmington for a new rig-out (which by the way cost $1,200), the look of horror on the storekeeper's face when I told him the coat I had purchased would do if he cut a foot off it; he thought it such a waste of expensive material."

RESCUE OF MADAME DeROSSET.

We found at the shipyard in Wilmington, while the *Lilian* was undergoing repairs, the noted blockade runner *Lynx,* commanded by one of the most daring spirits in the service, Captain Reed. This officer has been described in a Northern magazine as a priate, but he was one of the mildest mannered of gentlemen, a capital seaman, and apparently entirely devoid of fear. He had previously commanded the *Gibraltar,* formerly the first Confederate cruiser *Sumter;* and he brought through the blockade in this ship to Wilmington the two enormous guns which attracted so much attention at that time. One of them exploded, through a fault in loading; the other was used for the defense of Charleston, and rendered effective service.

A thrilling incident occurred in the destruction of the *Lynx,* a few weeks after we left her at Wilmington, which nearly terminated the life of a brave and charming lady, the wife of Mr. Louis H. DeRosset, and of her infant child, who were passengers for Nassau. At half past seven o'clock on the evening of September 26, 1864, the *Lynx* attempted to run the blockade at New Inlet, but was immediately discovered in the Swash Channel by the Federal cruiser *Niphon,* which fired several broadsides into her at short range, nearly every shot striking her hull and seriously disabling her. Notwithstanding this, Captain Reed continued his efforts to escape, and for a short time was slipping away from his pursuers; but he was again intercepted by two Federal men-of-war, the *Howquah* and the *Governor Buckingham.*

Mrs. DeRosset, describing the scene a few days afterwards, said: "Immediately the sky was illuminated with rockets and broadside upon broadside, volley upon volley, was poured upon us. The Captain put me in the wheelhouse for safety. I had scarcely taken my seat when a ball passed three inches above my head, wounding the man at the wheel next to me; a large piece of the wheelhouse knocked me violently on the head. I flew to the cabin and took my baby in my arms, and

immediately another ball passed through the cabin. We came so near one of the enemy's boats that they fired a round of musketry, and demanded surrender. We passed them like lightning; then our vessel commenced sinking! Eight shots went through and through below the water line. I stayed in the cabin until I could no longer keep the baby out of the water."

The *Howquah* then engaged the *Lynx* at close quarters, and her batteries tore away a large part of the paddle boxes and bridge deck. The *Buckingham* also attacked the plucky blockade runner at so short range that her commander fired all the charges from his revolver at Captain Reed and his pilot on the bridge. The continual flashing of the guns brightly illuminated the chase, and, escape being impossible, Captain Reed, much concerned for the safety of his passengers, headed his sinking ship for the beach. In the meantime Fort Fisher was firing upon his pursuers with deadly effect, killing and wounding five men on the *Howquah* and disabling one of the guns. The sea was very rough that night, and the treacherous breakers with their deafening roar afforded little hope of landing a woman and a baby through the surf; nevertheless, it was the only alternative, and right bravely did the heroine meet it. Through the breakers the *Lynx* was driven to her destruction, the shock, as her keel struck the bottom, sending her crew headlong on the deck. Boats were lowered with great difficulty, the sea dashing over the bulwarks and drenching the sailors to the point of strangulation. Madame DeRosset, with the utmost coolness, watched her chance, while the boat lurched and pounded against the stranded ship, and jumped to her place; the baby, wrapped in a blanket, was tossed from the deck to her mother ten feet below, and then the fight for a landing began; while the whole crew, forgetful of their own danger, and inspired with courage by the brave lady's example, joined in three hearty cheers as she disappeared in the darkness towards the shore. Under the later glare of the burning ship, which was set on fire when abandoned, a safe landing was effected, but with great suffering. Soaking wet,

without food or drink, they remained on the beach until a message could reach Colonel Lamb at Fort Fisher, five miles distant, whence an ambulance was sent to carry the passengers twenty miles up to Wilmington. The baby blockade runner, Gabrielle, survived this perilous adventure, and also an exciting run through the fleet in the Confederate steamer *Owl.* She is now the widow of the late Col. Alfred Moore Waddell, formerly mayor of Wilmington.

IMPROVED SHIPS AND NOTABLE COMMANDERS.

The last year of the war evolved a superior type of blockade runners of great speed, many of which were commanded by celebrated men of nerve and experience. Of these may be mentioned at random and from memory: the *Lilian,* Captain Maffitt; the *Little Hattie,* Captain Lebby; the *Florie,* named for Captain Maffitt's daughter; the *Agnes E. Fry,* commanded by that noble but unfortunate naval officer, Captain Joseph Fry; the *Chicora,* still running in Canadian waters; the *Let Her Rip,* the *Let Her Be;* also the fleet of three-funnel boats, one of which, the *Condor,* was commanded by the famous Admiral Hewitt, of the British Navy, who won the Victoria Cross in the Crimea, and who was knighted by Queen Victoria for his distinguished services as Ambassador to King John of Abyssinia. The *Falcon,* another, was commanded for one voyage by Hobart Pasha; the *Flamingo,* the *Ptarmigan,* and the *Vulture* were also of the three-funnel type.

Another notable British officer who ran the blockade was the gallant Burgoyne, who was lost in the iron-clad *Captain* in the Bay of Biscay, which vessel he commanded on that unfortunate voyage.

Captain Carter was a notable naval officer of the Confederacy; he commanded the blockade runner *Coquette.*

Captain Thomas Lockwood, a North Carolinian, was, perhaps, the most noted of the commercial class. His last com-

mand was the celebrated steamer *Colonel Lamb,* named for the defender of Fort Fisher. This was the largest, the finest, and the fastest of all the ships on either side during the war. She was a paddle steamer built of steel, 281 feet long, 36 feet beam, and 15 feet depth of hold. Her tonage was 1,788 tons. At the time she was built, 1864, she was the fastest vessel afloat, having attained on her trial a speed of $16\frac{3}{4}$ knots, or about nineteen miles an hour. Captain Lockwood made several successful runs in this fine ship, and escaped to England at the close of the war. The *Colonel Lamb* was sold to the Greek Government, and subsequently, under another name, was blown up while in the *Mersey* loaded with war supplies. Other fast boats were the *Owl, Bat, Fox, Dream, Stag, Edith, Atalanta, Virginia, Charlotte, Banshee* and *Night Hawk.*

Another merchant commander of distinction was Captain Halpin, who was very skillful and successful. He afterwards commanded the famous leviathan, *Great Eastern,* while she was engaged in laying the Atlantic cable.

It is a remarkable fact that although speed was regarded the first essential to success, some of the slowest vessels engaged in the traffic were the most fortunate. The *Pet,* for example, was a very slow steamer, yet she made the runs, over forty of them, through the blockade with the regularity of a mail boat. I think this was due to the superior skill of her commander who exercised great caution and never became excited in a tight place. The *Antonica* was another slow, lumbering boat, but it was said of her that when she was fairly set on her course between Nassau and Wilmington they could simply lash her wheel and she would go in or out "by herself." The *Scotia,* the *Greyhound,* and others were equally slow coaches, but had for a time, it seemed, a charmed life.

The loss of the *Merrimac* was, like that of the *Bat,* as related by Pilot Craig, a notable example of cowardice on the part of the captain. This fine, large steamer, which had successfully run into Wilmington, was ordered to be sold in

this port, and she was bought by a number of prominent citizens and merchants, one of whom was Mr. Edward Kidder. She was laden with a very valuable cargo of cotton and tobacco and put to sea for Nassau. On the second day out she was chased, as they thought, by a cruiser which steadily gained on her, and when the stranger fired a small gun, the captain of the *Merrimac* ignominiously surrendered to an *unarmed passenger steamer,* whose little popgun, containing a blank cartridge used for signals in those days, would not have harmed a fly. This incident caused much merriment on board the passenger steamer, which profited largely in the prize money.

FAMOUS BLOCKADE RUNNERS.

In the second stage of blockade running, when steam was at a premium, a number of walking-beam boats of excellent speed, which had plied regularly between Southern ports and which had been laid up since the proclamation, were bought by Southern business men, who became prominent in blockade running; and, after the removal of passenger cabins and conspicuous top hamper, they were placed in this dangerous traffic. Of these may be mentioned the steamer *Kate,* previously known as the *Carolina,* upon the line between Charleston and Palatka; the *Gordon,* which was built to run between Charleston and Savannah; also the *Nina, Seabrook, Clinch,* and *Cecile,* which had plied on the same line. The *Cecile,* loaded at Nassau with a cargo of powder, rifles, and stores for Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's army at Shiloh, struck a sunken rock off the Florida coast, and went to the bottom in ten minutes. The officers and crew escaped.

Two steamers which formerly ran between New Orleans and Galveston became prominent as Cape Fear blockade runners; the *Atlantic,* re-named the *Elizabeth,* and the *Austin,* which became the famous Confederate steamer *Ella and Annie.* In the early morning of November 9, 1863, the *Ella and Annie,* under command of Capt. F. N. Bonneau of

Charleston, was intercepted off New Inlet, near Masonboro, by the United States steamer *Niphon,* which attempted to press her ashore. Several other cruisers preventing the escape of the *Ella and Annie,* Captain Bonneau at once resolved upon the desperate expedient of running the *Niphon* down. He accordingly ran his ship at reckless speed straight at the war vessel, and struck it with great force, carrying away the bowsprit and stem and wounding three of the men. The *Niphon,* by quick movement, avoided the full effect of the blow, and fired all her starboard guns into the *Ella and Annie,* wounding four of her men. As soon as the vessels came together the *Niphon* carried the *Ella and Annie,* by boarding, and made her a prize. She afterwards became the United States flag ship *Malvern.*

The *Governor Dudley,* of the Wilmington and Charleston route before the completion of the Wilmnigton and Manchester Railroad, which had been put on the summer run between Charleston and Havana prior to the war, made one or two successful voyages through the blockade to Nassau.

A Nassau correspondent to the *New York Times* on February 15, 1862, wrote: "On Tuesday last, the 11th of February, 1862, the old steamer *Governor Dudley* arrived from Charleston with 400 bales of cotton. The Captain, fearing the cotton would go North if sold here, refused to take any price for it. After taking out a British register and changing her name to the *Nellie,* he left for Havana with a Nassau pilot on board to carry him across the (Bahama) Banks. He intends taking a return cargo to Charleston, and expects to be back here in about a month with more cotton. The *Nellie* is an old boat, nearly used up both in hull and machinery. Her speed is not over 8 or 10 knots, with a full head of steam." The other boats formerly comprising the Wilmington and Charleston line were probably too old for blockade-running service. The *Wilmington* was sold to run on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The *Gladiator* went to Philadelphia, and the *Vanderbilt,* having been sold to New Orleans, foundered in the Gulf of Mexico while running the blockade.

Another old friend of the New York and Wilmington line, which was managed here by the late Edwin A. Keith, the *North Carolina,* rendered an important service to the Confederate Government by carrying through the blockade, as a passenger, the distinguished Capt. James D. Bulloch, naval representative of the Confederacy in Europe during the War between the States. On February 5, 1862, she completed the loading of a cargo of cotton, rosin, and tobacco at Wilmington, under her new name, *Annie Childs,* named for the wife of Col. F. L. Childs, and proceeded through the blockade by the main bar, arriving at Liverpool, via Fayal, Madeira, and Queenstown, Ireland, early in March. Her supply of coal was quite exhausted when she sighted Queenstown and she barely reached that port of call by burning part of her rosin cargo with spare spars cut in short lengths. Captain Bulloch said that she was badly found for so long a voyage, but she weathered a heavy northwest gale, and proved herself to be a fine sea boat. I am informed that she returned to other successful ventures in blockade running under the name of the *Victory.*

The fleet of runners was augmented by old-fashioned steamers, partly from the Northern ports, bought by foreigners and sent via neutral ports, where they went through the process of "white-washing," a change of name, ownership, registry, and flag. A much greater number, however, came from abroad; a few of these formerly having been fast mail boats, but the majority freighters on short routes in Europe, bought at big prices for eager speculators, who were tempted by the enormous profits of blockade running.

A few of those of the better class became famous, as the North Carolina steamer *Advance,* before known as the *Lord Clyde;* the Confederate steamer *R. E. Lee,* formerly the *Giraffe;* and the *Lady Davis,* previously the *Cornubia.* Some of the others were the *Alice, Fannie, Britannia, Emma, Pet, Sirius, Orion, Antonica, Hansa, Calypso, Duoro, Thistle, Scotia, City of Petersburg, Old Dominion, Index, Caledonia, Dolphin, Georgiana McCall, Modern Greece, Hebe,*

Dee, Wave Queen, Granite City, Stonewall Jackson, Victory, Flora, Beauregard, Ruby, Margaret and Jessie, Eagle, Gertrude, Charleston, Banshee, Minna, and *Eugenie,* which were more or less successful.

The beach for miles north and south of Bald Head is marked still by the melancholy wrecks of swift and graceful steamers which had been employed in this perilous enterprise. Some of the hundred vessels engaged in this traffic ran between Wilmington and the West Indies with the regularity of mail boats, and some, even of the slowest speed—the *Pet,* for instance—eluding the vigilance of the Federal fleet, passed unscathed twenty, thirty, and forty times, making millions for the fortunate owners. One little beauty, the *Siren,* a fast boat, numbered nearly fifty voyages. The success of these ships depended, of course, in great measure upon the skill and coolness of their commanders and pilots. It is noteworthy that those in charge of Confederate naval officers were, with one exception, never taken; but many were captured, sunk, and otherwise lost, through no fault of the brave fellows who commanded them. The *Beauregard* and the *Venus* lie stranded on Carolina Beach; the *Modern Greece,* near New Inlet; the *Antonica,* on Frying Pan Shoals; the *Ella,* on Bald Head; the *Spunky* and the *Georgiana McCall,* on Caswell Beach; the *Hebe* and the *Dee,* between Wrightsville and Masonboro. Two others lie near Lockwood's Folly bar; and others, whose names are forgotten, are half buried in the sands, where they may remain for centuries to come. After a heavy storm on the coast, the summer residents at Carolina Beach and Masonboro Sound have occasionally picked up along the shore some interesting relics of blockade times, which the heaving ocean has broken from the buried cargoes of the *Beauregard, Venus, Hebe,* and *Dee.* Tallow candles, Nassau bacon, soldiers' shoes, and other wreckage, comprise in part this flotsam yielded up by Neptune after nearly fifty years' soaking in the sea.

The *Venus* was commanded by a prominent officer of the Royal Navy on leave of absence, Captain Murray-Aynsley,

known by blockade runners as Captain Murray. He is now an Admiral in the British Navy on the retired list. He was a great favorite with the prominent people, and especially with Colonel Lamb, of Fort Fisher, whose description of the veteran naval officer on the bridge of the *Venus,* running through the Federal fleet in broad daylight, hotly pursued by the enemy, with coat sleeves rolled up to his arm pits, but cool and defiant, is well worth recording.

The loss of the *Georgiana McCall* is associated with a horrible crime—the murder of her pilot. When the ship was beached under the fire of the blockaders, Mr. Thomas Dyer did not go with the retreating crew who sought safety ashore; he seems to have been left behind in the rush. It was known that he had a large amount of money in gold on board, and it was thought that he remained to secure it. A boat returned for him, but found his bloody corpse, instead. His skull was crushed as by a blow from behind; there was no money on his person. Another man was found on board, but unhurt, who professed ignorance of his fellow. This person was the watchman, and it is said he carried ashore a large amount of money. He was arrested on suspicion, but there was no proof. He still lives on the river, but the cause of poor Dyer's death will probably never be known until the Great Assize.

Examples of dash and daring on the part of noted Cape Fear blockade runners in this phase of their history could be multiplied, if the limited scope of this paper would permit of their narration; instances so thrilling that they still stir one's blood to recall them after an interval of fifty years. I shall, however, select from memory and from published accounts of others, whom I remember as participants, only a few exploits of the many which might be recorded, and, finally, some illustrations of the closing scenes when the false lights of the conquerors of Fort Fisher decoyed the unwary into the snare of the fowler or hastened the retreat of the few that escaped to a neutral port.

A Close Call.

The following interesting narrative, which is true in all its details, was told to the writer by the late George C. McDougal, of Rosindale, N. C., who, by a clever expedient, kept out of Fort Lafayette, and made some forty voyages as chief engineer in the little steamer *Siren* before his former shipmates were released:

"The well known blockade running steamer *Margaret and Jessie* left Nassau heavily laden for Wilmington, and made a good run across to the North Carolina coast. About 12:00 meridian she was in the latitude of New Inlet, and she ran on the western edge of the Gulf Stream until sundown, when she headed for the beach and made land to the northward of the blockading fleet of the Cape Fear. While tracking down the beach, one of the cruisers sighted us, and sent up rockets, which made it necessary for us to run the remainder of the distance under fire from the whole line of the blockaders. Just as we got the lights in range at the Inlet and were about to head the ship over the bar, we distinguished a gunboat anchored in the channel under cover of the wrecked steamer *Arabian*. We immediately put the ship about, and, with the whole fleet trailing after us, ran off shore. At daylight none of our followers was in sight, but away off shore to the southward we sighted the armed transport *Fulton*. As we could not cross her bow, Capt. Robert Lockwood, who commanded our ship, hauled to the northward and eastward, unfortunately driving us across the bows of all the cruisers which had run off shore in chase. We had to run the fire of five of these war ships as we crossed their bows and dropped them astern. During all this time the *Fulton* kept the weather gauge of us; and after a hard day's chase from New Inlet to Hatteras, we were at last compelled to surrender late in the afternoon; as the *Fulton* seemed determined to run us down, there being hardly a cable's length between us when we hove to and stopped the engines. Before doing this, however, we were careful to throw the mail bags, government

dispatches, and ship's papers into the furnace of the fireroom, where they were quickly consumed.

"While our ship's company was being transferred to the *Fulton,* the United States steamer *Keystone State* and two other cruisers came up, and sent several boats' crews aboard the *Margaret and Jessie,* who looted her of all the silver, cutlery, glassware, cabin furniture, table cloths, and napkins —doubtless everything they could carry off in their boats. The *Fulton,* having sent a prize crew on board, took us in tow for New York, where, immediately on our arrival, we were confined in Ludlow Street jail. Two days after, the officers and crew of the blockade runner *Ella and Annie* were brought in, she having been captured off Wilmington after a desperate resistance by her brave commander, Captain Bonneau. During our incarceration we were visited frequently by United States deputy marshals, who tried to identify some of us suspected of holding commissions in the Confederate service and of being regularly engaged in blockade running, as distinguished from those less harmful members of the crew who would be only too glad to abandon further attempts on regaining their liberty. These officers were immediately assailed with questions from all quarters. 'What are you going to do with us here?' 'Are you going to let us out?' to which they would respond, 'We cannot tell—the crew lists have been sent to Washington for inspection; you will have to wait until they are returned.'

"We were kept in this state of suspense for about three weeks, when a squad of deputy marshals came to the jail and mustered the entire company. We soon ascertained that the crew lists had come from Washington, and that we were to go down to the Marshal's office, where the names of those who were to be released were to be called out, and the unfortunate ones remaining prepared for a long term of imprisonment at one of the well known prison-pens so dreaded by those who afterwards realized all their horrors. We were, accordingly, marched down to the Marshal's headquarters in Burton's old

theatre, on Chambers Street, opposite City Hall Park, where we were ordered to select our baggage and prepare to be searched for contraband articles. The entire office force of clerks had been drawn by curiosity from their desks to the other end of the large room, where the inspection was going on; and while my baggage was being examined by an officer I asked him if he knew who were to be released; to which he replied that he did not know, but that the list of those who would be released could be found in a large book on that desk, pointing his finger to the other end of the room. When his inspection was completed I asked if I might go and read the names to satisfy my curiosity. He said there could be no harm in doing so, and asked if I could read. I said, yes, that I thought I could make out the names. Whereupon, I walked with forced indifference to the desk, and found a big journal laid open upon it, containing the names of the men belonging to the *Ella and Annie's* crew who were to be discharged. This did not interest me; and looking further down I saw, also, the names of those of my own ship who were to be released, but from the top to the bottom there was no George C. McDougal. You may depend upon it, I felt very sad as Fort Lafayette loomed up in all its dreariness. My case was indeed hopeless. Looking furtively over my shoulder, I saw that the desk was so placed that my back shielded me from the eyes of the marshals at the moment, and also that the officers and clerks were very busy seeing what they could confiscate, each man for himself, out of the baggage of the unfortunate prisoners; and, feeling that no worse fate could overtake me, I slipped my hand cautiously along the desk, took up a pen and imitating as closely as possible the character of the writing before me, inscribed my own name at the bottom of the list, and immediately returned to the crowd at the other end of the room. The deputy asked me if I saw my own name, to which I promptly responded, 'Yes.' 'Then you are all right,' said he, 'and will be turned out to-night.' Shortly afterwards, we were marched off to a neighboring place to get our supper at the expense of Uncle Sam, after

which the Chief Marshal and Judge Beebe appeared, and in due form separated those who were to be released from the unfortunate ones remaining. I waited, with feelings that can be imagined better than they can be described, as the names were read; and at last my own name was called without the detection of my expedient, which was, doubtless, owing to the fact that the room was badly lighted and darkness had already set in. Promptly responding to my name, I at once passed out into the night, leaving my commander, Captain Robert Lockwood, the Wilmington pilot, Mr. Charles Craig, and Billy Willington, our engineer, and several others of the *Margaret and Jessie,* who, together with Captain Frank Bonneau, his Wilmington pilot, and his chief engineer, Alexander Laurence, were sent to Fort Lafayette where they remained until about the end of the war.

The Kate's Adventure.

In the spring of the year 1862 the Confederate Government, desiring to arrange for the importation of supplies for the War Department, and finding the principal ports of the South Atlantic coast so well guarded by the blockaders that the new undertaking of blockade running was considered extra hazardous, decided to use the smaller inlets, which were less carefully watched by the enemy, and dispatched the steamer *Kate* from Nassau with a cargo of ammunition to Smyrna, Florida, where an entrance was safely effected by that vessel, and the cargo immediately discharged and transported across the country to a place of safety.

The *Kate* was commanded by Capt. Thomas J. Lockwood, of Smithville, on the Cape Fear River, who was well known to our river pilots and seafaring people as a man of very superior skill and seamanship, and thoroughly familiar with the bars and inlets along the Southern coast.

A second voyage by the *Kate* had been completed, and the cargo successfully discharged and transported, before the movement was made known to the blockading squadron; but while the *Kate* was waiting for the return of Captain Lock-

wood from Charleston, whither he had proceeded to bring his family to the ship at Smyrna Inlet, a Federal man-of-war discovered her hiding place, which forced the chief officer of the *Kate* to proceed to sea at once, leaving the captain behind. The Federal cruiser landed a boat's crew, and burned the house of Mr. Sheldon, the pilot who had assisted in bringing the *Kate* to an anchorage, shortly after which, Captain Lockwood arrived with his family, to find that the ship had already departed. Mr. Sheldon, however, furnished him with an ordinary whaleboat, which had escaped the scrutiny of the Federal man-of-war's men, and Captain Lockwood at once determined to undertake the voyage in this frail craft, and overtake the *Kate* at Nassau. The boat was only sixteen feet long and not at all well found for such a perilous voyage.

After a short delay, the captain, his brave wife, their two children, and a hired boy, found themselves safe over the bar and headed for the Bahamas. The following account of this remarkable voyage was written by Mrs. Lockwood, and has been kindly furnished by her brother, Mr. McDougal:

"After the baggage was safe on board, I was carried in a man's arms through the surf and placed in the boat, and we started over the sea in our frail little craft. A few yards from shore we discovered that she was sinking, but turned back in time to reach the beach, to which I was again transferred just as the boat went down. With some difficulty she was recovered, when it was found that the plug had come out of the bottom while drawing the boat over the beach. We soon found a remedy for this trouble, and proceeded to cross the Gulf Stream. On the following morning, the wind blew a gale. The waves dashed high over us all day, while the wind increased in fury. For fifteen hours we waited and prayed, thinking that every moment would be our last. About five o'clock in the evening, we discovered a reef and steered along the rocks to find an opening, so that we might cross the line of breakers and get into calm water. Oakie told us to sit still and hold fast to the boat, as we must go over the rocks

or sink. As each enormous wave came towards us it seemed to reach the sky and break over our frail craft, deluging us with water. For several moments in succession I would sit under these huge waves, holding on with one hand and clasping my baby with the other. Breaker after breaker burst over us, and at the same time lifted the boat farther and farther on to the rocks, until at last we were plunged ahead into the smooth water of the bay beyond. By some means, I cannot tell how, we reached one of the vessels lying at anchor, when they lifted us all on board and carried us into the cabin. We could not walk for cold and cramp. On Sunday, the 23d, the schooner upon which we had taken refuge sailed for Nassau, and on Monday we landed on Elbow Cay, one of the Bahama Islands, the wind not being favorable for us to continue further that day. On the 25th, with a fair wind, we again proceeded towards Nassau, and arrived on Wednesday, after being three weeks on the journey from Charleston."

Mr. McDougal adds in his journal, that he was then chief engineer of the steamer *Kate,* of 500 tons, in the Gulf Stream, about 150 miles from where Captain Lockwood was cruising in a little boat; and that the gale was so severe that this large vessel was obliged to lie to, and suffered considerable damage in consequence of the severity of the storm, and that it seems a miracle that a small boat like Captain Lockwood's should have lived through such a fearful gale.

The British Flag.

A majority of the blockade runners bore British certificates of registry and sailed under the British flag because they were owned and manned by British subjects, and traded with British ports. This did not save them from capture and condemnation if caught with contraband cargoes between Nassau or Bermuda and the coast of the Southern States, whether they attempted to break the blockade or not. But if they were bound from a British port, say Nassau or Bermuda, to a home port in Great Britain, loaded with cotton, they would be protected from capture by their flag and regis-

ter and their manifest of British ownership; or, if they were bound from Great Britain to Nassau or Bermuda with arms or war supplies and certified British ownership, although ultimately intending to run the blockade, their papers would protect them from molestation by the Federal cruisers. Not so with those under the Confederate flag, which were liable to capture whenever found on the high seas.

When the War between the States began Mr. Donald MacRae was British Vice Consul at Wilmington. He resigned, however, and Mr. Alexander Sprunt was appointed by Consul Henry Pinckney Walker at Charleston to act in his place, but the function was suspended by General Whiting because there were no diplomatic relations between the foreign Powers and the Confederacy, Great Britain having only recognized our belligerent rights.

It is remarkable that during the entire war the British flag was the only foreign colors flown in the ports of the Confederacy.

Closing Scenes in Blockade Running.

The closing scenes of blockade running were described by Colonel Scharf in his *History of the Confederate States Navy,* as follows:

"The military and naval expeditions against Wilmington in December, 1864, and in January, 1865, resulted in the capture of the forts and the closing of the port. Eight vessels left the port of Nassau between the 12th and 16th of January, one of which took four one-hundred-pounder Armstrong guns; and at the time of their sailing there were over two and a half million pounds of bacon stored at Nassau awaiting transportation. The confidence reposed in the defense of Wilmington continued unabated on the part of the blockade runners, and the *Charlotte,* the *Blenheim,* and the *Stag,* all British steamers, ran in after the fall of Fort Fisher, and were captured by the Federal cruisers in the river. The blockade runner *Owl,* Captain John N. Maffitt, C. S. N., in command, succeeded in passing over the bar near Fort Cas-

well, and anchored at Smithville on the night the forts were evacuated; and immediately returned to Bermuda, arriving on the 21st, and carrying the news of the fall of Fort Fisher and the end of blockade running at Wilmington. Her arrival was timely, stopping the *Maud Campbell, Old Dominion, Florence, Deer* and *Virginia.* Most, if not all, of these steamers now turned their prows towards Charleston, the last harbor remaining accessible; and, though the fall of that city was impending, yet a cargo might be safely landed and transported along the interior line to the famishing armies of the Confederate States. To that end Captain Wilkinson determined to make the effort; but it was the part of prudence to ascertain, positively, before sailing, that Charleston was still in our possession. This intelligence was brought by the *Chicora,* which arrived at Nassau on the 30th of January; and on February 1st, the *Owl, Carolina, Dream, Chicora,* and *Chameleon* sailed within a few hours of each other for Charleston.

"The effort was a brave and gallant one, but was ineffectual. The United States ship *Vanderbilt* intercepted the *Chameleon,* and, after an exciting chase, was dodged by the fast sailing vessel under the cool seamanship of the gallant Wilkinson. Turning on the *Vanderbilt,* the *Chameleon* again attempted to reach Charleston; but having lost a day in escaping from her enemy, and being retarded by unfavorable weather, she did not reach the coast near Charleston bar till the fifth night after leaving Nassau. The blockading fleet, reinforced from that off Wilmington, now closed every practical entrance; but it was not until after assurances from the pilot that entrance was impossible, that Captain Wilkinson 'turned away from the land, and our hearts sank within us, while conviction forced itself upon us that the cause for which so much blood had been shed, so many miseries bravely endured, and so many sacrifices cheerfully made, was about to perish at last.' The *Chicora,* more fortunate than the *Chameleon,* ran into Charleston, but finding the city evacuated, ran out, despite the effectiveness of the blockade, and reached

Nassau on the 28th. The *Fox,* less fortunate, ran into Charleston in ignorance of its capture and was seized by the Federal cruisers.

"Capt. John N. Maffitt, C. S. N., in the *Owl,* left Havana, about the middle of March, within a quarter of an hour after the United States ship *Cherokee* steamed out of the harbor. Passing Morro Castle, the *Owl* hugged the coast towards the west, followed by the *Cherokee,* the chase continuing for an hour or more. The *Owl* had speed, and Maffitt had the seamanship to 'throw dust into the eyes' of his pursuer by changing her coal from hard to soft; thus clouding the air with dense black smoke, under cover of which the *Owl* turned on the *Cherokee,* and, steaming away to the stern of the cruiser, disappeared in the darkness of night and storm."

THE CONFEDERATE NAVY.

If the Federal Government was unprepared for naval warfare at the beginning of the civil strife, the Confederacy was even less prepared, for it could not claim the ownership of a single ship. In a conversation shortly after the war, our distinguished naval officer, Capt. John Newland Maffitt, said:

"The Northern Navy contributed materially to the successful issue of the war. The grand mistake of the South was neglecting her Navy. All our Army movements out West were baffled by the armed Federal steamers which swarmed on Western waters, and which our government had provided nothing to meet. Before the capture of New Orleans, the South ought to have had a navy strong enough to prevent the capture of that city and hold firmly the Mississippi and its tributaries. This would have prevented many disastrous battles; it would have made Sherman's march through the country impossible, and Lee would have been master of his lines. The errors of our government were numerous, but the neglect of the Navy proved irremediable and fatal.

"Nobody here," he continued, "would believe at first that a great war was before us. South Carolina seceded first, and

improvised a navy consisting of two small tug boats! North Carolina followed suit, and armed a tug and a small passenger boat! Georgia, Alabama, and Louisiana put in commission a handful of frail river boats that you could have knocked to pieces with a pistol shot. That was our Navy! Then came Congress and voted money to pay officers like myself, who had resigned from the Federal Navy, but nothing to build or arm ships for us to command. Of course, it woke up by and by, and ordered vessels to be built here, there, and everywhere, but it was too late.

"And yet," said the Captain, with a momentary kindling of the eye, as the thought of other days came back to him, "the Confederate Navy, minute though it was, won a place for itself in history. To the Confederates the credit belongs of testing in battle the invulnerability of ironclads, and of revolutionizing the navies of the world. The *Merrimac* did this; and, though we had but a handful of light cruisers, while the ocean swarmed with armed Federal vessels, we defied the Federal Navy and swept Northern commerce from the seas."

Colonel Scharf, in his admirable *History of the Confederate States Navy,* says: "In many respects the most interesting chapter of the history of the Confederate Navy is that of the building and operation of the ships-of-war which drove the merchant flag of the United States from the oceans and almost extirpated their carrying trade. But the limitations of space of this volume forbid more than a brief review of the subject. The function of commerce-destroyers is now so well admitted as an attribute of war between recognized belligerents by all nations of the world, that no apology is necessary for the manner in which the South conducted hostilities upon the high seas against her enemy; and, while Federal officials and organs styled the cruisers 'pirates' and their commanders 'buccaneers,' such stigmatization has long since been swept away, along with other rubbish of the War between the States, and their legal status fully and honorably established. We have not the space for quotations from Prof. Soley, Prof.

Bolles, and other writers upon this point; but what they have said may be summed up in the statement that the government and agents of the Confederacy transgressed no principle of right in this matter, and that if the United States were at war to-day, they would strike at the commerce of an enemy in as nearly the same manner as circumstances would permit. The justification of the Confederate authorities is not in the slightest degree affected by the fact that the Geneva Tribunal directed Great Britain to pay the General Government $15,500,000 in satisfaction for ships destroyed by cruisers constructed in British ports.

"Eleven Confederate cruisers figured in the Alabama Claims' settlement between the United States and Great Britain. They were the *Alabama, Shenandoah, Florida, Tallahassee, Georgia, Chickamauga, Nashville, Retribution, Sumter, Sallie,* and *Boston.* The actual losses inflicted by the *Alabama,* $6,547,609, were only $60,000 greater than those charged to the *Shenandoah.* The sum total of the claims filed against the eleven cruisers for ships and cargoes was $17,900,633, all but about $4,000,000 being caused by the *Alabama* and the *Shenandoah.* The tribunal decided that Great Britain was in no way responsible for the losses inflicted by any cruisers but the *Alabama, Florida,* and *Shenandoah.* It disallowed all the claims of the United States for indirect or consequential losses, which included the approximate extinction of American commerce by the capture of ships or their transfer to foreign flags. What this amounted to is shown in the 'Case of the United States' presented to the tribunal. In this it is stated that while in 1860 two-thirds of the commerce of New York was carried on in American bottoms, in 1863, three-fourths was carried on in foreign bottoms. The transfer of American vessels to the British flag to avoid capture is stated thus: In 1861, vessels 126, tonnage 71,673; in 1862, vessels 135, tonnage 64,578; in 1863, vessels 348, tonnage 252,579; in 1864, vessels 106, tonnage 92,052. Commanders of the Confederate cruisers have avowed that the destruction of private property and diversion

of legitimate commerce in the performance of their duty was painful in the extreme to them; but in its wars the United States had always practiced this mode of harassing an enemy, and had, indeed, been the most conspicuous exemplar of it that the world ever saw."

Since the foregoing was written by Colonel Scharf in 1887 there has been a growing aversion to privateering on the part of the principal commercial powers. A press association dispatch from Washington during the late Boer War said:

"The report from Brussels that former President Kruger is being urged to notify the powers that unless they intervene in the South African contest he will commission privateers is not treated seriously here. It is well understood, as one outcome of the war with Spain, that the United States Government will never again, except in the most extraordinary emergency, issue letters of marque; and the same reasons that impel our government to this course would undoubtedly operate to prevent it from recognizing any such warrants issued by any other nation, even if that nation were in full standing.

"In the case of the Spanish War, both the belligerents by agreement refrained from issuing commissions to privateers, and it now has been many years since the flag of any reputable nation has flown over such craft."

In this connection the following letter written by President Jefferson Davis in 1882 at his home, "Beauvoir," will doubtless be interesting:

(From Southern Historical Society Papers for 1883, Vol. II.)

CONFEDERATE PRIVATEERSMEN.

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BEAUVOIR, HARRISON COUNTY, MISS.,
June 21, 1882.

The *Picayune* of yesterday, in its column of "Personal and General Notes," has the following:

"General William Raymond Lee, of Boston, carries in his pocket-book a little slip of paper bearing the single word 'Death.' It is the ballot he drew, when a prisoner of war in a jail at Richmond, when he and two others were chosen by lot to be hanged, in retaliation for the sentencing to death of certain Confederate officers charged

with piracy. The sentence of the pirates was happily commuted, and General Lee and his comrades were subsequently exchanged."

During the war a persistent effort was made to misrepresent our cause, and its defenders, by the use of inappropriate terms. Our privateers were called "pirates," our cruisers were called "privateers," and Admiral Semmes, though regularly commissioned, was sometimes called a "pirate," by Northern officials and writers. I find this word even now, when time and reflection should have corrected the misnomer, is used in the paragraph copied in your paper. I know nothing of the person referred to, but the story of a ballot having been drawn with a premature sentence of death is refuted by the statement of the course pursued by the Confederate Government on the question of retaliation, in the event of the threat to execute some of our privateersmen who had been captured when cruising, with letters of marque, in 1861.

On pages 11 and 12, Vol. II, of the *Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, the case is fully stated as follows:

"Reference has been made to our want of a Navy, and the efforts made to supply the deficiency. The usual resort under such circumstances to privateers was, in our case, without the ordinary incentive of gain, as all foreign ports were closed against our prizes and, our own ports being soon blockaded, our vessels, public or private, had but the alternative of burning or bonding their captures. To those who, nevertheless, desired them, letters of marque were granted by us, and there was soon a small fleet of vessels composed of those which had taken out these letters, and others which had been purchased and fitted out by the Navy Department. They hovered on the coast of the Northern States, capturing and destroying their vessels, and filling the enemy with consternation. The President of the United States had already declared in his proclamation of April 19th, as above stated, that 'any person, who, under the pretended authority of the said (Confederate) States, should molest a vessel of the United States, or the persons or cargo on board,' should be held amenable to the laws of the United States for the prevention of piracy. This was another violation of international law, another instance of arrogant disregard for universal opinion. The threat, if meant for intimidation, and to deprive the Confederacy of one of the usual weapons of war, was unbecoming to the head of a government. To have executed it upon a helpless prisoner, would have been a crime intensified by its cowardice. Happily for the United States, the threat was not executed, but the failure to carry out the declared purpose was coupled with humiliation, because it was the result of a notice to retaliate as fully as might need be to stop such a barbarous practice. To yield to the notice thus served was a practical admission by the United States Government that the Confederacy had become a power among the nations.

"On June 3, 1861, the little schooner *Savannah*, previously a pilot boat in Charleston harbor and sailing under a commission issued by

authority of the Confederate States, was captured by the United States brig *Perry*. The crew was placed in irons and sent to New York. It appeared, from statements made without contradiction, that they were not treated as prisoners of war, whereupon a letter was addressed by me to President Lincoln, dated July 6, stating explicitly that 'painful as will be the necessity, this Government will deal out to the prisoners held by it the same treatment and the same fate as shall be experienced by those captured on the *Savannah;* and, if driven to the terrible necessity of retaliation by your execution of any of the officers or crew of the *Savannah*, that retaliation will be extended so far as shall be requisite to secure the abandonment of a practice unknown to the warfare of civilized man, and so barbarous as to disgrace the nation which shall be guilty of inaugurating it.' A reply was promised to this letter, but none came. Still later in the year the privateer *Jefferson Davis* was captured, the captain and crew brought into Philadelphia, and the captain tried and found guilty of piracy and threatened with death. Immediately I instructed General Winder, at Richmond, to select one prisoner of the highest rank, to be confined in a cell appropriated to convicted felons, and treated in all respects as if convicted, and to be held for execution in the same manner as might be adopted for the execution of the prisoner of war in Philadelphia. He was further instructed to select thirteen other prisoners of the highest rank, to be held in the same manner as hostages for the thirteen prisoners held in New York for trial as pirates. By this course the infamous attempt made by the United States Government to commit judicial murder on prisoners of war was arrested.

"The attention of the British House of Lords was also attracted to the proclamation of President Lincoln threatening the officers and crews of privateers with the punishment of piracy. It led to a discussion, in which the Earl of Derby said, he 'appreciated that if one thing was clearer than another, it was that privateering was not piracy, and that no law could make that piracy as regarded the subjects of one nation, which was not piracy by the law of nations. Consequently the United States must not be allowed to entertain this doctrine, and to call upon her Majesty's Government not to interfere.' The Lord Chancellor said, there was 'no doubt, that if an Englishman engaged in the service of the Southern States, he violated the laws of his country, and rendered himself liable to punishment, and had no right to trust to the protection of his native country to shield him from the consequences of his act. But, though that individual would be guilty of a breach of the law of his own country, he could not be treated as a pirate, and those who treated him as a pirate would be guilty of murder.' "

This narration of facts, and the opinions of two disinterested and distinguished foreigners, must be conclusive to every fair mind, that to term the prisoners "pirates," was an inexcusable pretext, and that the conduct of the Confederate Government was in strict accord-

ance with the usages of civilized war, and that the desire to protect its citizens, was marked by no stain of inhumanity.

Respectfully yours,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

About the beginning of the year 1862, the Confederate States Government began the construction of an ironclad ram, named *North Carolina,* on the west side of Cape Fear at the shipyard of the late W. B. Berry; the drawings and specifications of the vessel having been made by Captain John L. Porter, Chief Naval Constructor of the Confederate States Navy, with headquarters at Portsmouth, Virginia.

The armament of the *North Carolina* consisted of one 10-inch pivot gun in the bow and six broadside guns of about 8-inch calibre. The timbers of the vessel were heavy pine and hardwood covered with railroad iron, giving the ram, when launched, the appearance of a turtle in the water.

The *North Carolina* was subsequently anchored for a long time off Smithville, as a guard vessel commanding the entrance to the river at the main bar, until she was gradually destroyed by the toredo, or sea-worm, and sank at her moorings, where, I believe, she still remains.

The *Raleigh,* a vessel of like construction, was built later at the wharf near the foot of Church Street; and after being launched was completed at Cassidey's shipyard. Her construction and armament were similar to that of the *North Carolina,* but she was covered with heavy iron plates of two thicknesses running fore and aft and athwart ship.

I am indebted to a distinguished ex-Confederate officer for the following particulars of an expedition from Wilmington against the Federal blockading fleet off New Inlet Bar, in which the *Raleigh* took a conspicuous part; and which, contrary to the hopes and expectations of our people, not only proved to be a dismal failure, but resulted in the loss of the *Raleigh,* which broke her back while trying to reënter the river and sank in the middle of the narrow channel, proving afterwards a troublesome obstruction to the blockade runners at New Inlet.

The star of the Confederacy was waning in the spring of 1864, a depreciated currency and the scant supply of provisions and clothing had sent prices almost beyond the reach of people of moderate means. In Richmond, meal was $10 per bushel; butter, $5 per pound; sugar, $12 per pound; bacon, hog round, $4 per pound; brogan shoes, $25 per pair; felt hats, $150; cotton cloth, $30 per yard; and it was a saying in the Capital of the Confederacy, that the money had to be carried in the market basket and the marketing brought home in the pocketbook.

Early in May the condition of the commissariat had been alarming; but a few days' rations were left for Lee's army, and only the timely arrival of the blockade runner *Banshee* with provisions saved the troops from suffering.

Wilmington was the only port left to the blockade runners, and the blockade of the mouths of the Cape Fear had become dangerously stringent. Some twenty steamers guarded the two inlets, besides two outer lines of fast cruisers between this city and the friendly ports of Nassau and the Bermudas. On dark nights, armed launches were sent into the bar to report outgoing steamers by firing rockets in the direction taken by them. The ceaseless vigilance of the forts could scarcely make an exit for friendly vessels even comparatively free from danger. An hour after dark, Fort Fisher, having trailed its sea-face guns upon the bar, would ricochet its Columbiad shot and shell upon that point, so as to frighten off the launches; and then the blockade runners would venture out and take their chances of running the gauntlet of the blockading fleet.

In this emergency, Commodore Lynch, commanding the Confederate fleet in the Cape Fear River, determined to raise the blockade off New Inlet, the favorite entrance of the blockade runners.

The ironclad ram *Raleigh,* already described, Lieut. J. Pembroke Jones commanding, and two small wooden gunboats, *Yadkin* and *Equator,* were chosen for the purpose. Our late townsman, Capt. E. W. Manning, chief en-

gineer of the station, and the late Engineer Smith, C. S. N., of Fayetteville, were in charge of the machinery of the *Raleigh*. On the afternoon of May 6, 1864, the Commodore visited Fort Fisher, to take a reconnoissance, and obtain, as far as practicable, the coöperation of the fort. Seven vessels were at anchorage at sundown; the *Tuscarora, Britannia, Nansemond, Howquah, Mount Vernon, Kansas* and *Niphon*. He arranged a distinguishing signal for his vessels—a red light above a white one—so that they would not be fired upon by the fort.

Fort Fisher had its sea-face guns manned after dark by experienced artillerists, and about eight o'clock the range lights were set on the mound and the Confederate flotilla put to sea. The commander of the fort, Col. William Lamb, with some of his officers, repaired to the ramparts opposite the bar and awaited the result.

Within thirty minutes after the vessels had disappeared from the vision of the anxious garrison, a few shots were heard from seaward, and some coston blue lights were seen in the offing; then all was dark as Erebus and silent as the grave. Speculation was rife among the Confederates who manned the guns. Had the foe been dispersed or destroyed? Why were no rockets sent up to announce a victory, to cheer the thousand hearts which beat with anxious hope within Fort Fisher? A long night of waiting was spent without any sign save the occasional twinkle of a distant light at sea. The gunners were relieved at midnight, but all continued dark and silent.

At last day dawned, the breakers on the bar became visible, the *Raleigh* and her consorts appeared, and then outside of them, at long range, the enemy's fleet. Shots were exchanged after daylight between the combatants; one of the Federal vessels fired rapidly at the *Raleigh,* approaching as she fired, but, receiving a shot from the ironclad through her smoke-stack, withdrew to a safer distance.

Then the seven blockaders came closer to the Confederate fleet, showing fight, and probably with the intention of trying

to run the *Raleigh* down; but that vessel and her consorts headed for the fort and steamed slowly in, the enemy prudently keeping beyond the range of the guns of Fort Fisher. It was a great disappointment that the garrison saw the *Raleigh, Yadkin,* and *Equator* come over the bar and under the guns of the fort, leaving the blockading squadron apparently unharmed.

The *Yadkin* and *Equator* came safe into the river, but the *Raleigh,* after passing the mound and rounding Confederate Point, grounded on the rip at the mouth of the river. Efforts were made to lighten her and get her off, but the receding tide caused her to hog and break in two, on account of the heavy armor, and, becoming a wreck, she subsequently sank and went to pieces. Little was saved from her, but the crew were not endangered, as the weather was calm.

WILMINGTON DURING THE BLOCKADE.

(By an Ex-Confederate officer.[1])

After the capital of the Confederacy there was not in the South a more important place than the little town of Wilmington, North Carolina, about twenty miles from the mouth of the Cape Fear River, noted in peace times for its exports of tar, pitch, turpentine, and lumber.

Previous to the War between the States Wilmington was very gay and social. But the War sadly changed the place —many of the old families moving away into the interior, and those who remained, either from altered circumstances or the loss of relatives in battle, living in retirement. When we first knew it, Maj. Gen. W. H. C. Whiting was in command. He was an Old Army officer, who for a long time had been stationed at Smithville, near the Old Inlet at the mouth of the river, where prior to the war there had been a fort and a garrison, though for some years disused. Whiting was one of the most accomplished officers in the Southern Army. He was a splendid engineer, and having

[1] In a Northern magazine after the war.

been engaged in the Coast Survey for some time on that portion of the coast knew the country thoroughly, the capability of defense, the strong and the weak points. He was fond of the social glass, and may have sometimes gone too far. He was not popular with many of the citizens, as he was arbitrary, and paid little attention to the suggestions of civilians. He was a very handsome, soldierly-looking man, and though rough sometimes in his manners, he was a gentleman at heart, incapable of anything mean or low, and of undaunted courage. Peace to his ashes!

On Whiting's staff were three young officers of great promise: his brother-in-law, Maj. J. H. Hill, of the Old Army, now an active express agent at Wilmington; Maj. Benjamin Sloan, his ordnance officer, now teaching school somewhere in the mountains of South Carolina; and Lieut. J. H. Fairley, a young Irishman, who had been many years in this country, and who hailed from South Carolina. Fairley was noted in the Army as a daring scout and very hard rider, withal one of the quietest and most modest of men. He is now drumming for a dry-goods house in New York instead of inspecting the outposts. We wonder if he recollects the night when the writer picked up a rattlesnake in his blanket at Masonboro Sound!

Whiting scarcely ever had enough troops at his command to make up a respectable Confederate division. In 1864 he had at Wilmington Martin's brigade, which was a very fine and large one, composed of four North Carolina regiments, remarkably well officered; two or three companies of heavy artillery in the town, doing provost and guard duty; at Fort Caswell at the mouth of the Old Inlet on the Western Bar, a battalion of heavy artillery and a light battery; at Smithville a similar battalion; at Baldhead, an island opposite Fort Caswell, Hedrick's North Carolina regiment, about 600 effective men; at Fort Fisher, Lamb's North Carolina regiment, about 700 effective men; a company at Fort Anderson; a company of the Seventh Confederate States Cavalry at the ferry over New River, sixty miles northeast of Wilmington,

on the Sound; two companies of cavalry, a light battery, and a company of infantry at Kenansville, forty miles north of Wilmington and seven miles east of the Weldon Railroad. These, with two or three light batteries scattered along the Sound, from a little above Fort Fisher up to Topsail, constituted in the spring of 1864 the whole Confederate force in the Department of Cape Fear.

With this force and Whiting's skill and bravery, we military men thought we could hold Wilmington, for we justly regarded the General as one of the few eminently fit appointments that the War Department had made. In Whiting, we had implicit faith. So, though there were constant rumors of expeditions against the place we scarcely believed they were coming, so long had the thing been delayed, and, in fact, an attack was wished for by the youthful Hotspurs to relieve the monotony of the garrison life at Caswell, Baldhead, and Fisher. Thus we had lapsed into a dream of security, or thought, at least, the evil day was far off. We ate, drank, and were merry, and there was marrying and giving in marriage, as in the days before the flood.

It seemed singular to us that the United States should so long neglect to close almost the only port of the Confederacy into which, every "dark of the moon," there ran a half dozen or so swift blockade runners, freighted with cannon, muskets, and every munition of war—medicines, cloth, shoes, bacon, etc. Through that port were brought till January 1865, all the stores and material needed by the indefatigable Colonel Gorgas,[1] the Confederate chief of ordnance, the most efficient bureau officer the Confederacy had. Through it came those famous Whitworth and Armstrong guns sent us by our English friends. Into Wilmington was brought by Mr. Commissary General Northrop that rotten, putrid bacon called "Nassau," because it had spoiled on the wharves of that place before being reshipped for Wilmington. It was coarse Western bacon, bought by Confederate emissaries at

[1]The father of the present (1914) distinguished officer of that name.

the North; and many a time have we imprecated curses both loud and deep on poor old Northrop's devoted head as we worried down a piece of the rancid stuff. We must say, in all candor, that he was impartial in his distribution of it, and ordered it given to both Confederate trooper and Federal prisoner. Northrop himself ate none of it; he lived on rice; of which he would buy a hogshead at a time from the Commissariat. We became so vitiated in our taste by eating it that at last we came to prefer it to good bacon, and liked the strong, rancid taste. We could not afford to permit our stomachs to cut up any shines, and forced them to stand any and everything by breaking them into it.

But the cargoes of those white-painted, bird-like looking steamers that floated monthly into Wilmington, producing such excitement and joy among its population, unfortunately for the Confederates, did not contain Government stores and munitions of war alone, bad as the bacon and much of the stuff bought abroad by worthless Confederate agents were. The public freight compared with the private was small. By them were brought in the cloth that made the uniforms of those gaily-decked clerks that swarmed the streets of Richmond with military titles, and read the battle bulletins and discussed the war news. From that source came the braid, buttons, and stars for that host of "Majors," who were truly fifth wheels and did not even have the labor of "following the Colonel around," with which the Confederacy was afflicted.

As for ourselves, we never had the pleasure of this sort of thing but twice. Once by invitation of our friend George Baer, alias Captain Henry, who immortalized himself by writing that celebrated protest concerning the capture of the *Greyhound,* and by his escape from his captors in Boston. Baer invited us to a fashionable 10 o'clock breakfast on the *Index,* which he then commanded, and the consequence was we nearly stuffed ourself to death, and came near having an apoplectic fit.

The Confederate Government used to send some queer

agents abroad at the expense of the people. A Mrs. Grinnell was sent out by the Surgeon General—so she stated—to get bandages, etc., which nobody else, we suppose, but Mrs. Grinnell could get. She was an English woman, of that class and with those manners which any man, if he has traveled much, has often seen. She gave herself out as a daughter of an English baronet, and had first come to New York several years prior to the war. Then there was Belle Boyd, who represented herself, we believe, as an agent sent out by Mr. Benjamin. She was captured, with our friend George Baer, on the *Greyhound.* Another was a Mrs. Baxley, of Baltimore. She represented herself, we believe, as an agent of old Mr. Memminger.

Mr. Mallory's navy was always the laughing-stock of the Army, and many were the jeers that the Confederate "mud-crushers" let off at his ironclads, formidable things as they were, had he properly managed the Confederate Navy. Captain Lynch was the flag-officer of the Cape Fear squadron when we first went there. His fleet consisted of the ironclad ram *North Carolina,* which drew so much water that she could never get over the bars of the Cape Fear River Inlet, except, possibly, at the highest spring tide, and then the chances were against her ever getting back again; the *Raleigh,* another ironclad, not completed till late in the summer of 1864; and two or three little steam-tugs. They all came to grief. The *North Carolina,* the bottom of which was neither sheathed nor prepared to resist the worms, was pierced by them till her hull was like a honeycomb, and finally she sunk opposite Smithville. The *Raleigh,* after going out and scaring off the blockading fleet at the New Inlet, was beached and lost on a bar near Fort Fisher in returning. The tugs were burned on the river subsequent to the evacuation of the town.

Whiting and Lynch, from some cause or other, never were on good terms, jealous of each other's authority, we suppose. It finally came near culminating seriously. There had been an order sent by Mr. Mallory to Lynch, in pursuance of an act of the Confederate Congress, not to let any vessel go out

without taking out a certain proportion of Government cotton. Lynch was commander of the naval defenses of the Cape Fear. By some oversight the Adjutant General's office at Richmond had sent no such order to Whiting, who commanded the department, and consequently the port and its regulations. One of Collie's steamers was about to go out without complying with the law. Old Lynch sent a half company of marines on board of her and took possession. This Whiting resented rather haughtily as an unwarrantable interference with his authority as commander of the port, and, marching in a battalion of the Seventeenth North Carolina Regiment, under Lieut. Col. John C. Lamb, ejected the marines, and took possession of the steamer and hauled her up stream to her wharf. Lynch said he did not care how far Whiting took her up the river, but he vowed if any attempt was made to take her to sea, he would sink her, and he shotted his guns. Matters looked squally and excitement was high. A collision was feared. They were both summoned to Richmond to explain, and both returned apparently satisfied. Lynch, however, was shortly afterward relieved, and Commodore Pinckney took his place.

We had often wondered why the port was not more effectually closed. To tell the truth it was hardly closed at all. Many of the blockade runners continued their career till the fall of Fisher. An experienced captain and good engineer invariably brought a ship safe by the blockading squadron. Wilkinson and Carter never failed—good sailors, cool, cautious, and resolute, they ran in and out without difficulty many times. The great danger was from the exterior line of the blockaders some forty or fifty miles out.

But owing to the configuration of the coast it is almost impossible to effect a close blockade. The Cape Fear has two mouths, the Old Inlet, at the entrance of which Fort Caswell stands, and the New Inlet, nine miles up the river, where Fort Fisher guards the entrance. From the station off the Old Inlet, where there were usually from five to six blockaders, around to the station off the New Inlet, a vessel would

have to make an arc of some fifty miles, owing to the Frying Pan Shoals intervening, while from Caswell across to Fisher was only nine miles. The plan of the blockade runners coming in was to strike the coast thirty or forty miles above or below the inlets, and then run along (of course at night) till they got under the protection of the forts. Sometimes they got in or out by boldly running through the blockading fleet, but that was hazardous, for, if discovered, the ocean was alive with rockets and lights, and it was no pleasant thing to have shells and balls whistling over you and around you. The chances were, then, that if you were not caught, you had, in spite of your speed, to throw a good many bales of cotton overboard.

The wreck of these blockade runners not infrequently occurred by being stranded or beached, and highly diverting skirmishes would occur between the blockaders and the garrisons of the forts for the possession. The fleet, however, never liked the Whitworth guns we had, which shot almost with the accuracy of a rifle and with a tremendous range. The soldiers generally managed to wreck the stranded vessels successfully, though oftentimes with great peril and hardship. It mattered very little to the owners then who got her, as they did not see much of what was recovered—the soldiers thinking they were entitled to what they got at the risk of their lives. But a wreck was a most demoralizing affair—the whole garrison generally got drunk and stayed drunk for a week or so afterward. Brandy and fine wines flowed like water; and it was a month perhaps before matters could be got straight. Many accumulated snug little sums from the misfortunes of the blockade runners, who generally denounced such pillage as piracy; but it could not be helped.

We recollect the wrecking of the *Ella* off Bald Head in December, 1864. She belonged to the Bee Company, of Charleston, and was a splendid new steamer, on her second trip in, with a large and valuable cargo almost entirely owned by private parties and speculators. She was chased ashore by the blockading fleet, and immediately abandoned by her

officers and crew, whom nothing would induce to go back in order to save her cargo. Yankee shells flying over, and through, and around her, had no charms for these sons of Neptune. Captain Badham, however, and his company, the Edenton (N. C.) Battery, with Captain Bahnson, a fighting Quaker from Salem, N. C., boarded and wrecked her under the fire of the Federals—six shells passing through the *Ella* while they were removing her cargo. The consequence was that for a month afterward nearly the whole garrison were on "a tight," and groceries and drygoods were plentiful in that vicinity. The general demoralization produced by "London Dock" and "Hollands" seemed even to have affected that holy man, the chaplain, who said some very queer graces at the headquarters mess-table.

Seldom, however, was there any loss of life attending these wrecks. But there was one notable case of the drowning of a famous woman, celebrated for her beauty and powers of fascination. We allude to the death of Mrs. Greenhow, so well known for many years in Washington circles. Before she even crossed the Confederate lines she had undoubtedly rendered valuable service to the authorities in Richmond, and was in consequence imprisoned by the Federal authorities in Washington. After coming to Richmond and laboring in the hospitals there for some time, she sailed for Europe from Wilmington, and it was on her return trip that she was drowned, just as she reached the shores of the South. She had lived past her beauty's prime, had drunk deep of fashion's and folly's stream of pleasure, had received the admiration and adulation of hundreds of her fellow-mortals, and had reached that point in life when those things no longer please, but pall on the senses. Her time had come. The *Condor,* a blockade runner on which she was coming as a passenger, was beached a short distance above Fort Fisher, and Mrs. Greenhow, fearing capture and the treatment of a spy, pleaded with the captain to send her ashore. He refused, saying that he would protect her; but she finally prevailed upon him; and manning a boat, he made an effort to have her taken to the

shore. Unfortunately, the boat capsized. She alone was drowned. It was supposed the gold she had sewed up in her clothing weighted her down and was the cause of her drowning. Her body was found on the beach at daylight by Mr. Thomas E. Taylor, who afterwards took it to Wilmington. She was laid out in the Seaman's Bethel, where we saw her. She was beautiful in death. After her funeral, her wardrobe and a great many articles that she had brought over for sale, and which had been rescued from the wreck, were sold at auction in Wilmington. It was very splendid, and the "venture" she had brought in for sale was most costly. It was said that an English countess or duchess had an interest in this venture, and was to have shared the profits of the speculation.

But the storm was soon to rain on our devoted heads. Those white-painted steamers, clipping the water so nimbly, with the British and Confederate flags flying, with their brandies and wines, their silks and calicoes, their bananas and oranges, gladdening the hearts of the dwellers on the banks of the Cape Fear, were soon to disappear from its waters, and the glory of Wilmington to depart.

Day after day we had watched the blockading fleet with the naked eye and a glass, and often thought what a lonely time those fellows must be having, and longed for some northeast storm to send them on the coast, in order that we might have the pleasure of their acquaintance. Cushing's acquaintance, by the way, we came very near making, when that daring officer came up the Cape Fear in June, we think it was 1864, passing through the New Inlet by Fort Fisher, with a boat's crew of some eighteen or twenty sailors and marines, and, landing half-way between the town and the fort, concealed his boat in a creek, and laid *perdu* on the Wilmington and Fisher road, waiting for Whiting or Lamb to come along. A mere accident enabled us to escape him; and, though of no importance ourself, we had papers with us at the time that would have been highly interesting to the United States Government. We all of us admired his courage, and thought it deserved success. We well remember

delivering Cushing's message, repeated to us by the old citizen whom he caught and released, to General Whiting, that "he had been in Wilmington, and would have him or Colonel Lamb shortly."

On December 24, 1864, the armada commanded by Butler and Porter appeared off the coast. That day the United States forces under Butler landed, and the bombardment of Fisher commenced, and such a *feu d'enfer* as was poured on that devoted fort was never seen. Coming up the river from Smithville on a steamer that afternoon we witnessed it, and such a roar of artillery we never heard. Those large double-enders seemed to stand in remarkably close to the fort, and deliver their fire with great accuracy, knocking up the sand on the ramparts. It seemed a continuous hail of shot and shell, many of them going over Fisher and dropping into the river. But Fisher was a long sand fort, stretching in an obtuse angle from the river bank around to the mouth of the New Inlet, that opened into the ocean. It was over a mile from point to point. Though it was thus heavily bombarded for two days, little or no impression was made on its works except to give them a ragged appearance, and very few casualties occurred, the garrison sticking mostly to their bomb-proofs, which were very complete. Whiting was there in command in person, having been sent there by Bragg, of which latter personage presently.

The next day, Christmas, was Sunday, and all day Porter's guns were thundering away at Fisher, and shaking the windows in Wilmington, where the citizens were offering up their prayers for our protection from the enemy. Communication with Fort Fisher by land or telegraph was then cut off—the messages had been sent up to that time. Toward night sensational messages commenced to be brought up from below—one to the effect that the enemy were on the parapet at Fisher (in truth and in fact they never got closer than the stables, at least two or three hundred yards from the fort). Bragg sent Mrs. Bragg away that night at 9 p. m., in a special train up the Weldon Railroad, and an officer who saw him

at about 11 p. m., reported that the old gentleman seemed to be quite unnerved, and that his hand was very tremulous. Of course, there was a great exodus of civilians from the place early the next morning, the fact that Mrs. Bragg had gone off acting as a keynote of alarm to others. By midday, Monday, however, these sensational reports and stories were all quieted by the authenticated news that the enemy had reëmbarked on the fleet and that the attack had ceased. Then the fleet sailed, and everything quieted down. The general impression was that there would not be another attack till after the spring equinox, say in May or June.

When Whiting returned to the city, Bragg still continued in command, and his friends and himself evidently took the credit of having foiled Butler's attempt. Bragg was a friend and favorite of Mr. Davis. He had sided with General Taylor in Taylor's quarrel with General Scott, and Mr. Davis was a man who never forgot his friends nor forgave his enemies. He seemed determined to sustain Bragg at all events, though the feeling throughout the whole Army, and in fact, the South, was against that General. When Wilmington was known to be threatened, and Bragg was sent there, the Richmond *Examiner* simply remarked, "Good-bye, Wilmington!" and the prediction was verified.

Whiting, after the first attack, wrote to Bragg, suggesting that in case of another attack, which would probably be made, to prevent surprise he would advise that Hagood's South Carolina brigade, numbering about 2,000 effective men, be thrown into Fort Fisher, the garrison of which consisted of one raw, inexperienced regiment, that had never smelled powder except in the first attack, and which did not number over 700 effective men. Hagood's troops were veterans, and had been in many a battle. He also advised that the three other brigades of Hoke's division be placed along about the spot where the Federals had first landed, and be intrenched so as to prevent a landing above the fort. Wise precautions, if they had been adopted. Bragg endorsed on the letter of advice from Whiting that he saw no necessity in carrying out

those suggestions. It was the failure to carry out those suggestions that caused the loss of Wilmington. Had they been followed, Wilmington would not have fallen when it did, nor Fisher have been taken. Instead, Bragg brought Hoke's division up about a half mile back of Wilmington, over twenty miles from the Fort, and had a grand review there, in which he paraded himself in a new suit of uniform presented to him by his admirers in Wilmington.

Whiting's prediction about a surprise was shortly to be verified. Thursday night, the 10th of January, 1865, the fleet again appeared off Fisher. This time through Bragg's imbecility it did its work effectually. Friday morning the citizens of Wilmington were aroused by the booming of Porter's cannon, a second time opening on Fisher. When the news came up at midnight that the fleet had again appeared, the band of Hoke's division was in town serenading, the officers were visiting, and the men scattered about—Bragg, no doubt, asleep in fancied security.

Of the capture of Fort Fisher, and the subsequent inevitable loss of Wilmington, I shall not speak. These events have passed into history. My purpose has been simply to portray the aspect of Wilmington when blockaded.

Mrs. Greenhow.

(From Temple Bar 30—529—1870.)

I knew her first in the full tide
  Of hope and burning zeal,
For what her ardent spirit deemed,
  Her injured country's weal.

I marked the curl of her proud lip,
  The flash of her dark eye,
When for the struggling Southern cause,
  She vowed to live and die.

Fierce was her glance, and fierce her words,
  She loathed the Northern foe,
With that intensity of hate
  Impassioned women know.

Her frantic sense of bitter wrongs
  Almost to madness rose,
When with wild eloquence she told
  The tale of Southern woes.

Grand, but appalling, was the burst
  Of passion shook her frame,
When in her breast the rushing tide
  Of vengeful anger came.

And yet at times that troubled face
  Was full of tender thought,
And to her eyes a few kind words
  A soft'ning moisture brought.

The ceaseless strife, the wild unrest,
  Had kept her years away
From sacred rites she once had loved,
  The Christian's hope and stay.

Yet she had faith, and longed to lean
  Her aching heart on God,
Whose arm had sheltered her along
  The dangerous path she trod.

But to forgive! . . . Oh could she say
  She did forgive, whose cry
So long had been the heathen prayer,
  "To be revenged and die!"

Great was the conflict in that soul,
  Between grace and the tide
Of passion springing from the might
  Of human love and pride.

It ceased at last, grace won the day;
  She knelt, and though her fears,
And eager hopes for her own land,
  Were strong as in past years.

The frantic curse died on her lips,
  Her own wrongs she forgave,
The heart that had been fierce became
  Thenceforward only brave.

Her strength, her life, to the same cause
  Were still as wildly giv'n;
But a dark cloud no longer stood
  Betwixt her soul and Heaven.

* * * * * * *

I saw her last, one summer eve,
In London, in a room
Where brilliant lights and converse gay
Banished all thoughts of gloom.

Her head was decked with roses red,
Bright jewels on her breast,
Her dark and most expressive eyes,
The keenest hopes expressed.

She poured in English statesmen's ears
Her pleadings for the South;
It was a joy to her to feel
They heard them from her mouth.

She spoke of her long prison days,
And of the darksome nights,
When running the blockade she watched
The rows of lurid lights.

The Northern vessels gleaming o'er
The ocean's sullen gloom,
Counting the while, with throbbing heart,
The minutes fraught with doom.

She told how she was soon to sail
Again on the wild main,
And spite the Northern fleet's array,
The Southern shore regain.

No other woman in that bark
Its captain dared to take—
Alone with men prepared to die,
That passage she would make.

But though she talked of death, her words
No sad forebodings raised,
The thought did not arise, as on
That beaming face we gazed.

It sounded like a wild romance,
A tale of days of yore,
Rather a thing to wonder at,
Than sadly to deplore.

* * * * * * *

From Greenock when about to sail,
A kind farewell she wrote,
To one whose tears soon afterwards
Fell fast on that brief note.

For in the autumn of the year,
One eve the *Times* I read,
With careless eyes, and then I saw
The news that she was dead.

The tale ran thus: Near Wilmington,
One rough, tempestuous night,
A Southern vessel in the dark
Essayed to land its freight.

The sea and sky were black as doom,
No moon or shining star;
But quick as lightning from the ships
Flashed signal lights afar.

At once, in a small open boat,
Daring the waves and wind,
One woman and two men descend,
A watery grave to find.

And on the morrow on the shore,
A corpse that woman lay,
The bright eyes closed, the strong heart stilled,
The long hair drenched with spray.

The treasure she had died to save,
Was fastened in her vest,
Not death itself had torn it from
The cold and silent breast.

She had been faithful to the last,—
To a fond, hopeless dream;
She did not live to see it fade,
Like a delusive gleam.

In the full ardor of that faith
She died, and had her meed;
The gold which she conveyed had reached
Her country in its need.

But in her last, her dying hour,
If the belief be true,
That drowning persons all their lives
At one brief glance review.

What was the mem'ry, what the thought,
That gave her hopes of Heaven,
On which her parting soul could rest
Its claim to be forgiven?

Oh, was it not the one in which
  Her softened heart had felt
The deep, fierce hatred of her foes
  Pass from it as she knelt?

Did not the words, "Now go in peace,"
  Sound in her ears again?
Did they not mingle in her dream
  With the voice of the main?

Well might we breathe a prayer and say,
  "Oh, may she rest in peace!"
Whose life had been a wild unrest,
  Closed by a timely grace.

Long, long before me rose the thought,
  The vision of that scene;
Of the last struggle of the end,
  Of all that life had been.

Of all the sorrow, had she lived,
  She had been doomed to share;
Of all her ardent soul was spared,
  Of anguish and despair.

—*G. F.*

The Capture of Wilmington.

Fort Fisher fell January 15, 1865. General Hoke, with 4,500 veteran troops was intrenched in the sand hills, opposite to Fort Anderson, and General Terry, deeming his force too weak, awaited reinforcements before advancing.

At length, on February 11, his strength being 8,000, he moved forward, but was checked by Hoke. On the night of the 14th, he sought to turn Hoke's left flank, but again failed. Abandoning the plan of a direct movement, he then threw Cox's division to the west shore of the river, purposing to approach Wilmington from that direction. The ironclads began a brisk bombardment of Fort Anderson, and Cox made a feint as if to attack the fort in its front, but moved a brigade around Orton pond to gain the rear of the fort and possess himself of the open road to Wilmington. This movement being discovered, General Hagood at once abandoned the

fort and took post beyond Town Creek. The right and rear of his position thus being opened to the fire of the Federal fleet, General Hoke fell back to a more secure position, four miles from the town. On the 19th General Cox advanced to Town Creek, and Terry followed Hoke on the east side of the river. The following day Cox crossed Town Creek below the Confederate position, and was able to reach Hagood's rear, after a stiff fight, capturing Colonel Simonton, who was in temporary command, a large number of officers, and 395 men. Two days later Cox reached Eagles Island, and Wilmington was at his mercy. Hoke thereupon destroyed such property as would be of use to the Federal Army, and retreated towards Goldsboro. On the morning of the 22d, General Terry entered and took possession of the town.

Peace Restored

RESUMPTION OF CAPE FEAR COMMERCE.

After the four years' war, the trade and commerce of the Cape Fear gradually returned to normal conditions. At first there was a large coastwise trade by sailing vessels, chiefly schooners of 150 to 600 tons register, and a larger volume of business direct with Europe and the West Indies in foreign bottoms, consisting of brigs, barques, and sometimes of fully rigged ships, of British, German, and Scandinavian origin. The exports were naval stores—spirits turpentine, rosin, tar, and some cotton, to Europe, and lumber to the West Indies.

For many years after the war Wilmington maintained first place in the turpentine and lumber trade, and there were as many as a hundred sailing vessels in port at one time. As the cotton trade increased it was taken up by this class of vessels, but in 1881 the new era of steam appeared in the arrival of the British steamer *Barnesmore,* chartered by Alexander Sprunt & Son, which loaded a cargo of 3,458 bales of cotton, 673 casks of spirits turpentine, and 550 barrels of rosin. Much ado was made of this occasion, and a banquet and speech-making accentuated its importance to the community, but in his letter of acknowledgment to the president of the Chamber of Commerce, under whose auspices the event was celebrated, Captain Trenery, of the *Barnesmore,* regretted to say that the depth of water in the Cape Fear was not sufficient to encourage further steamer trade. He, however, complimented his enterprising agents for loading into his ship in nine days, 3,458 bales of cotton. A few weeks ago the same firm loaded one of many cargoes within nine days, and this cargo consisted of 20,300 bales of cotton valued at a million and a half dollars, but it caused scarcely a ripple of remark in these progressive times; but the contrast of the *Barnesmore* with the *Holtie* is an object lesson in the development of Cape Fear commerce. The

Barnesmore's draft was 14 feet. The draft of the *Holtie* is 20 feet, with seven to eight feet to spare underfoot in the river channel, which now shows 27 to 28 feet from Wilmington to the sea.

DISASTROUS FIRES.

In the preface to his *History of New Hanover County,* published in 1909, Col. Alfred Moore Waddell said:

"What is called the lower Cape Fear Region of North Carolina has long been recognized by the writers of our history as the most interesting, and, as one of them designated it, 'the most romantic' section of our State. Yet, up to this time, although partial sketches, historical and biographical, have appeared, no attempt at a regular history of it has been published, and now such a history cannot be written because of the destruction, by fire and other agencies, of a large part of the material requisite for the purpose. There was, perhaps, no part of the country where so many planters' residences with all their contents were lost by fire as on the Cape Fear and its tributaries, and it is well known among the descendants of those planters, some of whom were members of the learned professions, that by these fires many manuscripts, family records, and documents of various kinds that would have been invaluable as material for the preparation of a local history, were lost. Besides these fires on the plantations, the town of Wilmington was at an early period, as well as several times afterwards, nearly destroyed in the same way, with the same results.

"None of the ancient official records of the town of Brunswick were preserved, and a considerable part of the county records were destroyed by Northern soldiers when the town of Smithville was captured by them in 1865. Some of the town records of Wilmington of an early period have also disappeared."

Many years ago, I searched in vain the ruins of the first settlement of Charlestown, at Town Creek, for records of that date, but my search was rewarded later by the discovery

in the ruins of a house, said to have been the residence of Nathaniel Rice, of the book of entries and clearances of the Port of Brunswick in a partly mutilated condition. I also searched at Lilliput among the ruins of Eleazar Allen's residence, without result; also, the ruins of Governor Tryon's Castle Tryon, or palace at Orton, which revealed a piece of pottery stamped "W. Dry, Cape Fear, 1765," and a large bunch of housekeeper's keys upon an iron ring and hook which fitted into a leather belt with a spring by which a key could be withdrawn and replaced. Other relics of less importance were discovered, but no papers. All of these ruins, as well as the ruins of St. Philip's Church, showed the devastation of fire, in charred woodwork and melted colored glass.

As early as 1771, Wilmington suffered from a terrible conflagration, and an act of Assembly was passed to regulate the affairs of the town, in view of possible fires. An account is given elsewhere of the destruction wrought in 1819, in which it is mentioned that, in the previous twenty years, there had been several destructive conflagrations.

Mr. J. T. James says: "Wilmington, in common with many other of her sister towns and cities, has suffered often and seriously from the terrible scourge of fire, so much so indeed, that these visitations have, from time to time, seriously retarded its growth. Scarcely would the citizens recover from the effects of one blow, ere they would be called upon to suffer again. The old chronicles tell us that in November, 1798, a most destructive fire occurred. On July 22, 1810, three stores and five houses, situated near what is now the corner of Market and Second Streets, but then known as Mud Market, were consumed by fire caused by lightning. In 1819, there was a most terrible conflagration, and the four squares bounded by Water, Princess, Second and Dock Streets, were destroyed. In 1827, the square south of the site of the present market house was again burned. In 1840 the square north of the market was consumed for the second time, together with the courthouse, which then stood at the inter-

section of Front and Market Streets. In 1843 occurred one of the most serious conflagrations of any ever experienced. On April 30 of that year a fire originated in the alley just north of the Cape Fear Bank building and swept with rapid strides to the north. All exertions to check it were in vain, and it was not until everything west of Front Street and north of the bank alley and portions of every square east of the same street and bordering upon it and north of Chestnut were consumed, that its fiery course could be stopped. This fire also destroyed the workshops and buildings of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad Company, and the Methodist Episcopal church, then situated, as now, upon the corner of Front and Walnut Streets. Three years afterwards, in 1846, the square next south of the market house was again and for the third time destroyed by fire."

Reference was made to two of these fires by Sir Charles Lyell, the famous geologist, who was in Wilmington in December, 1841, and again in January, 1842; and still again in December, 1845. In a letter written by him from Wilmington in December, 1845, he said: "The streets which had just been laid in ashes when we were here four years ago are now rebuilt; but there has been another fire this year, imputed very generally to incendiarism because it broke out in many places at once. There has been a deficiency of firemen, owing to the State having discontinued the immunity from militia duty, formerly conceded to those who served the fire engines." Some mention of the fire of 1843 is also made in the article on Governor Dudley.

On Saturday night, April 11, 1880, a store building on Front Street, between Market and Dock Streets, occupied by Geo. A. Peck, was burned. During this fire a volunteer fireman named William Ellerbrook entered the building followed by his dog, a large Newfoundland. After the fire was over his body was found crushed by the walls and timbers of the building, and by his side was found the body of the faithful dog. The dog had hold of his master's coat and was evidently trying to drag him out of danger when the crash came. Man

and beast were buried together in Oakdale Cemetery, and a stone was erected by the volunteer fire company, of which Ellerbrook was a member, and by his friends.

About 1880 fire was discovered at Colville & Taylor's sawmill at the foot of Walnut Street. The fire bell rang about twelve o'clock Friday night, and the fire companies were dismissed at six o'clock Sunday afternoon, but while the sawmill was destroyed, a large part of the lumber was saved. The Champion Compress, near by, was also saved after a hard fight.

In the early part of 1886 one of the Fayetteville steamboats drifting down the river caught fire. Her tiller ropes burned in two and she landed at the Clyde Steamship wharf, which is now used by the Springer Coal Co. From this wharf the fire started about two o'clock, February 25, 1886, and swept up to the Champion Compress and destroyed that and the Atlantic Coast Line warehouses; burned the Methodist church on the corner of Front and Walnut Streets and everything on that block except the Methodist parsonage. Everything on the block west of that was also destroyed. The fire crossed Red Cross Street and burned Mr. Henry Nutt's handsome residence, and sparks jumped to Brooklyn, and several frame houses were burned there. The fire department was dismissed the next day, and the military placed in charge to keep thieves from looting everything that had been put in the street.

Fire Companies.

The first Wilmington fire company was organized in 1847 and chartered in 1867, under the name of the Wilmington Hook and Ladder Company. In 1857 the Howard Relief Fire Engine Company was organized and was chartered two years later. The third company was chartered in 1869, and called the Wilmington Steam Fire Engine Company. All of these companies were volunteer organizations, and the apparatus for each was purchased and maintained by subscriptions from the business men of the city and by the dues of the members.

In addition to the above named volunteer companies, there was a fire company composed entirely of negroes, and about 1870, with the assistance of the city, it was furnished with a steam fire engine. This company was almost entirely supported by the city from its inception; it was a very good company, and did splendid work under the command of Valentine Howe, who was an exceptionally fine negro.

About 1878 the first appropriation was made by the city for the support of these companies, and this was gradually increased, until in 1898 the city took over the property of the entire fire department, since which time it has been under the efficient leadership of Chief Schnibben.

CUBAN MAN-OF-WAR INCIDENT.

Early in October, 1869, a remarkable incident occurred in Cape Fear waters which drew the attention of the civilized world upon the port of Wilmington. Cuba was in a state of insurrection against the Spanish Government and, although there was no established seat of government, the Cubans proclaimed a republic. Neither the United States nor any foreign power, except some South American States, had recognized the Cuban Republic or accorded the rights of belligerents.

Therefore, when the Cuban man-of-war *Cuba,* alias *Hornet,* alias *Lady Stirling,* alias *Prince Albert,* for she had assumed all of these names in order to escape detection at sea, arrived on a quiet Sunday morning in the Cape Fear River she made quite a sensation, which was increased when two of her officers appeared at the First Presbyterian church in Wilmington and called from his devotions, in front of this writer, the late Mr. David G. Worth, the only dealer in coal in the town at that time, with a request that he deliver at once a supply of coal for the Cuban man-of-war. The requisition upon the straight-laced Presbyterian was promptly rejected, much to the disgust and dismay of the applicants, who were told that he did not sell nor deliver coal on Sunday.

Meantime, the Washington Government was informed by wire that the *Cuba,* a propeller of 1,800 tons register, with two smokestacks, two masts, brig-rigged, pierced for 18 guns, two of which were pivots of very heavy caliber, with a strange flag, commanded by Captain Higgins, with 300 men and 30 officers, was waiting in the port of Wilmington for needed supplies with which to prey upon Spanish commerce.

Prompt action followed this news. The U. S. gunboat *Frolic* (formerly the North Carolina steamship blockade runner *Advance*) and two other war vessels were dispatched to the Cape Fear to intercept the stranger, and the Federal Court subsequently seized and disarmed her.

FEDERAL GOVERNMENT IMPROVEMENTS, UPPER CAPE FEAR.

The present project for the improvement of the upper Cape Fear River was adopted by Congress in the River and Harbor Act of June 25, 1910. This project contemplates an improvement by canalization and dredging to obtain a navigable depth of water between Wilmington and Fayetteville of eight feet. To accomplish this it is planned to put in two locks and dams. The first lock and dam, known as "Lock and Dam No. 1," is under construction at King's Bluff, 39 miles above Wilmington; and the second, or "Lock and Dam No. 2," is to be located at Brown's Landing, near Elizabethtown, 72 miles above Wilmington. The 8-foot channel between Wilmington and King's Bluff has already been obtained by dredging, and it is only necessary now to maintain it. The locks will be of concrete, with pile foundations and steel-mitering gates. The lock at King's Bluff will be about 294 feet long over all, with a maximum width at the base of about 84 feet. The walls will be 28 feet high, and the chamber will take vessels about 200 feet long and 40 feet wide. The dam will be of the timber-crib type filled with stone, with sheet-piling above and below. It will be about 275

feet long and 50 feet wide, and will raise the water eight feet above that in the lower part of the river. The abutment for the dam on the side of the river opposite the lock will be of reinforced concrete pile construction, and will have the same height as the lock walls. As the dam is low, in comparison with the river banks, it will be submerged, and its effect as an obstruction in the river will disappear by the time the river rises to the top of the bank, so that the area of land covered by water during flood times will be practically the same after the dam is put in as it is now. As the lock walls are much higher than the dam, vessels may use the lock during a considerable rise in the river, and when the river drowns out the lock, there will be no fall over the dam and vessels may pass directly over it.

Up to the present time the cofferdam for the lock has been about 95 per cent completed. This cofferdam is constructed of steel interlocking piling made by the Lackawanna Steel Company, and is of the same general type as was used in the cofferdam for raising the battleship *Maine*. The piling is 45 feet long, and was driven through from 23 to 28 feet of compact sand and thin layers of rock. This piling is anchored back by heavy steel wire cables to pile anchorages 52 feet from the wall. In addition to the above work on the cofferdam, the dredging inside of the cofferdam and of the approaches has been completed. This dredging involved the removal of 33,000 cubic yards of material. Inside the cofferdam a level bottom was secured about 18 feet below water. Driving the foundation piles is now in progress; this requires the driving of 1,850 piles with a penetration of about 23 feet. When it is completed, concrete will be deposited around the heads of the piles, the cofferdam will be pumped out, and the lock wall built in the dry. Work on the abutment will be started shortly and carried on simultaneously with the construction of the lock, and as soon as these are completed the dam will be built in place.

The land at the site for Lock and Dam No. 2 has been secured and work will be started there during the first part

of next year. The same general type of construction will be used there as at King's Bluff. Here, however, the dam will raise the water 12 feet above the level of the water between King's Bluff and Brown's Landing, thus requiring heavier construction throughout.

Congress has so far appropriated $615,000 for the improvement. This amount will be sufficient to complete Lock and Dam No. 1 and a part of Lock and Dam No. 2. A further appropriation of $416,000 will be necessary to complete the project to Fayetteville.

With favorable river conditions in 1914, the lock and dam at King's Bluff should be completed by the end of that year. If sufficient money is appropriated, the lock and dam at Brown's Landing should be finished by 1916.

The advantages to be derived from this improvement are obvious and are those which would naturally result from certain all-the-year-round navigation with 8-feet navigable depth. It will benefit the cities of Wilmington and Fayetteville, at the two ends of the improved channel, in a commercial way, acting as it will as a steady and increasing feeder to their business activities. In addition to this, not the least important result will be that this stream, with its cheap transportation facilities close at hand, will act as a constant incentive to the development of the agricultural resources of the country through which it flows.

BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS OF NAVIGATION AND PILOTAGE.

To the efforts of the Board of Commissioners of Navigation and Pilotage, with the coöperation of the Chamber of Commerce and with the aid of our Representatives in Congress, are largely due the development of the River and Harbor Improvement, the marking of the river and bar channel, the building and establishment of the new lightship on Knuckle Shoal—the finest lightship in the service of the United States—the important aid to river navigation in the

thirty-one powerful new lights (for which the Board obtained, through great perseverance, an appropriation from Congress), the construction of the best pilot service on the coast, the systematic monthly soundings of the bar by competent pilots, the quarterly charted soundings of the bar and river (which are posted in the Chamber of Commerce), the reduction of river and bar casualties until they are almost unknown, the minimizing of the rates of marine insurance, and the establishment by subscription of a fund for the benefit of the widows and children of deceased pilots of the Cape Fear River and bar, amounting now to about $6,000 and which it is the ambition of the chairman to raise to $20,000.

These are some of the things which the Board of Commissioners of Navigation and Pilotage has done for Wilmington; and all of this work, and much more, has been done without emolument or reward, beyond the satisfaction of serving well the Port of Wilmington and the Commonwealth of North Carolina. The Board's aim has been always to build up, and in this constructive work it has received the constant support and coöperation of practically all the working pilots.

The Board consists of three commissioners residing in Wilmington and two residing in Southport, all being appointed every four years by the Governor of North Carolina. This is the oldest commercial organization in the State, having been established about eighty years ago, and it has always been composed of reputable, experienced men, familiar with maritime affairs pertaining to the Port of Wilmington and to the Cape Fear River and bar.

The commissioners have authority in all matters appertaining to the navigation of the Cape Fear waters from seven miles above Negrohead Point downward and out of the bar. They license and control the pilots, and have authority to make regulations, and to impose reasonable fines, forfeitures, and penalties for the purpose of enforcing their rules and regulations. They elect the harbor master and port wardens.

The Board meets for the transaction of routine business at 11 o'clock on the first Wednesday of every month, and the

chairman calls special meetings in cases of urgency for official action.

Bar pilotage is compulsory, and, although river pilotage is optional, the services of a river pilot are employed in nearly all cases.

U. S. REVENUE CUTTER SERVICE.

An important arm of great reach and efficiency is the admirable Revenue Cutter Service on this station. At no time in its history has this service been more effective in life-saving and in the rescue of imperiled ships from imminent destruction than during the past three years. Within the writer's memory more than a hundred vessels have been totally lost on or near Cape Fear and many brave seamen went down with them; but such is the equipment and efficiency of the cutter *Seminole* and the professional skill and daring of her commander, his well tried officers and men, that valuable ships and crews, given up for lost in the terrific winter gales of our dangerous coast, have been drawn out of the teeth of the destructive elements and restored to usefulness, and this without reward or the hope of reward beyond their consciousness of duty done.

Repeated recognitions of rescue work have been made by Lloyd's and other important underwriters, and two services of silver plate have been presented to the commander and officers of the *Seminole,* and quite recently, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, a gymnasium has been presented by friends of this valuable service, to the crew of that vessel as a mark of appreciation by shipowners and underwriters and as a reward of distinguished merit.

The quality of mercy is not strained by the fine fellows who respond so quickly and eagerly to the S.O.S. wireless call for help. An unwritten law compels them to succor a fellow seaman in distress even at the risk of their own destruction, and it stirs the blood of all humanity to read of ships like the *Seminole,* tossed upon a raging sea, yet standing by a sinking ship until every man is rescued from the jaws of death.

During the past decade the President of the United States has annually designated vessels of the Revenue Cutter Service to actively patrol the Atlantic coast during the winter months for the purpose of rendering aid to distressed merchant craft. The patrol extends from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico and has numbered as many as ten cutters. From the first day of December of each year to the first day of April following, the patrolling force is contantly cruising.

The littoral lying between Cape Hatteras and Charleston has for several years constituted the station of the Revenue Cutter *Seminole*. Measured between lightships, or over the course usually followed by coasting steamers, the distance between the northern and southern extremities of this station is 270 nautical miles. This stretch of coast during the winter months is noted for the disasters which occur to shipping. The *Seminole's* record for the winter season of 1912-13 is typical. During the four months from December 1, 1912, to April 1, 1913, the cutter assisted, in all, nine craft, comprising both steamers and sailing vessels, and representing a value of floating property of $993,000, a cargo value of $573,000, or a total vessel-and-cargo valuation of $1,566,000. A tenth vessel, the *Savannah,* a dangerous derelict, was destroyed with a mine.

About six weeks before last season's winter cruising commenced, the *Seminole* made a run of over 100 miles in a northeast gale to the burning steamship *Berkshire,* of the Merchants and Miners Line, took off the passengers, put out the fire, and saved both vessel and cargo from total loss—representing for cargo and vessel fully $500,000.

It may be asked why private wrecking craft are not available to render some of the service performed by the cutters. The fact is that they are not in evidence. Nor can private enterprise hope to cope with a Government service in which there is high *esprit du corps,* such as characterizes the Revenue Cutter Service. Risks and hazards are cheerfully assumed by the Revenue Cutter Service, the sole object to be attained being relief for the distressed and the performance of duty.

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE COAST.

Between Cape Hatteras and Charleston, three dangerous shoals extend seaward at right angles to the coast, namely, Diamond Shoals, Lookout Shoals, and Frying Pan Shoals. These shoals reach out from the shoreline to an average distance of twenty miles, and have an average width of 1.5 miles. A fourth shoal exists in the vicinity of Cape Romain, but of less extent and of less dangerous character than any of those just mentioned.

The prevailing winds on the North Carolina coast are from the northeast around to southeast and southwest. The attendant currents generally set directly on the three great shoals between Hatteras and Cape Fear, and it is in the vicinity of these shoals that practically all the maritime disasters on the coast of the Carolinas occur.

The treacherous currents along this stretch of coast are largely responsible for the sweeping of vessels upon the shoals. From Cape Lookout Bight to Frying Pan Lightship, Capt. G. L. Carden, commanding the *Seminole,* has usually found it necessary to allow for at least five miles westerly set of current on a run of eighty-nine miles. Below Frying Pan, there is also a strong set into the bight, and this is especially noticeable in the run from Cape Fear bar to the entrance of Winyah Bay.

According to Captain Carden, there is a safe rule for all navigators to follow on this station; that is, never get inside of ten fathoms, unless sure of one's position. The ten-fathom curve will carry one clear of all the great shoals from Hatteras to Romain. The same eminent authority said to the writer: "A stranger approaching this section of this coast will, on finding himself in thick weather inside of ten fathoms, do well to let go an anchor at once."

The end of Frying Pan Shoals is marked by our lightship, *Number 94,* and the present position of this craft is most advantageous to vessels making for the Cape Fear bar. It is a fact that Cape Fear Light is not seen from the ex-

treme end of Frying Pan Shoals, and it is the end of the spit which masters of ships are so anxious to determine. A gas buoy, 12 miles S. E. by E. ¼ E. off Frying Pan Lightship, marks the end of the broken ground. This gas buoy is a favorite mark for coasting vessels, and is also available for ships coming in from seaward, but before shaping into the Cape Fear, safe navigation demands that one should find the end of Frying Pan, and it is this useful function which the present lightship serves. From the Frying Pan Lightship, two courses only are necessary, one to clear the Knuckle Buoy, and a second course direct to the Whistling Sea Buoy. Then from the sea buoy one has only to run right down to the bell buoy marking the commencement of the bar. Nowadays, crossing the Cape Fear bar is a very different matter from what it was under the ten to twelve feet conditions of blockade-running days, when there were no lights, or buoys, nor any guide save the lead, the line of breakers, and possibly an outline of shore.

Wilmington's approach from the sea is a magnificent thoroughfare, both across the two miles of bar and the twenty-seven miles of river stretch inland. The channel across the bar is well lighted and furnished with buoys. The prevailing winds being from the northward to northeast, the Frying Pan Shoals and Cape Fear spit protect the bar entrance during the major part of bad weather, making it a better entrance than the former New Inlet channel, which led past Fort Fisher.

To maintain the magnificent thoroughfare of two miles of Cape Fear bar, it is necessary for the engineers directing the River and Harbor Improvement to keep a suction dredge constantly employed upon the bar, as the currents are continually sweeping the sandy bottom into the ship channel, thereby endangering navigation, but as long as continued appropriations are available for this important aid, the work can be done effectively.

A project for the permanent maintenance of deep water by stone jetties, similar to those employed on Charleston bar,

has been discussed by our local Board of Commissioners of Navigation and Pilotage, and the matter has been taken up with Maj. H. W. Stickle, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., commanding this station.

The Frying Pan Shoals must be rounded before a vessel can stand to the northward. The depth along the Frying Pan spit varies from 7 to 14 feet, and the shoals extend in an unbroken line 10 miles south-southeast from Cape Fear. Following the same general direction of the primal shoal are numerous patches running out for a distance of 5 1-2 miles farther. The depth over these patches varies from 10 to 24 feet. It is just beyond these patches that the Frying Pan Lightship is anchored, and by keeping to seaward of the Frying Pan Lightship, there will be no depth of water encountered less than 3 3-4 fathoms; and the patches can be avoided by deep-draft ships by shaping a course which will carry them to the southward and eastward of Frying Pan Lightship until the position of the present lighted bell buoy is reached. The 3 3-4 fathom patch referred to above lies 9 miles east by south (mag.) of the Frying Pan Lightship. For deep-draft vessels the practice in running the coast is to pass outside the gas buoy, but the practice on the *Seminole,* when coming from the northward, is to shape straight to the Frying Pan Lightship, making allowance for fully five miles inset of current on a ninety-mile course.

In general terms, a stranger approaching the coast between Hatteras and Frying Pan can determine his position by recourse to the lead. The depths are very regular, and from 4 to 6 fathoms can be taken to within one mile of the beach. The ten-fathom curve follows the curve of the coast at an average distance of eight miles from the shore until in the vicinity of Cape Fear, and there it bends around Frying Pan.

There is a mighty carrying trade from north to south past these dangerous shoals. Practically all steam craft to and from the Gulf follow the coast, and this trade promises to be greatly augmented on the opening of the Panama Canal.

The *Seminole* keeps eyes and ears open on that part of this great thoroughfare which has been assigned to her, and night and day trained wireless operators are listening for a call. At the first call for help the cutter must start, and to be prepared for an emergency call at any hour, and for any stage of weather, demands the constant attention of officers and crew.

The headquarters of the *Seminole* are at Wilmington, where the Revenue Cutter Service possesses its own wharf and storehouses, and at this port the *Seminole* is provisioned after each cruise. The officers of the *Seminole* during the year 1912-13, were:

Capt. Godfrey L. Carden, U. S. R. C. S.
1st Lieut. L. C. Covell, U. S. R. C. S.
2d Lieut. L. T. Chalker, U. S. R. C. S.
3d Lieut. T. S. Klinger, U. S. R. C. S.
3d Lieut. C. H. Abel, U. S. R. C. S.
1st Lieut. Engineers R. B. Adams, U. S. R. C. S.
2d Lieut. Engineers W. P. Prall, U. S. R. C. S.
3d Lieut. Engineers C. C. Sugden, U. S. R. C. S.

The wireless has contributed wonderfully to the effectiveness of the patrol. The *Seminole* has picked up messages at the first call from distressed craft, and long after the cutter had started confirmations were being received via official sources from land. It is not too much to say that ordinarily the *Seminole* will pick up any distress call from a modern wireless installation which may be sent out on her station. What the *Seminole* may miss will in all probability be picked up by either one of the United States powerful wireless stations at Beaufort or Charleston, and the *Seminole* is always in touch with one or the other of these two stations.

CAPE FEAR LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

A public service which measures its efficiency by the number of human lives saved from the perils of the sea is to be classed among the highest humanities of a great government.

Through the courtesy of its General Superintendent, the Honorable S. I. Kimball, I have obtained the following information with particular reference to the Life-Saving Service in the neighborhood of Cape Fear.

The equipment of the Cape Fear and Oak Island Stations, which are located in the vicinity of Cape Fear, consists of beach apparatus, including line-throwing guns, projectiles, lines, beach lights, signaling devices, and power boats, as well as other boats. The Cape Fear Station has a Beebe-McLellan self-bailing surfboat, an open Beebe surfboat, and a Beebe-McLellan self-bailing power surfboat, with horizontal engine; and the Oak Island Station is equipped with a Beebe-McLellan self-bailing surfboat and a 36-foot self-righting and self-bailing power lifeboat. The Beebe-McLellan self-bailing power surfboat and the 36-foot self-righting and self-bailing power lifeboat are the latest developments in power life-saving boats, and are as good as any in the world. A constant watch is kept from the lookout towers of the stations and a beach patrol is maintained at night, and during the day when the weather is thick or stormy.

The recent instances of service at wrecks by the Cape Fear and Oak Island Life-Saving Stations have been as follows:

On December 8, 1912, the steamer *Aloha,* tonnage 42, value $15,000, with four persons on board, was rendered assistance by the Life-Saving Station at Oak Island; also on December 16, 1912, the schooner *Dohemo,* value $7,500, with two persons on board, and in the same day, the launch *Anerida II,* value $1,700, with two persons on board, was saved.

On December 27, 1912, the schooner *Savannah,* tonnage 584, value $44,000, which was a total loss, with nine persons on board, and on March 26, 1913, the British steamer *Strathardle,* tonnage 4,377, value $120,000, with thirty-three per-

sons on board, were rendered assistance by the Life-Saving Stations at Cape Fear and Oak Island.

On October 10, 1913, the schooner *John Twohy,* tonnage 1,019, value $30,000, which was a total loss, with ten persons on board, was rendered assistance by the Life-Saving Station at Cape Fear.

The total value of property involved in the above disasters was $218,200; the total value of property lost was $74,000, and the total number of persons on board was sixty. No lives were lost.

The rescue of the crew of the schooner *Savannah,* which was stranded on the western edge of Frying Pan Shoals, is illustrative of the value of this work. It is indicative of the service at these stations.

On December 27, 1912, the 584 ton, four-masted schooner *Savannah,* bound from Jacksonville, Florida, to Portland, Maine, with a cargo of pine lumber, and carrying a crew of 9 men, all told, stranded about noon on the western edge of Frying Pan Shoals, in a westerly gale and thick weather. The vessel and cargo, valued together at more than $40,000, were totally lost. The ship's crew, however, were saved by the crews of the Cape Fear and Oak Island Stations.

As the schooner lay on the shoals, with the mountainous seas dashing against her and over her, she was discovered by Keeper Brinkman of the Cape Fear Station. To make sure that she was aground the keeper climbed the tower of the Cape Fear Light to get a look at her through a spyglass. On leaving the tower he asked the light keeper to set a signal, which, according to a previous understanding, would convey to the station crew at Oak Island and to the Revenue Cutter *Seminole,* the information that a vessel was in trouble offshore.

The Cape Fear crew put off the beach in their surfboat without loss of time, and covered the eight miles to the schooner in two and a half hours. The Oak Island crew also appeared about the same time in their power lifeboat. It was agreed that Keeper Brinkman should undertake the

work of rescue, a boat under oars being more readily and safely handled than a power boat, in broken water about a wreck. This arrangement was duly carried out, the Oak Island crew standing by, ready to assist their comrades should the surfboat meet with misfortune while alongside. "After a hard battle with wind and sea," says Keeper Brinkman in his report, "we took the captain and eight men off."

The rescue accomplished, the sailors were transferred to the power boat, which thereupon proceeded ashore with the surfboat in tow.

The ship's crew were cared for at the Oak Island Station until the following morning, when they were placed aboard the *Seminole,* which had appeared off the station during the night. The cutter and two tugs attempted to float the schooner, but without success.

The total approximate cost of maintaining the Cape Fear and Oak Island Stations and for salaries during the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1913, was $17,430, the expense being about evenly divided between the two stations. The amounts expended for salaries were $7,089.10 and $6,940.80 for the Cape Fear and Oak Island Stations, respectively. The expense for maintaining the stations averaged about $1,700 each, during the year. The cost of rebuilding the Cape Fear Station, now under way, will amount to between four and five thousand dollars.

In his letter to the writer Mr. Kimball kindly adds:

"The interest you manifest in the Service is warmly appreciated, and I beg to assure you that I am glad to comply with your request. I have heard of you and your work, and shall be pleased always to give you any information I can in relation to the Life-Saving Service."

CAPE FEAR AIDS TO NAVIGATION.

The aids to the navigation of the Cape Fear, which are effective in the steady expansion of our commerce, are largely due to the watchful care and cordial coöperation of our Commissioners of Navigation and Pilotage and to our Chamber of Commerce, supported by our Representatives in Congress, and I may add that they are more particularly due to the untiring devotion of our junior Senator, Lee S. Overman, whose powerful personality has repeatedly prevailed in the securement of special appropriations when other means which had been employed failed to interest the department officials at Washington.

Our acknowledgments are specially due Senator Overman for his excellent service to Wilmington in procuring the greatly improved river lights, and the new Lightship *Number 94,* on Frying Pan Shoals, after our former light vessel had been arbitrarily removed, and in safeguarding by special act of Congress this most important aid from a second removal to a much less important position to us, thirty miles at sea. He has proven the adage, "A friend in need is a friend indeed."

A prominent master mariner has well said, "If we want to mark a dangerous hole in the public highway, we do not place a lantern on the next block away from the danger, but we put a light on the spot where the danger lies." Therefore, why should we permit the removal of our lightship from the Frying Pan Shoals, on which it has been moored as a beacon for half a century, to a point thirty miles at sea for the benefit of coastwise traffic which does not come to Wilmington at all? With the lightship ahead, the careful mariner makes the port in safety; with the lightship invisible behind him, he gropes in darkness and in danger of disaster.

Comparatively few of the citizens of our commercial community are interested in the detail work of the Department of Commerce at Washington, or its very important Lighthouse Service to those who go down to the sea in ships and do business upon its great waters.

This is probably due chiefly to the technical nature of the information regularly published and easily obtained from the obliging inspector of the sixth district, who has given me the following comprehensive review of the aids to navigation along our dangerous coast and up the River Cape Fear to the port of Wilmington.

With general depths of 7 to 14 feet, Frying Pan Shoals extend in an unbroken line 10 miles south-southeastward from Cape Fear; for a distance of 5½ miles farther in the same direction the shoals are broken, the depth over them ranging from 10 to 24 feet. Frying Pan Shoals light vessel is moored off the end of this part of the shoals, and a red whistling buoy is moored off the western side of the shoals, nearly 8½ miles northwestward of the light vessel.

Broken ground with depths of 6 to 7 fathoms extends 7 miles eastward and 12 miles east-southeastward from the light vessel; the least depth is 3¾ fathoms, and lies 9 miles 99 degrees true (E. by S.) of the light vessel. The outer end of the shoals is marked by a gas-and-bell buoy (flashing white light), which lies 12 miles, 118 degrees true (SE. by E. ¼ E.) of Frying Pan Shoals light vessel. Large, deep-draft vessels generally pass southward of the gas and bell buoy."

Light Vessel *Number 94* was built for the station on Frying Pan Shoals, in the sixth lighthouse district. The vessel is 135 feet 9 inches over all, with a beam of 29 feet and a draft of 12 feet 9 inches; the displacement at this draft is 660 tons. The hull is built of mild steel with two wooden deck-houses on the spar deck serving the purpose of pilot-house and bridge-and-radio house. One steel lantern mast, of diameter sufficient to contain a ladder giving access to the lantern, and a wooden mainmast, carrying a fore-and-aft sail, are fitted.

The signal light is carried on the lantern mast. It consists of an incandescent oil-vapor light mounted in a lens of the fourth order, and gives a light of 2,900 candle-power.

The fog signal apparatus consists of a 12-inch deep-toned

chime whistle connected to the main boilers. Steam is supplied through a reducing valve, and a specially designed vertical engine is arranged to cut off steam to the whistle so as to give the characteristic: Blast, 5 seconds; silent, 55 seconds. A submarine bell, actuated by compressed air, strikes one stroke every 3 seconds.

This vessel was equipped with radio outfit before being placed on the station, so that its effective date would be coincident with the establishment of the vessel. This installation has an effective radius of about 200 miles, and besides being of great value to passing vessels, it is of great aid to the Lighthouse Service in keeping the vessel to the highest state of efficiency as an aid.

The propelling machinery consists of one vertical, direct-action, surface-condensing, fore-and-aft compound engine, having cylinders 16 and 31 inches in diameter by 24 inches stroke, driving a cast steel propeller 8 feet in diameter by ten-foot pitch, and supplied by steam under a pressure of 110 pounds per square inch of heating surface. The machinery and boilers are located amidship. The vessel is fitted throughout with all modern appliances, including steam windlass, sanitary plumbing and fixtures, and drainage system, but has no electric-lighting system.

The complement of this vessel is four officers and ten men. The officers' quarters, mess-room, pantry, and bath-room are located as far as practicable on the main deck. Quarters for the crew, including the galley, are located on the main deck just forward of the boilers and machinery. The oil-room and stores are located on the lower deck and in the hold forward and aft. The hull is yellow, with "Frying Pan" in large black letters on each side. This vessel was constructed under the Act of May 27, 1908, appropriating $115,000. The vessel was built under contract at Muskegon, Michigan, and the cost was $104,080.37. Construction was commenced on May 28, 1909, and was completed and the vessel delivered to the Government on June 13, 1911. On November 15, 1911, the light vessel was placed on the station in the sixth lighthouse district.

The cape is a low, sharp point of sand beach forming the southern extremity of Smith Island. The island, lying on the eastern side of the entrance to Cape Fear River, is mostly low and marshy, but has a thick growth of trees on its western side. Near the southern end of the island is Cape Fear Lighthouse, which will usually be the first object seen in approaching the cape.

The lighthouse on the cape is a white, iron, skeleton tower, upper part black. The light is flashing white (light 2.3, eclipse 7.7 seconds), 159 feet above the water, and visible 19 miles. The light is incandescent oil vapor, using a mantle 2¼ inches in diameter, and the intensity of the flash through the lens, which is six feet in diameter, is 160,000 candles. This light was built in 1903, and is, with one exception, the newest and most modern first-class lighthouse in the district.

On the west side of Smith Island, east side of the entrance to the Cape Fear River, is Bald Head Lighthouse. The structure is a white, octagonal, pyramidal tower. The light is flashing white with a dark sector between 220 degrees and 308 degrees, 99 feet above the water, and visible 16 miles. This light has recently been converted from an oil light with a keeper to an unwatched gaslight, and now forms a part of the system described below.

Cape Fear River has a total length of above 371 miles, and empties into the sea immediately west of Cape Fear. It is the approach of the City of Wilmington, which is 27 miles above its mouth. Frying Pan Shoals Light Vessel, Cape Fear Lighthouse, and Bald Head Lighthouse are the principal guides for the approach.

The entrance of the river is obstructed by a bar which extends about two miles off-shore. The channel is under improvement to secure a depth of 26 feet from the sea to Wilmington, with a width of 400 feet across the bar, 300 feet in the river, and an increased width at the bends. In June, 1912, the full depth had been obtained, but not the full width in places. The channel is well marked by range lights and buoys, and with the aid of a chart it could not be

difficult for a stranger of 16 feet draft to navigate it on a rising tide.

Cape Fear River Lights.

These aids consist of thirty-three lights marking the dredged channels of the Cape Fear River. They replace twenty-nine lights, mostly of the oil-burning post-lantern type, on old wooden structures, and not properly placed to mark the new channels. Ten of the new lighted beacons were established December 1, 1912, and the remainder November 15, 1913.

The aids extend along the Cape Fear River from the entrance to Wilmington, a distance of about twenty-nine miles. The sites are (except in three cases) submarine, the depth of water averaging six feet. The bottom is hard sand, underlaid with rock in a few cases.

The substructures built on marine sites (thirty in all) consist each of four reinforced concrete piles and connecting beams. These are surmounted by skeleton towers of galvanized iron pipe, carrying slatted wooden daymarks. Towers for rear range lights are thirty feet high and for front lights and others ten feet high.

A variety of illuminating apparatus has been installed, as follows:

No.	Apparatus	Illuminant	Characteristic	Candlepower
1	Reflector	Oil	Fixed	3,100
1	Range lens	Acetylene	Flashing every second	3,000
1	4th Order lens	Acetylene	Occulting every 2 seconds	830
7	300 mm. lens lanterns	Acetylene	Flashing every second	200
1	300 mm. lens lanterns	Acetylene	Flashing every 3 seconds	200
6	300 mm. lens lanterns	Acetylene	Occulting every 2 seconds	200
16	300 mm. lens lanterns	Oil	Fixed	170

In general acetylene is used as the illuminant, where possible, for a distance of about twenty miles from the entrance, and oil from there to Wilmington. All acetylene lights are white, rear lights being occulting every two seconds and front lights flashing every second. All oil lights are fixed, rear lights white, and front lights red.

Eight of the white range lights which could be suitably located abreast of turns in the channel are provided with red sectors of 30 degrees covering these turns.

There have been no quarters provided, all lights being unwatched. The change of illuminant in Bald Head Light, which constitutes a unit of this system, makes quarters no longer necessary in connection therewith. The entire group of lights are cared for by two post light keepers, one resident near Southport, near the entrance, having charge of three oil and sixteen gas lights, and one at Wilmington, at the other end of the group of lights, having charge of fourteen oil lights. All gas lights are so located that gas tanks can be landed from a launch directly upon the structure, except at Bald Head Light.

These improvements in the lighting of the Cape Fear River are being made under the Act of March 4, 1911, appropriating $21,000, and the Act of August 26, 1912, appropriating $30,000 additional. The total expenditures and obligations for the thirty-three lights to September 30, 1913, is $50,076.30, with a probable further expenditure of $500 for one additional light, and $300 for clearing timber which partially obstructs one range line.

Other aids supplementing the lighted aids mentioned above are, Frying Pan Shoals Whistling Buoy, westward of the outer end of the shoals; Cape Fear Entrance Whistling Buoy, about two and one-half miles off the bar; Cape Fear Entrance Bell Buoy, at the entrance to dredged channels, and thirty-three iron buoys and five beacons marking turns and other critical points in the dredged channels in the river. Two other iron buoys mark the quarantine anchorage, and one marks a wreck on the middle ground at the mouth of the river.

USE OF OIL TO PREVENT BREAKING SEAS.

About the year 1870 the late Alexander Sprunt, founder of the firm of Alexander Sprunt & Son, demonstrated in a magazine article published abroad the efficacy of the use of oil at sea in stormy weather. He subsequently endeavored to induce the British Admiralty to provide every ship with his simple device for protection against breaking seas while lying to, and received some recognition.

At that time, in the winter, we loaded a small brig of about two hundred tons register with a heavy cargo of naval stores for Europe. The captain was induced to provide a barrel of crude oil, two canvas bags perforated with a large needle, and a twenty-foot spar with block and tackle, to be used in case of need. On his return to Wilmington some months later, he gratefully acknowledged that his ship and crew had been providentially saved from destruction by this simple and effective provision.

He was obliged to lay to for several days in a hurricane. The heavy waves smashed the boats and threatened to destroy the vessel. He thought of the oil and at once applied it. Running the spar out on the weather side, he filled the bags with oil and hauled them out to the end of the spar. Immediately a thin covering of oil spread over the advancing waves and, although the brig rose and fell upon the mountainous seas, the water did not break, and the little vessel rode out the gale in safety.

In the *Hydrographic Bulletin* of the Navy, December 31, 1913, the following reference is made to the use of oil to calm seas:

"*Imperial Transport* (Br. ss.), Capt. E. R. Frankland:

"On November 25, 1913, during the voyage from Narvik toward Philadelphia, a hurricane struck the vessel from the southwest, gradually shifting to the westward. The hurricane was of such force that it was found impossible to steam against it. The engines, therefore, were stopped, and the vessel, losing headway, fell off beam-on to the sea. During this operation oil was used plentifully, several pints being

thrown on the deck, and the same washing overboard to windward smoothed the tops of the seas, thus stopping them to a great extent from breaking on board. When the vessel was drifting, two oil bags were hung overboard to windward, one at each end of the bridge deck, each bag being attached to fifteen fathoms of line, this usage greatly assisting in arresting the force of the seas. One oil bag was hung in the forward lavatory at the break of the forecastle head, and the flush left open, the oil thus coming in contact with the sea without being blown to leeward. The same operation was repeated in the lavatory amidships. A hand was stationed in each of these places replenishing the oil bags. During the squalls a little oil was also poured down the pipes from a can. The seas, although breaking heavily to windward, had the force taken out of them when coming in contact with this second distribution of oil. We subsequently encountered seven hurricanes, and oil was used in the same manner and with the same effect. The oils used were fish, colza, engine, and linseed, and no apparent difference in effect was noticed. All of the hurricanes started from the south and veered to north through west, and then backed from north to south through west. The same was experienced in the storms of lesser violence. At no time during the passage was the wind from the eastward unless at the beginning of the storm, when sometimes it was SSE. I might add that the vessel came through with the minimum of damage, considering the terrific weather encountered."

A more recent test of this device was made by the Revenue Cutter *Seminole*. In reply to my inquiry, Capt. G. L. Carden says, under date of January 11, 1914:

"I am attaching herewith a memorandum relative to the use of oil by the *Seminole* when working on the schooner *Thomas Winsmore*. As a further proof of the efficacy of oil, I had occasion during the month of October, 1910, when commanding the *Manning* in the Pacific, to have recourse to oil. We had left Kodiak Island for a run across to the Alaska coast, shaping for Cape Ommaney. It had been blowing a gale of wind for three days from the northwest and,

not long after clearing the lee of Kodiak, I encountered a tremendous sea. Nothing like it had been seen during the entire past five months in the far North. The *Manning* was put before the seas, but it seemed as if every moment they must break aboard. In the mouths of the forward closet bowls, on either side of the bow, canvas bags filled with oakum were placed. The bags were punctured with ordinary sail needles, and a plentiful supply of fish oil was poured into the oakum-filled bags. The closet traps were then raised and very soon a thin film of oil was seen to reach out on either side of the ship for a distance of about ten feet, spreading out fan-tail fashion as it worked aft. At a distance of twenty feet abaft the stern, I should say, the width of the oil space was fully fifty feet. The effect was marvelous. The big seas would come up right to the edge of the oilfield and then dive under the ship and pass away forward. The film of oil alongside kept the seas from slapping aboard. I ran the *Manning* very slowly throughout the greater part of the night, but towards morning the wind and sea abated and we were able to head up on our regular course. During the entire night I do not believe we used over ten gallons of oil."

Memorandum:—The American schooner *Thomas Winsmore* was found at 7:30 a. m., January 4, 1914, close to the breakers on Lookout Shoals. The *Seminole* at the time was in charge of First Lieut. Eben Barker. A fresh westerly gale was blowing. The *Thomas Winsmore* was displaying her ensign union down. The seas were breaking completely over the schooner. The *Seminole* anchored to windward of the *Winsmore,* veering down chain so as to bring the cutter near the schooner. Efforts to shoot a line aboard by means of a line-firing gun proved abortive. Oil was used freely through the closets forward. The oil formed a slick astern of the *Seminole* and prevented the seas from breaking. After a plentiful use of the oil, a pulling boat was lowered and a four-inch line was run to the *Winsmore.* By means of the four-inch line a ten-inch hawser was later gotten aboard the distressed craft. The *Winsmore* was then towed into the lee of Lookout Bight.

EARTHQUAKE OF 1886.

On the 31st of August, 1886, I was a passenger in mid-ocean on the Cunard steamer *Etruria,* bound from Liverpool to New York, in company with the Honorable William A. Courtenay, who was then mayor of Charleston. These were the days before the Marconi wireless system of communication with vessels at sea, and we had no thought of the fearful earthquake of that date which shook Wilmington to its foundations and nearly destroyed the city of Charleston.

At the quarantine station in New York Harbor we were handed several telegrams, and, looking up in dismay from the reading of one addressed to me, I saw that Mr. Courtenay had suddenly vanished without a word. Panic stricken by the terrifying news, he had hurried ashore to catch the first train to Charleston.

On my arrival at Masonboro Sound, where my family was residing, I heard with great thankfulness that my household had escaped injury. My wife had retired early with the two children, and she was awakened by the upheaval of the bed and the falling of glassware from the mantel; terrified by the thought that the door would be jammed by the twisting framework, she pulled it open with desperate effort and, with a child under each arm, she ran to the open ground, which was soon covered by neighbors and servants in a panic, intensified by the screams of the horses confined in the stables, and by the loud lamentations of the negroes, who thought the day of judgment had come.

Several days later our office building was so greatly shaken by a second earthquake that we quickly sought safety in the street.

The newspapers of the day made the following references to this exciting episode:

The *Morning Star* of Wednesday, September 1, 1886, in its account of the earthquake, reports that "It was exactly ten minutes to ten o'clock p. m., when the first shock occurred. It lasted about thirty seconds and was accompa-

nied by a long rumbling sound, like the passage of a railway train over a bridge. The river seemed to be violently agitated, and washed against its banks as if a storm was raging. The first shock was followed ten minutes afterwards by a second shock, and this by a third ten minutes later, neither of them of as great severity as the first. It is impossible to describe the alarm that pervaded the community. People thronged the streets and many of them were greatly agitated. A great crowd centered around the telegraph office, anxiously inquiring as to news from other places.

"As far as known, the damage caused by the shock was slight. Plastering was dislodged and fell in the Commercial Hotel and other houses, and bricks were shaken from chimneys and from the walls of buildings in the process of erection, among the number the chimney of the house on the corner of Second and Princess Streets."

The shock was quite severe at other places. At Smithville the Signal Service observer reported as follows: "A severe earthquake shock felt here at 9:50 p. m., lasted about ten seconds, came from northwest. Ten minutes after the first shock another came from the west, lasting about three seconds."

The *Star* mentioned the wide extent of territory in which the earthquake made itself evident, with varying degrees of violence as far north as New York and west to Chicago. The disturbance was greatest at Charleston, and at Laurinburg also the shock was extremely severe.

The *Daily News* had a very graphic account of the earthquake, and enlarged upon the terror and awe of the occasion, but differed slightly from the *Star* in a few comments. The first and most violent shock was claimed to have lasted forty-five seconds, followed by two more at short intervals, and others at one o'clock, four o'clock, and eight-thirty the next morning (September 1st). The *Review* of September 2, 1886, reported shocks after the above, occurring at 5:12 p. m. and about midnight of the 1st of September.

The terrible disaster to Charleston cast a deep gloom over

our citizens, and generous assistance was immediately organized in the form of a contribution, and a relief committee composed of a number of prominent people was dispatched to the stricken city as soon as the journey could be made.

VISITS OF THE CRUISER RALEIGH TO THE CAPE FEAR.

Soon after the U. S. S. *Raleigh* went into commission, in 1895, she came into the lower Cape Fear to receive a service of silver, which was presented to her on behalf of the State by the Honorable Elias Carr, then Governor of North Carolina.

Later, after our war with Spain, about the first of May, 1899, the *Raleigh,* returning from the Philippines, commanded by Captain Coghlan, again visited the Cape Fear for the purpose of delivering to the city of Raleigh some trophies of war, including several Spanish cannon, which were formally received by a delegation sent from Raleigh on behalf of the State of North Carolina.

The cruiser and her officers and men were honored by an enthusiastic welcome to Wilmington, and Captain Coghlan was deeply touched by his cordial reception. The *Raleigh,* under the command of Captain Coghlan, had joined in the attack upon the Spanish forts and war vessels in Manila Bay, and our people, desiring to mark this incident by a special compliment, presented a very handsome and valuable service of silver plate to Captain Coghlan and the ship. Mr. William Calder made the presentation speech, and the commander responded in a felicitous address which was long remembered by those who were present.

THE VISIT OF PRESIDENT TAFT.

By Iredell Meares.

William Howard Taft, the twenty-seventh President of the United States, visited Wilmington on the 9th day of November, 1909. The occasion was a notable one in the annals of the city. The Governor of the State, with his staff officers, United States Senators and Congressmen, the representative editors of the State press, and a large concourse of visitors from all parts of the State did honor to the occasion. The city was beautifully decorated. The day was ideal in its sunshine and balmy air. The spirit of the people who crowded the streets was splendid. Not an incident occurred to mar the great reception.

On his arrival on the early morning train, the executive committee of the citizens' organization escorted the President and his suite in automobiles from the depot to the elegant residence of Mr. James Sprunt, where a breakfast was given in honor of the President by that hospitable gentleman and his wife. The home was tastefully and appropriately decorated. The approaches to it were guarded by the United States Coast Artillery from Fort Caswell, the band of which, during the breakfast, played patriotic airs. Breakfast was served in the conservatory, which had been transformed into an arbor of green foliage, with vines trailing overhead, from which hung clusters of real grapes. The hostess served a breakfast prepared in the old-fashioned Southern style. There were seated at the table fifty-two guests. On the right of Mr. Sprunt, the host, sat the President, and on his left, Hon. W. W. Kitchin, Governor of the State; on the right of the President, U. S. Senator Lee S. Overman was seated. Others of the distinguished guests were the Adjutant-General of the State, Gen. J. F. Armfield, and members of the Governor's staff; Capt. Archibald B. Butt, U. S. A., who afterwards lost his life in the wreck of the *Titanic;* Lieutenant Whitney, of the U. S. Revenue Cutter *Seminole,* and Captain Hancock, of the U. S. Coast Artillery;

Representatives John H. Small, R. N. Page, Charles R. Thomas, and H. L. Godwin, all members of the U. S. Congress; and Hon. Walter G. MacRae, mayor of the city. The rest of the party consisted of the Citizens' Executive and Reception Committees.

After breakfast, the presidential party was conveyed under the escort of the local military and the Naval Reserves to the corner of Market and Third Streets, where all the school children of the county of New Hanover were assembled in a most beautiful flag formation, and as the President, with bared head, witnessed the scene, they sang the national anthem. He was then driven to St. Stephen's Church, where he reviewed the colored school children of the county, and made them a short address. Next, he was escorted to the U. S. Revenue Cutter *Seminole* for a cruise down the Cape Fear as far as Southport. Accompanying him on the trip were the Governor and his military staff, the Senator and Congressmen mentioned, Mr. H. C. McQueen, chairman of the Citizens' Executive Committee, the late Hon. Alfred M. Waddell, ex-Member of Congress, and a large number of representative editors of the State press and citizens of Wilmington. Luncheon was served on the boat, and the President held an informal levee.

On the return, the *Seminole* was met at the Dram Tree, the entrance to the harbor, by all the river craft and steamers in port, with colors flying, and, formed in parade line, the picturesque fleet preceded the *Seminole* to the dock. On landing, a procession was formed consisting of the U. S. Coast Artillery, detachments from the Revenue Cutter, and companies of the State Guard and Naval Reserves, including a detachment of Confederate veterans and some twenty-odd different organizations of the city. The President was then escorted to the City Hall Square, where from a platform he reviewed the military parade of Federal and State troops and the citizens' organizations. He was introduced to the vast audience, estimated from fifteen to twenty thousand people, by the Hon. W. W. Kitchin, the Governor, in cordial and spirited remarks, and delivered a notable address to the peo-

ple. After a rest in the afternoon, a banquet was served to the President in the Masonic Temple Hall, at which representative citizens of the city and State were present. The menu was prepared and served under the immediate supervision of the ladies' committee, and in all respects could not have been excelled. The President made a short address after the dinner, and then repaired to his private car at the depot and proceeded to Richmond, at which place he ended the tour he had made of the Western and Southern States.

On the same evening, at the Chamber of Commerce, there was given a "smoker" to visiting members of the press, at which many fine and eloquent speeches were made, and this constituted one of the conspicuous entertainments of the occasion. The local papers of the city and State printed elaborate accounts of the reception and illustrated cuts of the scenes which featured the doings of the day.

WOODROW WILSON'S YOUTH AT WILMINGTON.[1]

In the autumn of 1873, when Woodrow Wilson was just reaching his seventeenth year, and while his parents were residing at Columbia, he entered Davidson College. He did not, however, finish the year, for he fell ill just before the examinations came on and was taken to his home, then in Wilmington, his father having just been called to the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church of that city. He remained in Wilmington throughout the year 1874-5. It had been determined that he should not return to Davidson, but should go to Princeton, and he spent the year being tutored in Greek and a few other studies, which it was thought might be necessary for entrance to Princeton.

In truth there was a good deal of play done that year, too. The boy had grown too fast, and was hardly fit for the rigid schedule of college. So he "took it easy" in a city, the first he had ever lived in that possessed any particular local charm. Wilmington was an old historic place. It was a seaport; for the first time Woodrow saw a ship and caught the smell

[1]Based on Hale's Life of Woodrow Wilson.

of the sea. Foreign shipping floated in the noble river or lay at the docks. Wilmington was a great depot for naval stores; its lower streets were redolent of the deep. Talk was still full of the adventures of the blockade runners of the war late ended, Wilmington having been a favorite port of the desperate men and swift ships that then made so many gallant chapters of sea history. What imaginative youth from the interior but would have haunted the docks and made an occasional trip down to the Cape, to return with the pilot of an outgoing ship? Here, too, for the first time, the young man began to take part in the social life which is so important an element of existence in the South. He was really too young for the associations into which he was now thrown, Dr. and Mrs. Wilson immediately achieving devoted popularity, the parsonage swiftly becoming a social rendezvous of the city—a city of gentlemen of good company and women who would have been esteemed brilliant the world over. It was a young man very different from the raw youth of Davidson, who, one day in September, 1875, took the Wilmington and Weldon train for the North.

During his senior year at Princeton he concluded that the best path to a public career lay through the law. In the autumn, therefore, he matriculated in the law department of the University of Virginia, that seat of liberal learning organized by Thomas Jefferson.

Just before Christmas, 1880, he returned to Wilmington, and devoted himself to reading law and otherwise preparing himself for the practice of his chosen profession. It was not till May, 1882, that he finally determined where to locate, and then he opened an office in Atlanta. His father continued to reside in Wilmington until April, 1885, when he accepted the position of professor of theology in the Southwestern University at Clarksville, Tennessee. In the fall of 1898, Dr. Wilson made Wilmington his winter home until his death, January 21, 1903. In 1905 a tablet was unveiled in the Presbyterian church as a memorial of the "Faithful and Beloved Pastor of This Church."

SOUTHPORT ON THE CAPE FEAR.

This charming little town at the mouth of the Cape Fear River was known in Colonial days as Fort Johnston. It was a mere hamlet then, and its only importance pertained to the garrison of a fort, which mounted twenty-four cannon, named in honor of Colonial Governor Gabriel Johnston. In 1792 it was laid off as a town, and called Smithville, in honor of Governor Benjamin Smith, and it retained that name until 1887, when it began to be called Southport. Southport has been the home of most of the Cape Fear pilots for nearly a hundred years. Its salubrious climate and kindly inhabitants make it one of the most attractive and wholesome winter and summer resorts in our country. Its harbor is spacious and its deep water would float the largest battleship of our Navy. Its possible importance as a coaling station for steamers from the South outward bound, and its prospective usefulness to the Panama Canal traffic in that respect, is attracting attention to it as a convenient port of call.

Of this interesting town our venerable ex-President of the University of North Carolina, Hon. Kemp P. Battle, has said:

"Near the mouth of the beautiful Cape Fear River, on its right bank, is a pleasant little town. It is fanned by the delicious sea breezes; huge live oaks gratefully shade its streets. In its sombre cemetery repose the bodies of many excellent people. Its harbor is good. It is on the main channel of the river. From its wharves can be seen not far away the thin white line of waves as they break on the sandy beach. But the ships to and from its neighbor, Wilmington, pay little tribute as they pass and repass. Its chief fame is that it contains the courthouse of the county of Brunswick. Its name is Smithville.

"Opposite the good old town is a desert island composed of undulating sandhills, with here and there occasional green flats and dwarfed pines to relieve the general monotony. It is exposed to the full fury of the Atlantic storms. New Inlet once poured a rapid stream between the island and the main-

land. But daring and industrious man now seeks to force by walls of stone the impetuous floods through the river channel to the west, to float larger ships up the river to the port of Wilmington. Its southern end forms the dangerous cape which Mr. George Davis so eloquently describes.

"The University of North Carolina has amid its group of buildings one in its shape and portico and columns imitating a Greek temple. Its basement was until recently the home of the State Agricultural Experiment Station, which has done so much to protect our farmers from fraud, but now it is the laboratory of the professor of chemistry. Above is a long and lofty room containing the library of the University. On its shelves are many ancient books of great value, but vacant spaces plead piteously for new books in all the departments of literature and science. The name of this building is 'Smith Hall.'

"What member of the widely spread family of Smith has thus given his familiar name to a county town, an island, and a University hall? His Christian name was Benjamin. He was an active officer of the Revolution, a Governor of our State, and the first benefactor of the University.

"Governor Smith had many vicissitudes of fortune. In his youth he was aide-de-camp to Washington in the dangerous but masterly retreat from Long Island after the defeat of the American forces. He behaved with conspicuous gallantry in the brilliant action in which Moultrie drove the British from Port Royal Island and checked for a time the invasion of South Carolina. A Charleston paper of 1794 says: 'He gave on many occasions such various proof of activity and distinguished bravery as to merit the approbation of his impartial country.' After the strong Union superseded the nerveless Continental Confederation, when there was danger of war with France or England, he was made general of militia, and when later, on account of the insults and injuries of France, our Government made preparations for active hostilities, the entire militia of Brunswick County, officers and men, roused to enthusiasm by an address from him full of energy and fire, volunteered to follow his lead in

the legionary corps raised for service against the enemy. The confidence of his countrymen in his wisdom and integrity was shown by their electing him fifteen times to the Senate of the State. From this post he was chosen by the General Assembly as our Chief Executive in 1810, when war with England was constantly expected, and by large numbers earnestly desired.

"The charter of the University was granted in 1789. The trustees were the great men of that day—the leaders in war and peace. Of this band of eminent men Benjamin Smith was a worthy member. He is entitled to the signal honor of being the first benefactor of the infant institution, the leader of the small corps of liberal supporters of education in North Carolina. For that reason alone his name should be revered by all the long line of students who call the University their Alma Mater and by every one who desires the enlightenment of our people."

The communication between Southport and Wilmington in olden times was by a sloop which carried passengers and probably the U. S. mails. The daily schedule was protected by the saving clause "wind and weather permitting." Within the memory of our citizens in middle life, not to say of old age, the daily steamers to and from Charleston, already referred to, afforded the passengers at Smithville and at Wilmington, and also the planters along the river, who boarded them from small boats, comfortable and speedy service. Later, on the completion of the Wilmington and Manchester Railroad, the steamer *Spray* plied regularly; but none of these conveyances were more satisfactory to the general public than the steamer *Wilmington,* owned and commanded by Capt. John W. Harper, who, after many years of excellent service, still controls and regulates the river trade and traffic.

The new railroad between Wilmington and Southport, called the Wilmington, Brunswick, and Southport Railroad, runs a daily passenger, mail, and freight schedule between Southport and Navassa, where it connects with the Atlantic Coast Line and with the Seaboard Air Line Railroad for Wilmington or for other points on these trunk lines.

This railroad is thirty miles long, and was completed in 1911. The capital stock is $165,000. Its officers are: President, M. J. Corbett; Vice-president, H. C. McQueen; General Manager, M. W. Divine, and Traffic Manager, H. E. Goodwin.

In view of the opening of the Panama Canal and of the manifest destiny that the United States will have closer commercial relations with the countries of South America, whose development is now progressing with such rapid strides, the admirable location of Southport for a Government coaling station is apparent, and it will surely become a commercial entrepot of importance. Business is quick to avail itself of superior advantages, and the facilities offered by Southport are unrivaled. Its landlocked harbor, ranging from thirty-five to forty-nine feet in depth, and five miles long, with a width varying from one-quarter to three-quarters of a mile, affords a commodious and secure anchorage for the fleets of commerce and the navies of war, while the frowning ramparts of Fort Caswell assure ample military protection. Its bar is almost perfectly protected from the heaviest gales and for twenty-five years the hurricane signals have been hoisted at Southport only twice, and no hurricane wave can possibly enter the port. Safety of all shipping is thus assured.

While possessing these advantages, Southport enjoys the distinction of being on the direct line between the vast coal fields of the interior and the points where the coal will be wanted—Colon and Guantanamo Bay. It is as near Panama as Charleston, and being south of Hatteras, has evident advantages over Norfolk. No other Atlantic port is so near to the ports of the Caribbean Sea or to the ports on the east coast of South America. Its climate is remarkably fine; it has a constant sea breeze and fogs are almost unknown. Its temperature is free from extremes. For twenty-nine years the mean temperature during the months of June, July, and August has been 79 degrees, and for December, January, and February it has been 44.8. And its water supply is excellent.

Located upon the system of inland waterways now in process of construction, and connected with the great southern

railway lines, it has every facility for commerce, and, directly connected with the vast coal fields, it offers advantages for a Government coaling station second to no other port on the coast.

FORT CASWELL.

The work at Fort Caswell at the mouth of the Cape Fear River was commenced by the Government in the year 1826. Maj. George Blaney, of the United States Engineer Corps, was in charge of it for several years until his death at Smithville in 1836 or 1837. He was born in Boston, Massachusetts, and was an accomplished officer. His remains were brought to Wilmington, and the Wilmington Volunteers, a uniformed company and the only one then existing in the town, formed at the Market dock to receive them, and escorted them to the old burial ground adjoining St. James' Church, where they were interred with military honors and where they still repose.

Major Blaney's assistant in building the fort was Mr. James Ancrum Berry, a native of Wilmington, a natural engineer, the bent of whose mind was strongly mathematical. He was thoroughly competent for the position he held, and took great pride in the work—so much so, indeed, that he had a small house erected on the river front of the fort and resided there with his family for a year or two until the encroaching waters rendered his habitation untenable, when he returned to Smithville. He died suddenly in 1832. He was hunting with the late Mr. John Brown, and, while crossing a small stream on a log, he lost his footing and his gun came in contact with the log and was discharged, the contents entering his brain, killing him almost instantly. He was an honorable gentleman, high-toned and chivalric, and was greatly mourned.

It is probable that Capt. A. J. Swift, son of the distinguished Chief of the Engineer Corps, Gen. Joseph Swift, succeeded Major Blaney. It is known that he had charge of the works at the mouth of the river for quite a long time, and it is believed they were finished under his supervision.

Captain Swift was regarded as one of the ablest engineer officers in the army, and, though dying quite young, left behind him a reputation second to none in that branch of the service.

It is a remarkable fact that, notwithstanding its exposed position to the Federal fleet, no general engagement occurred at Fort Caswell during the four years' war. The fort was of great service, however, in defending the main bar and the garrison at Smithville, although the fighting was confined to an occasional artillery duel with the United States blockading fleet.

The defenses of Oak Island during the War between the States were composed of Forts Caswell and Campbell, the latter a large earth fort situated about one mile down the beach from Fort Caswell, and Battery Shaw, with some other small works, all at the close of the war under the command of Col. Charles H. Simonton. With Colonel Simonton were the following members of his staff: Capt. E. S. Martin, chief of ordnance and artillery; Capt. Booker Jones, commissary; Capt. H. C. Whiting, quartermaster, and Captain Booker, assistant adjutant general.

Fort Fisher fell about nine o'clock Sunday night, January 15, 1865; and by midnight orders had been received at Fort Caswell to send the garrisons of that fort and Fort Campbell down the beach and into the woods before daylight in order to conceal them from the Federal fleet. The troops were immediately withdrawn from the forts, and under cover of darkness marched away. Orders were also received to spike the guns in those two forts and destroy the ammunition as far as possible. Accordingly, during Monday, the 16th of January, the chief of ordnance and artillery, Capt. E. S. Martin, was employed with the ordnance force of the forts in carrying out this order, preparing to burn the barracks—large wooden structures built outside and around Fort Caswell—and to blow up the magazines.

About one o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, January 17th, the order came to evacuate and blow up the magazines. Thereupon Col. C. H. Simonton, Lieut. Col. John D. Taylor,

and Capt. Booker Jones, who had remained up to this time, departed, leaving Captain Martin to destroy the barracks and forts. The buildings without the fort and the citadel within were at once set on fire and were soon blazing from top to bottom. Trains had been laid during the day to each of the seven magazines at Fort Caswell and the five magazines at Fort Campbell, and under the lurid glare of the burning buildings the match was applied to the trains, and magazine after magazine exploded with terrific report. One of the magazines in Fort Caswell contained nearly one hundred thousand pounds of powder, and when it exploded the volume of sound seemed to rend the very heavens, while the earth trembled, the violence of the shock being felt in Wilmington, thirty miles distant, and even at Fayetteville, more than one hundred miles away. The sight was grand beyond description. Amidst this sublime and impressive scene the flag of Fort Caswell was for the last time hauled down. It was carried away by Captain Martin, who, with his men, silently departed, the last to leave the old fort, which for four long years of war had so effectively guarded the main entrance to the river.

In reply to my request through Senator Overman for particulars of the present defenses at Fort Caswell, which has been made one of the most important military posts on our coast, the Assistant Secretary of War says:

"Fort Caswell is situated in Brunswick County, North Carolina, about two miles from Southport and twenty-two miles from Wilmington. The military reservation includes Oak Island and contains an area of 2,325 acres. It is the headquarters of the coast defenses of the Cape Fear, and is garrisoned by three companies of the Coast Artillery Corps. It is commanded by Col. Charles A. Bennett, Coast Artillery Corps.

"The armament of the post consists of mortars, direct and rapid-fire guns, and includes a mine defense.

"The batteries have been named in honor of Richard Caswell, a distinguished member of the Continental Congress, an officer of the Revolutionary Army, and first Governor of

the State of North Carolina; of the late Capt. Alexander J. Swift, Corps of Engineers, who was employed upon the construction of Fort Caswell, and who died of disease contracted in the field during the Mexican War; of the late Ensign Worth Bagley, United States Navy, of North Carolina, killed in action at Cardenas, Cuba, May 11, 1898; of the late First Lieut. William E. Shipp, Tenth Cavalry, killed at the battle of San Juan, Cuba; of Surgeon William S. Madison, Third United States Infantry, who was killed May 14, 1821, in action with the Indians near Fort Howard, Wisconsin; of First Lieut. Patrick McDonough, Corps of Artillery, United States Army, who was killed August 15, 1814, at the battle of Fort Erie, Canada; and of Capt. Henry McKavett, Eighth United States Infantry, who was killed September 21, 1846, at the battle of Monterey, Mexico."

THE COASTAL CANAL.

A great coastal canal system which will ultimately connect Boston with the Rio Grande entirely through inland waters is of importance to the commerce of the Cape Fear River, as it is to all the seaboard of the Union. Such a project has received the approval of many of the most thoughtful statesmen of the country, and a beginning has already been made towards its accomplishment. The Cape Cod Canal, constructed by private means, is already finished, and it shortens the distance by water from Boston to New York seventy miles, while it eliminates many of the dangers of the old route. The Government has determined to secure possession of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal with the purpose of converting it into a ship canal connecting the two great bays. A Government ship canal has been opened from Norfolk to Beaufort, and at various points along the coast canals are either in course of construction or have been surveyed by the Board of Engineers and recommended to Congress for construction.

The link from the Cape Fear River to the northward, it was hoped, might start above Wilmington, but the surveys

showed difficulties that were avoided by a sea-level canal through the sounds, reaching the river by Telford's Creek.

R. A. Parsley, J. A. Taylor, Hugh MacRae, and M. W. Divine, among others, have been active and prominent in presenting the arguments in favor of the construction of the link from the Cape Fear River; and we can reasonably expect that at no distant day this important aid to the commerce of Wilmington will be determined upon by the Federal Government, and when opened its advantages will be of immense benefit to the city.

While the Senators and Representatives in Congress from the State, especially the members from this section, have been keenly alive to the advantages that will accrue from the construction of this inland waterway, the work of Hon. John H. Small, the member from the first district, has been of unexcelled importance. He has indeed been the genius and guardian spirit of the inland waterway improvement from its inception, and he is entitled to first distinction in the acknowledgments of all patriotic people who recognize public service unselfishly and effectively rendered. He piloted the project through the shoals and snags of increasing and innumerable difficulties with untiring zeal and discretion, and this tribute is paid with a grateful sense of appreciation and admiration. He conceived a project national in scope, and has been actuated by no considerations of local advantage; his honors will grow with the progress of the work until his name will be known and his worth recognized from the North Atlantic to the Gulf.

THE CITY AND PORT OF WILMINGTON.

The development of the port and city of Wilmington during the last decade has been in line with the general progress of the country at large, and perhaps somewhat ahead of it. The improvement of the streets and the building of tall structures along the principal thoroughfares denote a new era for the old Colonial town, which emerged so slowly from the shadows of the War between the States.

Prior to the year 1877, the city of Wilmington had been for years governed by a Board of Commissioners or a Board of Aldermen, elected by the people. In the year 1877, for financially important reasons, the General Assembly provided for a Board of Audit and Finance, to be appointed by the Governor, giving the body so named and constituted almost exclusive control of the revenue and expenditures of the city. Under this dual system, which worked with very little friction, and always in the line of economy, the affairs of the city were managed until 1907, when in authorizing an issue of $900,000 in bonds for water and sewerage and for street improvement, the General Assembly established two additional boards, a Water and Sewerage Commission and a Street Commission. In 1909 still another was added, a Police and Fire Commission. Under this state of affairs there were four separately constituted boards managing different departments of the municipality, with resulting clash of authority and responsibility. Over them all, the Board of Audit and Finance held control of the purse strings.

The inconvenience of transacting business with so many departments managing the affairs of the city without coordination, and naturally therefore with lack of economy, became so apparent that at an election, when the question was submitted, the people almost unanimously adopted the commission form of government. In 1911, a council of five members superseded all of the boards previously existing, and for nearly three years the city has been under this form of government. Although some good has been accomplished

by simplifying governmental methods, much more might be done, it is believed, by the employment of a municipal manager, as is being done in some other cities, and by following more closely the methods adopted by business corporations.

The commission form of municipal government has not proved a success except in cases where notorious graft prevailed, and the tendency of municipal reform seems to be upon the lines adopted successfully by the Germans of having trained managers and concentrated control. As Price Collier says: "No state can make men. No state can produce wealth and worth. These three—men, and wealth, and worth—are produced, and produced only, where men measure themselves against men for the mastery over the fruits of the earth, without adventitious aids of any kind, and under the protection of laws that all make and all obey. Our mistakes and our political troubles have mostly arisen from a wrong interpretation of 'government by the people.' It has never meant, and can never be successful when it is interpreted as meaning, that each individual shall take an active part in government. This is the catch-penny doctrine preached from the platform by the demagogue. The real spirit of 'government by the people' is merely that they should at all times have control, and keep control, of their governors.

"It is only in politics that we grope blindly amongst primitive methods for a solution of the problems of government. It must be a poor race which can not throw up from the mass of men a certain number whose wealth, leisure, and ability fit them for the work of governing; just as others amongst us are best fitted to bake, or brew, or teach, or preach, or make clothes or hats, or to dig in the fields. To say that every man is fitted to govern is to hark back to the days when every man was his own huntsman, fisherman, cook, and tailor. We have millions in America who are just learning the alphabet of free government, and they are still flattered by political parasites with loud voices and leather larynxes. Our parliaments and assemblies have too large a proportion, not of the brawn and brains that have made America a great nation in fifty years, but the semi-successful, the slippery and re-

sourceful who live on the people, and by the people, and for themselves.

"He is but a mean American who believes that this will last. The time approaches when Americans will slough off this hampering political clothing, and insist upon being governed by the best amongst them, by the wisest amongst them, by the successful amongst them, and not by those whose living is derived by governing others because they can not govern themselves. It is not because we are fools that the present condition continues, it is because we are weighed down with the responsibilities of nation-making. We have succeeded commercially and in all material ways marvelously. In fifty years we have become the rival of the strongest, and the commercial portent to which every finger in Europe points. Let this same energy be turned upon setting our local politics in order and the change in government will be as complete, and come as quickly, as in other matters. We have allowed our idlers to govern, *with a splendid honor roll of exceptions;* we shall ere long insist that our ablest shall take their places in the good old Saxon way."

Arthur J. Brinton, in the *Dispatch,* says: "When James Bryce, late British Ambassador to the United States, a keen, acute, and brilliant observer of American affairs, wrote a quarter of a century ago that the Americans knew how to do some things well, but did not know how to run their city governments, the observation hurt. Here is Mr. Bryce's exact language: 'There is no denying that the government of cities is the one conspicuous failure of the United States. The deficiencies of the National Government tell but little for evil on the welfare of the people. The faults of the State governments are insignificant compared with the extravagance, corruption, and mismanagement which mark the administration of most of the great cities. There is not a city with a population exceeding two hundred thousand where the poison germs have not sprung into a vigorous life. In some of the smaller ones, down to seventy thousand, it needs no microscope to note the results of their growth.'

"Such criticism stung. American cities, feeling the wound,

have sought a soothing salve for their hurt feelings in revolutionizing the form of their city governments. Mayors have served them ill; municipal officials have been corrupt. Away with them! Let us get our city governments on a business basis; let us run them as we run our private business!

"The latest development of the reform movement in American cities is the municipal-manager idea. The manager is not a mayor, in that he is not elected but appointed, but he has all of the powers of a mayor. His business, as his title implies, is to 'run' a city, to manage it, to get from the expenditure of money which it necessarily makes the best possible results. Logically, the city-manager idea is an outcome of the now familiar commission-government scheme. By the latter the government of a city is entrusted into the hands of a board of elected officials.

"The usual form of commission government provides for the election of a certain number of commissioners from the city at large, who, in turn, elect one of their number to act as mayor and who divide with one another the administration of the city departments. One commissioner may take charge of the police department, another of the fire department, a third of the health department, and so on. Having a limited number of members of the commission, usually only five, has been the customary practice, in order to concentrate responsibility of government. Another object in limiting the number of commissioners is to obtain a 'short ballot'; that is, a limited number of officials to be elected, placing the duty and responsibility of appointing others on those elected and holding the latter to strict accountability.

"The city manager is primarily a man chosen to run the business of a city on the same lines of efficiency and economy which he would adopt if he were running it as a private business of his own. In this respect it follows the European (especially the German) method of obtaining good municipal government. A few years ago the city of Staunton, Va., being constitutionally barred from the adoption of the commission plan, appointed a city manager to run the city, subject to the

policy-determining action of the city council. In June, 1912, Sumter, S. C., with about ten thousand population, voted three to one in favor of a city manager in conjunction with the city commission (three commissioners).

"The latest and biggest of the places to appoint a city manager is Dayton, the busy Ohio city of 116,577 inhabitants, according to the latest census. Dayton hired Henry M. Waite, formerly city engineer of Cincinnati, to run its affairs after Colonel Goethals, the digger of the Panama Canal, had declined the position. Waite is well known in Dayton for his efficient work during the flood time last spring."

The present mayor of Wilmington, Parker Quince Moore, is a worthy descendant of the leading spirits of the Colonial Cape Fear described by the British Governor Burrington in his official dispatches to the Home Government as the "pestiferous Moore family," who vexed the Royal Government at Brunswick by their revolutionary tendencies, and later, on the 19th of February, 1766, advocated the first armed resistance on the American continent to the authority of their Sovereign Lord, King George, when 450 men of the Cape Fear, led by George Moore, of Orton, and Cornelius Harnett, of Wilmington, surrounded Governor Tryon's palace at Russellboro, on the Cape Fear, and demanded with arms in their hands the surrender of the stamp-master and the odious emblems of his authority.

Mayor Moore is not only to the manner born, but his business training, his patriotic spirit, and the charm of his pleasing personality have established him in the respect and confidence of all classes of our people. To my request for an expression of his observations of municipal government he has kindly responded as follows:

"For some years there has been an increasing demand in this country for better municipal government, and, if the views attributed to an eminent statesman—that we had the worst-governed municipalities in the world—is even approximately correct, there is need for change. While we may not be quite prepared to accede to so severe an arraignment, many of us are fully convinced that the ordinary government

of our cities and towns is very far from being noticeable for the effective and economic management usually prevailing in other corporations.

"The first move made in the direction of advantageous change was in Galveston, where what has been popularly called the commission form of government was first instituted. Several hundred cities have since undertaken this method, and as a step forward in the betterment of conditions it is to be highly approved. While not all cities or towns had so wide a margin as Galveston, between corruption and extravagance on the one hand and honest administration on the other, upon which to work, and while therefore the changes made elsewhere have not indicated the same tremendous improvement, it is unquestionably true that there has been a general and decided tendency towards a higher standard in municipal government. That the commission form of government is not in itself a panacea for all ills of municipalities has been ascertained and is admitted, but the method permits of more opportunities for improvement, and offers a better basis upon which to promote the interest of taxpayers, who may be likened to stockholders in a corporation, except that they secure dividends through savings rather than from profits.

"In our own city, the new government had a small field for accomplishment, as the previous ones had been economic and conservative—possibly a little too conservative. It was the result of the infliction on the city of too many commissions, though the establishment of these was due to a desire for the abolition of harmful politics, and was attributable to an effort in the direction of better things. The form as we now have it was intended to simplify and improve. This it has done, but there is more to be accomplished. We should advance further by making our council more of a legislative and less of an executive body, and by consolidating departmental management under one responsible head, following the method forced by experience on all commercial corporations. The appointment of a city manager, having charge of executive and administrative work, subject to the legislative control of the council, would, in my judgment, unify the work of the

government, promote harmony of operation, secure economy and effectiveness (which is practically the same thing) and while not interfering with the right of the people to select their own rulers, would secure management which would approve itself in lower taxes, higher efficiency, less deference to selfish interests. Several cities are trying out the manager plan, already successful in other countries, and it is more than probable that all will adopt it eventually."

J. Allan Taylor, Esq., one of our most eminent publicists and logicians, whose experience as an alderman of the City of Wilmington in former years increases the weight of his excellent opinion, has expressed to me his view of municipal government in the following words:

"An eminent English commentator has observed that our Federal and State governments are as excellent as our municipal governments are bad, and the truth of this criticism is evidenced by our persistent efforts to better city government, and our failure to achieve any marked success is perhaps traceable to inadequate comprehension of the essential differences between general and local government, and until this difference is rightly estimated no accepted criterion for efficient city government can be expected.

"Among the expedients tried for the betterment of city government is the commission form, but the principle of this form of administration is but indifferently understood and worse applied. The principle proceeds upon the true conception of municipal government—that the nearer government comes to the control of the citizen in both life and property the more closely it should approach industrial corporate management, and the expedient has proved successful just in the degree that its true conception has been appreciated and its true principle applied. The political element is so ever-present and persistent that capable administration can obtain only under conditions of civic pride and sense of property responsibility, and when it is remembered that of our municipal electorate only about four per cent represent real property owners, the difficulty of administering city govern-

ment on a business basis would seem an all but insoluble problem.

"In regard to our local government, we have never had the commission form except in name, and the opportunity for giving the theory a practical test was lost when political pressure proved strong enough to dictate the terms of legislative enactment, so that the present system is distinguishable from our old form of aldermanic government only as respects the payment of salary to councilmen and the shearing of the mayor of all magisterial power. Ward lines still mark the political influence that shape the system, a condition thoroughly inconsistent with the choosing of councilmen with the single idea of fitness, and this is the rock on which our experiment has been wrecked. With ward lines abolished there is reason to believe that it would be possible to elect men at large qualified to administer the government on business principles, provided the duties of councilmen were made directorial and the salary eliminated.

"The ability of the city to pay salaries commensurate with the undivided services of capable men is obviously impossible, and the only practical alternative is the making of the office of councilman an honorarium. The commission form of government thrives just in proportion as the politician is absent and the business man present."

CAPE FEAR NEWSPAPERS.

If we may believe the historian Williamson, the Lords Proprietors and the Royal Governors during their administration of affairs were extremely hostile to the establishment of newspapers in the colony. Doubtless they knew well the power of an unfettered press, and dreaded its influence upon the minds of the people. Nor did the circumstances and conditions of the early times offer any financial inducement for establishing a printing house. It was not until 1749 that a press was set up in the colony. In that year James Davis erected one at New Bern; and in 1755, some postoffices being then established by which newspapers could be distributed,

Davis began the publication of a paper in that town. It was called the *North Carolina Gazette,* and was printed on a small sheet, and issued weekly.

The second press set up in North Carolina was at Wilmington, in 1763, by Andrew Stewart, who printed a paper called the *Cape Fear Gazette and Wilmington Advertiser.* That paper was discontinued in 1767, but was succeeded the same year by the *Cape Fear Mercury,* published by Adam Boyd. Boyd was a man of versatile talents, an Englishman, but a true friend to the Colonies. He was a member of the Committee of Safety for the town of Wilmington, in 1775, and was a prominent member of the Committee of Correspondence. In 1776 he entered the ministry and was appointed a chaplain of the Continental line.

We have no means of knowing how long the *Mercury* existed, nor have we been able to find copies of any other publications prior to 1818. In that year, Mr. David Smith, jr., father of the late Col. Wm. L. Smith, formerly mayor of the City of Wilmington, commenced the publication of the *Cape Fear Recorder,* which continued under his management until 1835, when Mr. Archibald Maclaine Hooper succeeded him. Mr. Hooper had fine, scholarly attainments and was fond of the classics. He had the pen of a ready writer, and his style was characterized by ease and elegance. He was felicitous in expression, and clothed his ideas in language chaste and beautiful. He was a near relative of William Hooper, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, and he was the father of Johnson Hooper, so well known to fame as the author of *Simon Suggs, Taking the Census,* and other humorous works. For a number of years the *Recorder* was the only paper published in this part of the State. The next paper established was the *Wilmington Advertiser.*

About the year 1834, Mr. Henry S. Ellinwood came to Wilmington, and assumed the editorial chair of the *Advertiser.* He was an educated gentleman, and fitted for the duties of a journalist. He courted the muses with considerable success, and much of his work gave ample evidence of wit and fancy, and *belles-lettres* culture. His connection with

the paper was, however, very brief, as he died suddenly a short time after taking charge. After his death the paper was purchased by Mr. Joshua Cochrane, of Fayetteville, and conducted by him until the summer of 1836, when he died and Mr. F. C. Hill became the editor and proprietor, and continued its publication until about the year 1842, when it ceased to exist.

Contemporary with the *Advertiser* was the *People's Press,* a paper published by P. W. Fanning and Thomas Loring, the latter being the editor-in-chief, which position he held for some time, when he disposed of his interest and purchased the *Standard,* the organ of the Democratic party of the State, issued at Raleigh, and he removed to that city. There he brought to the discharge of his duties great energy, perseverance, marked ability, and a thorough familiarity with political history. He was a man of sanguine temperament and a warm partisan, and in the excitement of controversy often indulged in expressions towards his political opponents, which, in his calmer moments, his judgment condemned. He wielded a political influence, at one time, second to but few men in the State, and was an acknowledged leader of his party, but differing from them in 1842 in regard to their course towards the banks of the State, he retired from the position he held rather than continue to hold it at the sacrifice of his independence. Returning to Wilmington, he established the *Commercial,* which he conducted for a number of years, until failing health compelled him to discontinue it.

The *Wilmington Chronicle* was established about the year 1838, by Asa A. Brown. It was an exponent of the principles of the Whig party, and advanced them with great zeal and ability. Mr. Brown was a capable editor, a good writer, and a man of more than ordinary ability. In 1851, he disposed of the paper to Talcott Burr, jr., who changed its name to the *Wilmington Herald.*

Under his management, the *Herald* became one of the leading papers in the State, and but for his untimely death in 1858, would have taken rank with any in the South.

Mr. Burr's peculiar characteristics as a writer were his

ready wit and sparkling humor, overlaying a deep vein of strong, impulsive feeling. Quick, vivid, and flashing, never missing its point, yet never striking to wound, abounding in gay and pleasant fancies, and always warm and genial as the summer air, his wit and humor touched the commonest topic of everyday life, and imbued it with new and charming attractiveness. He was struck down by the shaft of the great Destroyer in the prime of life and in the midst of an active, useful, and honorable career.

After his death, his brothers, C. E. and R. Burr, carried on the paper for a year or two, when it passed into the hands of A. M. Waddell, and ceased to exist on the breaking out of the war.

The *Wilmington Journal:* In the year 1844, Alfred L. Price and David Fulton, under the firm name of Fulton & Price, issued the first number of the *Wilmington Journal,* a paper destined to exercise a controlling influence for many years upon the political questions of the day. The editorial department was under the control of Mr. Fulton and was very ably conducted until his death, which occurred a year or two after the establishment of the paper, when his brother, James Fulton, took charge of its management.

James Fulton was no ordinary man. He possessed a vigorous intellect and a clear judgment, was quick at repartee, and prompt to take advantage of any point exposed by an adversary; but he was always courteous, and rarely indulged in personalities. He wrote with great ease, and his style was chaste, graceful, and vigorous. He had humor, too, and it bubbled up continually, not that keen, pungent wit that stings and irritates, but that which provokes merriment by droll fancies and quaint illustrations. He read much, and remembered what he read, and could utilize it effectively.

The *Journal* quickly became a power in the State. In this section particularly, its influence was unbounded. Mr. Fulton died in the early part of the year 1866, and was succeeded as editor by Maj. J. A. Engelhard, who sustained the high reputation the paper had acquired. Upon the retirement of Mr. Alfred L. Price, about 1873, Col. Wm. L. Saun-

ders became connected with the paper, the firm being Engelhard and Saunders, an intellectual combination in journalism seldom surpassed.

During the troublous times after the close of the war, the utterances of the *Journal* were manly, outspoken, and fearless in condemnation of measures regarded as oppressive to our people. The editors practiced no temporizing policy, but boldly uttered what their convictions prompted them to declare. The paper continued thus until 1876, when adverse circumstances caused its suspension as a daily. It was then published as a weekly, the name, *Wilmington Journal,* being retained by Josh T. James, the new editor and proprietor.

But few copies of the earlier papers published in Wilmington are now in existence. Of some, not a copy can be found, hence there may be, and doubtless are, omissions in the present list.

The *Wilmington Post*, a Republican paper, was established in 1866, but about 1872 was discontinued.

The *North Carolina Presbyterian,* weekly, was first established in Fayetteville, January 1, 1858, the Rev. Geo. McNeill and the late Bartholomew Fuller being the editors. It was removed to Wilmington in November, 1874, John McLaurin becoming the editor and proprietor. Mr. McLaurin, who was one of our most exemplary Christian citizens, and a gentleman of fine attainments, continued its publication in Wilmington for about twenty-five years, when he sold it to a Charlotte publishing company, which disposed of it later to Dr. A. J. McKelway of Charlotte, where it has been published as the *Presbyterian Standard.*

The *Wilmington Sun* had a place in the morning field of Wilmington journalism, and although shortlived, having its beginning in September, 1879, and its end in April, 1880, it left a pleasing memory in the community, which held in the highest esteem its able editor, Mr. Cicero W. Harris, and his capable staff, Mrs. Cicero W. Harris, Mr. Wade H. Harris, and Mr. Harry P. Russell.

For some years prior to 1879, Mr. and Mrs. Harris, who were of Oxford, N. C., were conspicuous in Wilmington

for their literary attainments. Mr. Harris was for some time editor of the *Star,* and Mrs. Harris, who was a woman of most attractive personality and of remarkable energy, published a magazine, the *South Atlantic,* which might have prospered but for the financial depression of the times.

Col. Wade H. Harris, the present editor of the Charlotte *Observer,* although a mere youth at the time, served as local editor on the *Sun,* and today speaks of his experiences and training in Wilmington in the warmest terms of appreciation.

Mr. Harry P. Russell shared with Mrs. Harris the duties of the business office. He was a young man of fine attainments, and later was prominently connected with the New York Sugar Exchange and amassed a comfortable fortune. He died in Orange, N. J., some six years ago.

The *Sun* was printed by Messrs. Jackson & Bell, the well-known printers of Wilmington, and had as its capable foreman, Mr. Thomas T. Seeders, whose make-up was said to be the best in the State.

The *Africo-American Presbyterian,* published in the interest of the colored members of that denomination, by Rev. D. J. Saunders, a colored man of remarkable attainments, lived for several years.

The *North Carolina Medical Journal* was established by Dr. Thomas F. Wood in January, 1878. It was a monthly publication, ably edited and of great value to the profession.

The *Morning Star,* the State's oldest daily newspaper, was founded September 23, 1867, by William H. Bernard, who came from his home in Fayetteville, N. C., just at the close of the war, and, on October 1, 1865, with the late Col. John D. Barry, began the publication of the old *Wilmington Dispatch,* a morning daily newspaper with its offices of publication on the south side of Market Street, between Front and Second Streets. The copartnership existing between Messrs. Bernard and Barry lasted but a few months, and there was a dissolution of the firm, each partner assuming his share of the liabilities. Major Bernard took charge of the job printing department of the business and Colonel Barry continued the

publication of the newspaper, which, after two or three years, suspended publication.

The job office included in its equipment the first press on which the *Morning Star* was printed. Major Bernard removed his part of the business to a room over a grocery store, then conducted by Edwards & Hall, on Water Street, between Market and Dock. He did job printing exclusively for several months, but on September 23, 1867, began the publication of the *Star,* which was conducted for some months as an evening paper, but later took the morning field. It has remained in the newspaper firmament of the State until this day, while other papers, started at intervals since, during all these years, have one after another dropped from the morning constellation for various reasons.

The installation of a faster press necessitated a removal of the plant to what is now known as the Custom House Alley, where it was published for nearly ten years. In 1876 the *Star* was removed from that location to Nos. 10 and 11, Princess Street, once an inn of the earlier Cape Fear period. The building at one time housed the late Joseph Jefferson, who, with his theatrical company, came from New York in a sailing vessel, playing in the local theatre and making trips by vessel to the larger port cities of the two Carolinas, maintaining permanent headquarters in Wilmington.

The predominant characteristic of the *Star* under the administration of Major Bernard was its intense loyalty to the Democratic party. Though conservative, it was not unmindful of the need of party reform from time to time. Its greatest service was perhaps during what is known as the "White Government Campaign" in North Carolina in 1898, culminating in the Wilmington Revolution of the same year. Major Bernard never sought office, though for 27 years he was a member of the State Democratic Executive Committee, and, for a part of the time, a member of the Advisory Sub-Committee of the party organization in the State.

On May 1, 1909, on account of impaired health and a desire to retire from active journalism, Major Bernard sold the paper to the present owners, The Wilmington Star Com-

pany, Inc., composed of some of the leading Wilmington business men, the incorporators being James Sprunt, H. C. McQueen, M. J. Corbett, Col. Walker Taylor, D. C. Love, C. W. Yates, Wm. H. Sprunt, Capt. John W. Harper, J. A. Springer, W. E. Springer, the late James H. Chadbourn, James H. Carr, Joseph E. Thompson, Maj. Wm. H. Bernard, and his son, William Stedman Bernard, the last two named having retained a small interest in the business largely for sentimental reasons.

Upon the purchase of the property by the new owners, in 1909, the paper was moved to quarters fitted up for it in the Orton Building, a perfecting press was installed, and new typesetting machines were added. Within the next four years the paper about doubled its circulation in Wilmington and tributary counties in eastern North Carolina and upper South Carolina. It has devoted its energies for the most part since that time to the educational and moral advancement of the community, to an advocacy of a commission form of government, an enforcement of law, and the general upbuilding of the community. This year (1914), its business having outgrown its former quarters, an eligible site has been purchased from the Murchison estate, and the paper has moved into a home of its own on Chestnut Street, overlooking the U. S. postoffice grounds and in close proximity to the business district of the city. With the removal into its new home, a modern perfecting, stereotyping press has been added to its equipment and other improvements have been made.

Financially, the paper has prospered and was never upon a sounder basis. The outlook for the future is all that could be desired, and coming years are expected to justify fully the faith that has inspired the present owners.

The *Wilmington Messenger,* which was founded by Julius A. Bonitz, was removed to Wilmington from Goldsboro in May, 1887, at the solicitation of a number of Wilmington's most influential business men, and the first issue was printed June 29th of the same year in the old Journal Building on Princess Street. Mr. Bonitz was induced to move to Wilmington, after his plant had twice been destroyed by fire

within a few years. It was said that he gave Wilmington the most progressive Democratic daily paper of its period. He continued as owner and editor up to the time of his death, February 7, 1891, and on April 5th of the same year the plant and good will were purchased under foreclosure by Messrs. J. W. Jackson and Benjamin Bell, and the paper was published under the firm name of Jackson & Bell.

The *Messenger* was printed without missing a single issue from Mr. Bonitz's death until it was taken over by the new proprietors, and it was continued as an eight-page publication.

The paper under its new ownership was improved from time to time, and for many years was one of the best edited and most influential newspapers in eastern North Carolina. As a leader in the campaign for white supremacy in 1898, under the editorship of Dr. T. B. Kingsbury, the *Messenger* did commendable service and was recognized throughout the State as a powerful factor in aiding the Democratic party to accomplish the political reforms of this period.

The *Messenger* suspended publication June 5, 1907, after serving well its day and generation for twenty years. The proprietors discontinued the paper in order to give closer attention to the job department of the plant, this feature of the business having greatly increased and having become more profitable than the newspaper.

The *Evening Review* was published in Wilmington for several years by its founder, editor, and proprietor, the late Joshua T. James, a prominent member of one of the old substantial families of the Cape Fear noted for its intelligence and refinement, its public spirit and unselfish devotion to the best interests of our people. Mr. James was a born journalist, alert, intelligent, with the old-time urbanity which was a family characteristic. Emerging from the four years' war, he served for years on the old *Journal* staff, and then, without the necessary means, he bravely undertook a task beset with difficulties and which at times seemed insurmountable—the establishment of an evening daily newspaper.

The *Review* was a clean, dignified newspaper, ably edited. It had the good will of our community, and the lamented

death of its proprietor cut short the honorable career of one of the builders of a better Wilmington. It lived from December, 1875, until July, 1898.

On the death of Mr. James, the following tribute was paid him by his contemporary, the editor of the *Star:*

It is painful for the *Star* to chronicle the death of Mr. Josh T. James, a prominent citizen of Wilmington, and one of the best-known newspaper men in North Carolina. He passed away yesterday morning at 4 o'clock at his home on Third and Grace Streets. For several years he has had attacks of inflammatory rheumatism and during the past six months has been a great sufferer. About six weeks ago he took to his bed, and he constantly declined till the end came.

Joshua Tillinghast James was the eldest son of the late Mr. John S. James. He was born in Wilmington, February 3, 1839, having reached the 60th year of his age on the 3rd of last February.

Mr. James received his education principally at the Wilmington Institute, of which the late Mr. L. Meginney was principal. When quite a young man he developed a talent for journalism and prior to the War between the States was employed on the local staff of the *Wilmington Herald,* an influential Whig paper, owned and edited by the late Messrs. C. E. and R. Burr, brothers of the late gifted Col. Jas. G. Burr. At the beginning of the war, in 1861, he entered the Confederate service and was second lieutenant of the Wilmington Rifle Guards, commanded by Capt. O. P. Meares, afterwards judge of the Criminal Court. He went with the company to aid in the seizure of Fort Caswell at the beginning of hostilities. He served on the South Carolina coast awhile, and at the expiration of twelve months, for which period he had enlisted, he reënlisted in a cavalry company commanded by Capt. Andrew McIntire. Having caught cold while in camp in South Carolina, his hearing was so seriously affected that he was detailed to the Quartermaster's Department of the Confederate States Government at this place. He was unwilling to accept a discharge, desiring to serve his country as best he could. He was an enthusiastic and devoted adherent of the Confederate cause. The injury which his hearing received in the service lasted him through life.

At the conclusion of the War between the States Mr. James engaged in the real estate business with Capt. T. D. Meares, of this city, under the firm name of James & Meares. Subsequently he reëntered journalism, and was local editor of that staunch and fearless paper, the *Daily Journal,* having succeeded his brother, the late Capt. John C. James, the latter retiring from the staff of the *Journal* to engage in other business. For awhile after the war Mr. James also did work on the *Daily Post,* a Republican paper, but always a firm Democrat he had it distinctly understood that he was

only to write of matters not connected with politics. He also served for awhile on a paper called the *Herald of the Union*, published by a Northern man.

In the seventies Mr. James established the *Daily Review*, an afternoon paper, which he kept up till a year ago, when he suspended on account of bad health.

Mr. James was a vigorous and fearless writer, and was a staunch Democrat and a devoted son of North Carolina. He despised sham and was a man of firm character, positive manner, and unbending integrity.

The *Evening Dispatch* was begun the 10th of January, 1895, upon the "commonwealth basis" by four printers with very slender pecuniary means, who agreed to work without any compensation until the venture was established upon a paying foundation. After two months' struggle one of the four partners died, and the three survivors secured the services of Mr. R. K. Bryan as editor. For two years the paper had a precarious existence, and dire necessity forced two of the promoters into more remunerative employment. The survivor, Mr. R. P. McClammy, became the sole proprietor, and now after nineteen years of changing fortune he has established it upon a sound paying basis, with a competent staff of enterprising men under his efficient leadership. It has grown from a mere handbill of local items to its present respectable dimensions, and from its original dingy quarters into a home of its own which was specially designed for larger growth and influence. Recently it has been equipped with modern facilities, and its patronage as the only evening daily is increasing by leaps and bounds. Mr. R. P. McClammy is the proprietor, Mr. James H. Cowan is editor, and Mr. William E. Lawson is city editor.

Dr. T. B. Kingsbury.

A chapter on newspapers on the Lower Cape Fear in these Chronicles would be incomplete without particular reference to the career of our veteran journalist and scholar, the late Dr. Theodore B. Kingsbury, whose memory is venerated by those who were his contemporaries, and by our citizens generally, who regarded him with great respect and admiration.

We learn from Captain Ashe's fine tribute in his Biographical History of North Carolina, that early in life after Mr. Kingsbury left the University of North Carolina, "he published a literary weekly at Oxford, North Carolina, under the name of the *Leisure Hour,* which attracted much attention and drew high commendation from John R. Thompson, editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger,* then the most meritorious literary magazine published in the South, and from Paul H. Hayne, the poet, then editing *Russell's Magazine,* a large monthly of genuine merit published in Charleston, South Carolina, and from other gifted editors. In June of 1859 he was elected to the chair of literature in Trinity College, but his thoughts and religious fervor led him into another field, and he entered the ministry, and continued in that calling until July, 1869. It was about that time, in March, 1869, that he was employed as an associate editor of the *Raleigh Sentinel,* then conducted by Hon. Josiah Turner, and for two years and more he continued in that capacity. While on the *Sentinel,* a momentous crisis in public affairs was precipitated by the Republican administration of the State, and Josiah Turner, with unequaled boldness, made the *Sentinel* the champion of free government and of the traditional liberties of the people. No greater service was ever performed by any press than that rendered to the people of North Carolina by the *Sentinel.* In those exciting and perilous times Doctor Kingsbury wrote much, and with strength and patriotic fervor, for the editorial columns of the paper, and he deserves to share in the great fame that is so justly awarded to Josiah Turner for his bold and resolute editorial work. On three occasions Doctor Kingsbury declined the editorship of the *Raleigh Christian Advocate,* but he edited *Our Living and Our Dead* for several years, a publication of a high order of merit, begun by Col. S. D. Pool, and he also edited the *Educational Journal* in 1874 and 1875, doing much to advance the cause of public education at that time in North Carolina. His contributions to *Our Living and Our Dead* were noteworthy, especially his literary criticisms. Then in the vigor of manhood, with a fine imagina-

tion and excellent taste, he discussed literary subjects admirably, his dissertations on Tennyson and Sainte Beuve being of especial excellence. For a year or two he was unemployed, and proposed to write the history of the State, for which he was well fitted by his habits of industry and his literary attainments. Circumstances prevented this important undertaking, and about that time he was offered a position as editorial writer on the *Wilmington Star,* and, accepting it, he began a long career of journalism that gave great satisfaction to his friends and the patrons of that paper. He continued with the *Star* for nearly thirteen years, when he became editor of the *Wilmington Messenger,* with which he remained for about as long a period, having had an experience in journalism at Wilmington of more than a quarter of a century. As an editor, Doctor Kingsbury brought to the discussion of his subjects a large store of varied learning, and his productions were read with great avidity by a host of admirers, and received the warm commendation of many of the ablest men and best thinkers of the State. In particular were his literary articles valued by the most cultured among the readers of his papers. The teachers and the professors of the various colleges and the lawyers and ministers of every denomination were generous and unstinted in their praise, while his work was not without the appreciation of the editorial fraternity. His style was clear and perspicuous, elegant in diction and remarkably forceful, and there ran through all of his editorials a strain of patriotism, a love of North Carolina, an appreciation of the excellence of her great men, that was a distinctive characteristic of his work. It had been his fortune to know many of the most important persons of the previous generation, and with pride and pleasure he pointed out time and again their respective merits, and spread on the record their great deeds, which entitled them to fame and to the admiration of their countrymen. In particular was he as an editor at pains to perpetuate the memory of the great feats performed by the North Carolina soldiers in the War between the States, and to instill into the

minds of the present generation a correct understanding of the causes that led to the bloody contest. Indeed, no other editor of the State has been more patriotic than Doctor Kingsbury, and none has excelled him in elegance of diction and in a large vocabulary and literary merit. He retired from the *Messenger* in May, 1902, and since that time he has contributed weekly articles of great merit on a large variety of subjects to the Sunday's issue of the *News and Observer*. Distinctly, Doctor Kingsbury has been a literary man of high polish and capacity, rather than a business man or politician. In his early days he was a Henry Clay Whig, all of his connections being members of that party, but he cared very little for the discussion of political questions until the great matters that agitated the public mind in 1860 challenged his earnest attention, and he then began to study the underlying principles of our Constitution, and became a Democrat, and has never wavered in his devotion to the principles of that party. But while rejoicing in the success of his party and the people of the State, he has never desired to share in party spoils. He had no ambition outside of his chosen field of work, and he declined to seek the office of superintendent of public instruction in 1876, when many of the newspapers brought his name forward in connection with that position; and later, when all of the North Carolina Congressmen offered to secure his appointment to a desirable consulate in England, he again preferred to remain at his editorial desk.

THE WILMINGTON BAR.

The Bar of Wilmington has always been one of strength and power, even from Colonial days. Among the earlier members who stood high were William Hooper and Archibald Maclaine; later, Judge J. G. Wright, William Hill, and William K. Halsey; then Joseph Alston Hill, William B. Meares, and Owen Holmes, followed by William A. Wright and Joshua G. Wright. Just before the war, in addition to the two Wrights, were Lucien Holmes, Thomas Miller, Adam Empie, Mauger London, Eli Hall, John L. Holmes, Oliver P. Meares, Moody B. Smith, Griffith J. McRee, DuBrutz Cutlar, Alfred M. Waddell, and Fred Poisson, and on a somewhat different level from any of these were George Davis, Robert Strange, and Samuel J. Person.

After the war the eloquent voice of Joshua G. Wright was heard no more, but his mantle fell on Charles M. Stedman. Other accessions were the brothers William S. Devane and Duncan J. Devane, Judge Robert French, Duncan K. MacRae, Eugene S. Martin, and Marsden Bellamy. While Mr. William A. Wright was accorded a particular eminence, Mr. Davis, Colonel Strange, and Judge Person were without superiors in the profession anywhere in the Union. No other city of only twenty thousand inhabitants could boast of a Bar of equal strength, eloquence, and learning. And there was never heard any suggestion of scandal among them. The shining lights of that period have passed away, their places being taken by their sons and kinsmen, and others, of excellent learning, fine attainments, and high character. The list as given in the directory reads: John D. Bellamy & Son, Bellamy & Bellamy, William J. Bellamy, Davis & Davis, Rountree & Carr, Herbert McClammy, Eugene S. Martin, E. K. Bryan, Ricaud & Empie, S. W. Empie, W. P. Gafford, Stevens, Beasley, & Weeks, C. L. Grant, F. W. Bonitz, Woodus Kellum, William B. McKoy, MacRae & MacRae, Meares & Ruark, George L. Peschau, T. W. Woody, C. C. Loughlin, and M. Turner.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND CHURCHES IN WILMINGTON.

By W. B. McKoy.

The first public building erected in the town of Wilmington was situated in the intersection of Market and Front Streets. It was built by private contribution, and called the Town House. Under the act incorporating the town, 1739, this building became the county courthouse. I have been informed that it was a brick building, with an open area below paved with brick, and with open archways approached from each street; on the second floor was one large hall, with slate roof. The building was of oval shape and is said to have resembled somewhat in appearance the old Market House which still stands in the streets of Fayetteville. Here town meetings, the Superior Courts, and the General Assembly of the Province were held when they met in the town.

There was no town bell for some time, and a drum was used to assemble people to all meetings. In 1751 a bell was procured, and Mrs. Clay was in the employ of the town for over ten years, to sweep the courthouse above and below, to keep the windows shut, and to ring the bell on necessary occasions.

In 1790 the building was in bad condition, and its situation in the street endangered the spread of fire across the street, and an act was passed requiring that it should be rebuilt, on the same spot, of brick as before, of the same size, shape, and dimensions, and that it was to be used for no other purpose than a courthouse.

In 1840 this building was greatly damaged by fire, and the public records were damaged by water, so that in 1845 they all had to be copied. Many of the deeds and papers were utterly lost at the time, as blank pages of the records now testify.

The next courthouse was built on what was then called the new jail lot, on the north side of Princess Street, between Second and Third Streets. To the west of this new building stood the "stocks and whipping post," in open view from the

street, and they remained there till removed after our late War between the States, an offensive mark of the barbarity of the times to our now squeamish inhabitants, but no honest man had fear of it.

More recently a new courthouse was built on Third Street, between Princess and Market.

The first jail stood where the McRary house now stands, and the old basement walls of that building are said to be a part of that structure, which gave reason for the local gossip that under that house are dungeons. It is now the most historic building in the city, having been the headquarters of Lord Cornwallis and Major Craig during the Revolution. The old DeRosset house opposite, on Market Street, with its quaint chimney stacks, is also a very old building, and this was the Confederate headquarters in our late War between the States.

A new jail was built in the forties, at the northeast corner of Second and Princess Streets. This building still stands, but is hardly recognized under its new dress and modern tasteful exterior, but should one ever probe its massive stone walls, he will find that the heart of the old edifice still stands there. I recall as a small child its massive doors, its cells, and the heavy gratings at the openings and at the steps on each floor, the heavy trap-doors on a level with the floor, the timbers and boards thick and heavy. In my mind I pictured it as resembling the keep of some ancient castle or fortress.

About 1850 a new jail was built on Princess Street, between Third and Fourth.

The market house where meat was sold (not the fish market, for that, known as Mud Market, was at Second and Market, along Jacob's Run, then a considerable stream, where the fish boats came up) stood in the middle of Market Street, halfway between the courthouse and the river. This was a long, one-story brick building, standing there in 1766. The lower end towards the river was rented out by the town as a store, and was once occupied by DeRosset & Brown. It was from the roof of this building that the people of Wilmington, after taking the Stamp Master forcibly from Governor

Tryon's residence, on the south side of Market Street, immediately opposite the market, placed a rope around his neck and threatened to publicly hang him if he did not then and there swear not to distribute the stamps, and to publicly resign his office before the face of royal authority. This building was taken down when the courthouse was removed, and replaced by a long shed in the middle of Market Street, extending from Front Street towards the river, supported by iron pillars and open on all sides. It was paved with brick and fitted with wooden meat stalls and timber sawed into chopping blocks. At the upper end was a stairway leading to a bell tower. Before the war the bell in this tower was rung at nine o'clock, one o'clock, and seven o'clock; and it rang the nine o'clock curfew, which required all slaves without a pass to leave the street.

Another public institution was at Market Dock, the ancient ducking stool, a chair attached to a long piece of timber which could be swung around quite easily on a pivot and ducked into the river, a now forgotten instrument of authority, where the scolds of the town had their morals regulated.

There was but one more building that I can recall belonging to the public. The Innes Academy, later known as the old Academy Building, was a great wooden barn-like structure, with a loft overhead, cold, draughty, and uncomfortable at all seasons. It was in this old building that the comedian Joseph Jefferson began his distinguished career as an actor.

To refer to the church buildings alone would be but to classify the shells; I must, at least, refer to the origin and purpose of the institution of them in our midst, but the space allowed to me only permits a brief reference to each.

There was no organized parish at Cape Fear until the settlers came from South Carolina and brought with them to Brunswick, in 1729, Rev. Mr. John LaPierre, a French Huguenot. He was supplanted by Rev. Mr. Marsden, who became the first minister at St. James' Church. This church was established by an act of the Assembly the 25th of September, 1751: "Whereas, the Church of St. James parish in New Hanover County is by law appointed to be built in the

town of Wilmington—and many well-disposed persons have subscribed liberally thereto, and a further sum is yet necessary to carry on and complete the same," it was provided under the act that the pews should be sold to subscribers, and to quote the act, "which piece or parcel of ground so adjusted and set off, shall be an estate of inheritance to such person or persons, for his and their heirs and assigns forever." Several persons left funds by their wills towards building the church, among them William Farris and John Flavell. The Church of St. James was not finished till after 1768. The building stood partly in Market Street, facing the river, at the corner of Fourth and Market Streets. A picture of this building, as well as other buildings of that period, has been preserved in Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution.

At the time of the Revolution, some of the ministers of the Church of England, bound by oath to the Government, abandoned their flocks. The minister of this parish, Mr. Wills, retired as rector, but he remained in Carolina and on occasions performed marriage ceremonies.

The old church was abandoned, except that several times court was held there, and British troops under Major Craig occupied it. Not until 1795 was it again used as an Episcopal church, when Dr. Solomon Halling was called as the first minister. This building had neither steeple nor belfry, and the town bell was used to call to service. There were three entrances; one faced the river, in line with the present pavement on the south side of Market Street, one opened at the side on Market Street, and one into the graveyard. The aisles were quite broad and paved with square bricks, the pews square and box-like. There was a high reading desk, and a pulpit still higher, from which the congregation could be observed in the pews, furnished with red velvet cushions, and there was a sounding board above the pulpit. A large mahogany table was used for the communion service. This old church was taken down in 1840 and the present church was built, the old bricks and material being used in the new house.

There was no Presbyterian church in Wilmington till after

the Revolution. The Scots had no established church here, but ministers came and preached in their homes, and the Presbyterians were strong on the upper Cape Fear. Rev. James Campbell came here from Pennsylvania, visited his kinsman, Alexander McKay (now we spell the name McKoy) in Anson County, and preached through the Scotch settlements, as did McAden. Rev. Mr. Bingham came to Wilmington as a teacher. He was from County Down, Ireland, a graduate of the University of Glasgow, and became the ancestor of the family of celebrated teachers of his name in the State. There being no service held for years in St. James' Church, he was invited to preach there, which he continued to do till 1795, and afterwards held alternate service there with the minister.

In 1785, devout people of Wilmington desiring some form of public worship and religious service, turned to those who could assist them, and an act was passed (chapter 35, 1785) empowering John Hill, Thomas Wright, John Huske, Thomas Maclaine, Robert Wells, John Bradley, and James Read, Esqrs. (Episcopal families), to receive donations and bequests that had been made for the use of a congregation of the Presbyterian communion, and legally apply the same for the purchasing of ground and the erection of a Presbyterian church or house of worship.

From this inception, that congregation grew, continuing their services in old St. James' Church, alternating during the incumbency of Doctor Halling and Mr. Empie.

In May, 1818, the lot on the east side of Front Street, opposite the present city market, between Dock and Orange Streets, was purchased, and a building erected, the corner-stone being laid by the Masons, but it was destroyed by fire in 1819. It was, however, rebuilt and finished in 1821. The remains of the old session room, back of the church, built in 1840, can still be seen from Front Street. On April 13, 1859, the top of the steeple caught fire from a spark blown by a high wind from a furnace. It was inaccessible and beyond the reach of the fire engine, and crowds of people stood watching the blaze, fanned by the strong wind,

slowly creep down the spire, till, wrapped in flames, it fell crashing upon the roof and the building was doomed.

The present church, on the corner of Third and Orange Streets, was finished in 1861, and is still an ornament to the city. It stands on what was called the "Thunder-and-Lightning Lot," because of an old stable which once stood on this lot, and which was frequently struck by lightning, and even after the church was built there, its spire was repeatedly damaged by lightning. Since the town has been strung with electric wires these powers of the elements are no longer manifested.

The first Baptist congregation in Cape Fear was called the New Lights; they came along our coast from New England and New Jersey. They were fishermen, toiling with their nets by day, preaching in their camps at night, and holding meetings on Sunday. As early as 1762 they had strong settlements in Lockwood's Folly, and at Shallotte. In other parts of the Province the Baptists were very numerous, having come at a much earlier period direct from England. Their handsome church in our city, with its beautiful spire, which would do credit to any city in the world, shows the rapid growth of this sect in our community.

The Wilmington Methodists can claim the honor of having had the Rev. Mr. Whitefield to preach to them as early as 1760, in St. James' Church. This sermon, Governor Tryon remarked, was worthy to be preached in the King's Chapel, in London. We find a deed on record, in 1791, in which Mrs. Ann Sophia Hasell, the widow of the late Chief Justice Hasell, conveys six acres of land on Cabbage Inlet Sound to William Meredith, preacher of the Gospel, and one from William Campbell, for a lot in Wilmington at the corner of Second and Walnut Streets, to erect a building to the worship of Almighty God. The full lot, extending to Front Street, was subsequently acquired by the congregation. Here the Methodist church was built, and the congregation was at first mainly composed of negroes; the whites, being few, made use of the gallery. This church was burned by the fire of 1884, which swept away a large part of the town.

Grace Church, on Mulberry Street, is now the pride of the Methodist denomination.

The Quakers were once established here in early days, but their quiet and unobtrusive ways have left us only a graveyard and no other record of their labors. There they will lie till the Spirit moves them on the great day.

This block where their graveyard stands was on part of a tract belonging to the Campbell heirs in the northern part of the city. They respected the lot and would not sell it, and finally deeded it to the city of Wilmington. The city established in the center of this lot a negro public school, and deeded the four corners of the block to four negro denominations, who have erected churches for themselves upon the property.

The establishment of the first Roman Catholic church here was of later years. Two daughters of Mr. James Usher were educated in St. Joseph's Convent, at Emmitsburg, Maryland, and became converted to that faith. One of them became a nun. The other returned home imbued with the spirit of practicing her faith by her works, and devoted much thought and energy to the upbuilding of her adopted church in Wilmington. She corresponded with the Rev. John England, the eminent Bishop of the Roman Catholic Church in Charleston, invited priests to Wilmington, had services in her parlors for the poor laborers of the town, and finally a fund was raised and a lot on Dock Street was purchased in the name of Wm. A. Berry, Barney Baxter, and others in trust, and the Church of St. Thomas was erected. One of the most consecrated adherents and supporters was the late Mrs. Catherine Fulton, who all her life was a devoted Catholic. The Roman Catholics now have a fine cathedral in the city.

THE NEW CUSTOM HOUSE.

The first Government building at Wilmington, the custom house, was built in 1846. It contained the postoffice, the Federal Court room, and the offices of the collector. In 1891 a new postoffice building was erected. Now a new custom house is being built.

In the year 1902 a bill was introduced in Congress to make New Bern the principal port of North Carolina and Wilmington subsidiary thereto. Whatever may have been the purpose of this action, it was followed by an immediate revival of the commerce of Wilmington as the chief port of North Carolina. One of the arguments in favor of New Bern was the fact that the Wilmington custom house was not paying the cost to the Government of its expenses; the salary of the collector, B. F. Keith, being then $1,000, with commissions increasing it to $1,400 or $1,500. Now the salary is $2,500, and a balance over and above all expenses has been returned to the Treasury Department for several years.

In 1903, the aggregate receipts of the Wilmington custom house were $4,760, the value of exports $14,966,754, and the imports were $290,822. The cost to the Government to collect $1.00 was $1.41. In the year 1913 the aggregate receipts were $24,934, the value of exports $19,510,926, and the imports were $3,460,419. The cost to the Government to collect $1.00 was $0.26.

From the above it appears that the receipts of the port of Wilmington have increased 423 per cent, the value of exports has increased 30 per cent, and the value of imports 1,089 per cent within ten years. The collector of the port during nearly all of that time was B. F. Keith, who has recently resigned, and his successor, Col. Walker Taylor, appointed by President Wilson, has assumed charge. A good account will be given of him, for he is one of our foremost men of a progressive age. Of the former incumbent there is much to be said, particularly with respect to his sagacity and industry in carrying to a successful issue his scheme, supported by our commercial people, for a new Federal building and extensive

grounds in keeping with the dignity of the port of Wilmington.

Collector Keith first persuaded the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase the adjacent property, from the present custom house building to Princess Street up to Wright's Alley. He then showed the Secretary a sketch which indicated the ground purchased surrounded by dilapidated buildings, detracting from the value of the location. This led the Secretary to send several special agents to Wilmington, and they reported favorably upon the collector's suggestion that the Government purchase all of the property from Princess Street to Market Street, from Wright's Alley back to the river wharf, including a portion of the wharf owned by the Kuck and the Calder estates, which gives us one of the most desirable plots for a new custom house at the very small cost of $69,000, the present value of which is estimated at more than double that sum.

When this ground was purchased the appropriation for a new building was $300,000, although Collector Keith had asked for $500,000. There was a forlorn hope that an urgent appeal through the Chamber of Commerce and other commercial interests might result in the recovery of the $200,000 which had been cut off. Mr. Keith with other representatives hastened to Washington and accomplished the restoration by the committee of the $200,000, making the appropriation $500,000. Two days later it was again cut down by a sinister influence, it was said, to $300,000, but when the next Congress convened Mr. Keith returned to the attack, and by persistent, dogged determination, after three years of constant effort, he succeeded in getting $600,000 in all for the new custom house and the decoration of the grounds.

In his retirement to private life with clean hands, Mr. Keith is entitled to the commendation of well done by an appreciative public.

WILMINGTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

In every community there are builders of character, and the building is based on the gold, silver, and precious stones of love and sacrifice. That great apostle of education, Lord Brougham, has said: "It is with unspeakable delight that I contemplate the rich gifts that have been bestowed, the honest zeal displayed, by private persons for the benefit of their fellow creatures. How many persons do I myself know to whom it is only necessary to say there are men without employment, children uneducated, sufferers in prison, victims of disease, wretches pining in want, and straightway they will abandon all other pursuits, as if they themselves had not large families to provide for, and toil for days and for nights, stolen from their most necessary avocations, to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and shed upon the children of the poor that inestimable blessing of education, which alone gave themselves the wish and the power to relieve their fellow-men."

I have said of one of our citizens, who had presented his body a living sacrifice for others, that his greatest and most effective work was that in the cause of education by public schools.

In his earnest, quiet, unobtrusive way, he became one of the pillars of this noble work of the State in Wilmington, and his chief characteristics—virtue, intelligence, decision, industry, perseverance, and economy—were brought to bear upon this great enterprise with such far-reaching results that eternity alone can reveal their extent. He honestly regarded public office as a public trust, and carefully fulfilled his obligations with unflagging zeal and painstaking economy. His business life and studious habits preserved his mind in vigorous and healthful action. He made a constant study of popular education, and mastered its problems in each successive stage.

Prof. John J. Blair, who has been for nearly fifteen years our capable Superintendent of City Schools, has kindly prepared for these Chronicles a narrative of the development of popular education in Wilmington.

Preliminary to his article, the writer gives some account of earlier schools.

That there were some educational facilities on the river from the first settlement may be gathered from the will of John Baptista Ashe, made in 1734, in which he directed that his sons should have a liberal education. "And in their education I pray my executors to observe this method: Let them be taught to read and write, and be introduced into the practical part of arithmetic, not too hastily hurrying them to Latin or grammar; but after they are pretty well versed in these, let them be taught Latin and Greek. I propose that this may be done in Virginia, after which let them learn French. Perhaps some Frenchman at Santee will undertake this. When they are arrived to years of discretion, let them study the mathematics. I will that my daughter be taught to read and write and some feminine accomplishment which may render her agreeable, and that she be not kept ignorant as to what appertains to a good housewife in the management of household affairs."

In 1745 there was a school taught at Brunswick, and in 1749 the Legislature appropriated £6,000 to establish a free school, but during the Indian war the money was used for war purposes. In 1754 another appropriation was made, but the act was not approved in England. In 1759, John Ashe, as chairman of a committee, brought in an address to the King, praying that a part of a certain fund should be laid out in purchasing glebes and in establishing free schools in each county, but that money was to come from an issue of notes, and there was some slight objection to the form of the notes which the Governor did not communicate to the Assembly. Frequent application was made, even up to 1765, but the objection not having been communicated to the Assembly, it was never removed.

In 1760, Rev. James Tate, a Presbyterian minister, opened a classical school at Wilmington; and in 1785 Rev. William Bingham began his famous school here. About 1800 the Innes Academy was finished. The first teacher was Rev. Dr. Halling. A daughter of Doctor Halling married a mer-

chant of the town, Mr. Usher, and their daughter became the wife of Dr. W. A. Berry. After a few years service, Doctor Halling was succeeded by Mr. Rogers. Mr. Rogers had been a midshipman in the Navy. The vessel on which he was employed was dismantled at Wilmington, and he sought employment as a teacher. After some years, he moved to Hillsboro, where he married a daughter of Col. William Shepperd, and had a famous school until he removed to Tennessee. He was succeeded at the Innes Academy by Rev. Adam Empie, rector of St. James, at one time chaplain at West Point, a man of fine culture, whose volume of published sermons entitles him to fame. He married a daughter of Judge Wright, and was the father of Adam Empie, Esq.

Other teachers at the "Old Academy" were Rev. Mr. Lathrop, Captain Mitchell, who had been a sea captain; Messrs. Hartshorn, Lowry, Joy, Wilkes, and Burke.

Shortly before the war, among other schools at Wilmington were Maginney's Institute, Radcliffe's Military Academy, and Jewett's School; and for girls there were the high school kept by Rev. Mr. Backus, and the fine school of the Misses Burr and James. After the war, the latter was reopened; and the wife of Gen. Robert Ransom had a finishing school, while General Colston for years kept a fine military academy.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

By Prof. John J. Blair.

A history of education in the Cape Fear section is, of course, similar to and in accordance with the State's educational policy, modified to a certain extent by local influences and needs, and ideas of individuals.

In 1825, a "Literary Fund" was created, the author of the bill providing for this being Bartlett Yancey, but it was not until 1839 that the first bill providing for free schools in every county was passed.[1]

[1]Dr. Frederick Hill, of Orton, was a strong advocate of public education and was one of the authors of the legislation on the subject, and was called in Wilmington "the father of public schools."

Between 1840 and 1850 a more elaborate system of schools was put in operation, but for lack of one responsible head, and lack of uniformity of administration, chaos and failure resulted.[1]

Decade of 1850 to 1860.

The educational history of our State from 1850, extending over a period of the next sixteen years, centers around the character and deeds of one man, Dr. Calvin H. Wiley. He was elected in December, 1852, and on January 1, 1853, at the age of thirty-four years, assumed the duties of this newly-made and responsible office, under the title of "Superintendent of Common Schools."

He began at once many needed reforms, and made provision by which teachers could be prepared and secured for the work.

An extract from Doctor Joyner's address at the unveiling of a monument to Calvin H. Wiley in Winston in 1904 can not be too often repeated in connection with this notable administration. The speaker said: "Under his shaping hand, the system grew and improved and the schools prospered until it could be truthfully said at the beginning of the War between the States that North Carolina had the best system of common schools in the South." Mr. Wiley continued to hold the office of superintendent until it was abolished in 1866.

The Union Free School.

In addition to the schools of the town of Wilmington there were, in the county, New Hanover Academy, 1833; Rock Fish Academy, 1834; Black Creek Female Institution, 1846; and there were schools at Rocky Point constantly from 1846 at least to 1850; Topsail, 1851; Union (at Harrell's Store), 1854; Rocky Point, 1867.

The name Union was applied to any school in which private and public interests were united in accordance with an act of the General Assembly.

[1]There was coöperation, the State furnishing a part and the people of the district a part of the fund.

In a letter written to Silas N. Martin by John W. Barnes, a history of the Union Free School from 1856 to 1862 is given:

"A meeting of citizens was held in the summer of 1856 in the vicinity of the 'Oaks,' and it was decided to raise the necessary money and material for the purchase of a lot and the construction of a building. The deed was executed November 3, 1856, to James Green, John Barnes, and Thomas Freshwater, as trustees, and the same recorded December 31st.

"In April, 1857, a meeting of the subscribers was held in the new building, in which it was decided to start the school the first of May, and to continue three months experimentally. Mr. Martin, Mr. Van Bokkelen, and Mr. Fanning were appointed to employ a teacher and put the Union Free School in operation. The Board of Superintendents of Common Schools for New Hanover coöperated with the committee, whereby they received the benefit of all the funds appropriated, which arrangement existed until July 1, 1863, a period of six years. The schoolhouse originally seated one hundred pupils. In 1859 a room capable of holding forty scholars was added." The letter states further: "On account of the absence of Mr. Martin from the State in 1862, Mr. B. G. Worth was appointed his successor, and nobly sustained the school from his private means in connection with the amount received from the common school fund.

"The largest enrollment at one time was one hundred and forty-five, and the smallest about one hundred, this being the number for the summer months of June and July."

Decade 1870-1880—Wilmington's Free Public School System.

In the case of every great enterprise or achievement, interest in its first beginning increases with the passing of the years, while personal knowledge and first-hand information concerning the event diminishes proportionately with each generation. At this present time, when the city's rapid growth and increase in population make the expansion and

enlargement of her school accommodations imperative, inquiry is frequently made concerning the origin of this most important and vital enterprise. So closely and intimately was the work of Miss Amy Morris Bradley interwoven with our early public school system, that her labors should always receive the public recognition which is justly due.

1. Her influence and suggestion are responsible for the name which the Hemenway and Union Schools bear.

2. There was never any conflict between her private interest and the community's public interest.

3. The trained and skillful teachers whom she gathered around her in turn trained others, who incorporated into the public schools the best and most modern methods of instruction.

4. Her schools were recognized by the State, for in the year 1870 she received from the State fund $1,266.71.

5. The Union School house, in which was taught the Tileston Normal School, composed from the Union Grammar School, passed into the hands of the county in October, 1871, when the new brick Tileston building was opened.

6. This building, in turn, by a deed of gift, became the property of the City of Wilmington in 1901, through the mediation of Mr. Jas. H. Chadbourn, a personal friend of Mrs. Hemenway and for many years chairman of the Joint School Committee of the City of Wilmington.

A large bronze tablet at the entrance bears the following inscription:

Tileston Memorial School
Built by
Mary Hemenway of Boston,

Who established herein a school for the White People of this community in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-one and maintained the same at her own cost for twenty years under the devoted administration of

AMY MORRIS BRADLEY.
Given to
The City of Wilmington
In the Year Nineteen Hundred and One,
in the name of
MARY HEMENWAY.

Accordingly, on the 9th day of October, 1872, the old Union and Hemenway buildings were abandoned, turned over to the Free School Committee, and the schools were combined and established under the name of the Tileston Normal School in the new brick structure. The corner stone had been laid with considerable ceremony, November 31, 1871, and the building was erected under the supervision of James Walker, builder, of Wilmington, at a cost of $30,000.

This school continued in popular favor until the summer of 1886. During all this period $5,000 a year was donated by Mrs. Hemenway for support and maintenance. This amount, together with a small tuition fee, afforded ample funds to carry on the work.

When the decade of 1870 to 1880 dawned upon the people of North Carolina, interference on the part of the U. S. Government with the affairs which rightfully belong to a State had begun to disappear. There was deep gratification at the improved condition of affairs, and the large gain made by friends of the South in Congress was also a source of encouragement. Energy and industry were fast removing the traces of the war, and individuals bravely struggled to restore their shattered fortunes. During this decade a change of sentiment began to be felt in New Hanover County in regard to the attitude of the people toward free public education. Previous to this time "well-to-do people" and those who are usually spoken of as "socially prominent," entirely ignored and disregarded the free public schools. The very name seemed to carry some reproach with it. In fact, until comparatively recent times, the boast of attending a "pay school" was thought to carry with it a mark of certain personal distinction.

For the year 1870 and 1871 a reference to the free schools of the city is made in a letter to the commissioners of New Hanover County by James H. Chadbourn, William T. Carr, and William A. French. They say: "In the first communication you were informed that there were no schoolhouses within the limits of the township belonging to the State or county.

"The committee subsequently, with the approval of the Board and the Superintendent of Public Instruction, purchased the Hemenway schoolhouse of Miss Amy M. Bradley for $3,000, with the promise on her part that the money she received from it should be expended in continuing her two schools, then in successful operation.

"The cost of sustaining the Hemenway and Union Schools for the last two years has been $10,850.40—$1,266.70 from the State, $2,500 from the Peabody Fund, $3,000 from sale of the Hemenway schoolhouse, and the balance, $4,083.70, from the friends of Miss Bradley and her work.

"It seems to the committee that the beneficial influence of these schools for the young of the city can not be overestimated."

The *Wilmington Post* of April 11, 1872, gives an account of the visit of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Alexander McIver, at this time, to the City of Wilmington. It says: "Mr. McIver comes to the work of educating the masses and the establishment of free schools throughout the State of North Carolina. His desire now is to interest the public in the work. He desires that united effort be made at once, so as to secure some complete system for the successful establishment of free schools in the City of Wilmington, by the city, as provided in its charter amended in 1868."

Decade of 1880-1890—Origin and Development of the Wilmington System.

This sketch would not be complete without a reference to the campaign of enlightenment carried on under the direction of the Legislature, by Dr. E. A. Alderman and C. D. McIver. They met the teachers in every county in the State and taught them how to teach. They held public meetings and educational rallies. They made eloquent speeches. They urged the people to vote taxes to support schools.

Since this notable campaign, educational progress in North Carolina has been easier.

Information with regard to the two free public schools, Union and Hemenway, between 1872 and 1882, is comparatively vague and indefinite. The year 1882, however, marked the beginning of an effective organization with an executive head, whose office was that of Superintendent of City Public Schools, and the system then began to assume a different aspect as a factor in the educational life of the city.

The situation is best described by the Superintendent himself, Mr. M. C. S. Noble, who was elected in the summer of 1882 to this responsible office. Previous to this the authority over the two white and colored districts was vested in the county superintendent. It does not take a vivid imagination to see the situation as it appeared to him at that time. In referring to his first visit to the schools, he says: "I pictured to myself large, imposing buildings, situated in well-kept grounds, when our buggy stopped in deep sand out in front of the old Union School on Sixth Street between Nun and Church, and just in the rear of Fifth Street Methodist Church. It contained three rooms, and had a seating capacity of one hundred and twenty-five pupils. There were three teachers, and the average attendance was one hundred. Lastly, we went to the Hemenway, then situated on the lot directly south of St. Andrew's Church on Fourth Street. It was a little cottage-looking affair, with four rooms, a seating capacity of about one hundred and fifty pupils, and an average attendance of about one hundred and twenty-five."

The growth of the enterprise is noted by a comparison of this early report with that made by the Superintendent of Schools for the year 1886: "Number of children in school, White, 2,051, Colored, 3,209, Total, 5,260. Average monthly enrollment, White, 444, Colored, 757, Total, 1,201. Average daily attendance, White, 363, Colored, 550, Total, 913."

This report also states that there were at this time 575 white children enrolled in the Tileston Normal School.

The school committees consisted of the following: District No. 1, Donald MacRae, chairman, Wm. M. Parker, Jos. E. Sampson; District No. 2, Jas. H. Chadbourn, chairman, Walker Meares, John G. Norwood.

In the paragraph on "School Buildings" there appears this reference: "The Hemenway Building for whites is well arranged and well supplied with comfortable seats. The Union Building in White District No. 2, is comfortable, but in every other respect it is entirely unfit for school purposes. After many years of waiting and vexatious delay, the committee hope to have a handsome building ready for occupancy next fall." His wish was realized, as the following extract shows: "In 1886, the pupils were moved from the old school into the handsome new Union Building at the northwest corner of Sixth and Ann. It contained eight large schoolrooms and a beautiful hall."

In the spring of 1891 the fire alarm sounded "48," and it was the Union School on fire. It had caught from a defective flue and burned to the ground. The new Union was built upon the foundation of the old one, and on the first Monday of the following October the new building, as you see it today, was occupied. In 1889, a building like the Union was built upon a lot running through from Fifth to Sixth, between Chestnut and Walnut, which had been purchased through the earnest advice of Mr. Horace Bagg.

On Saturday night early in the summer vacation of 1897, some one set fire to the new Hemenway, and the next Sunday morning this beautiful building was a mass of smoking ruins. This school was at once rebuilt, and turned over ready for the opening on the first Monday in October in this year.

Decade 1890-1900—Growth of the High School Idea.

The high school as an organic part of the public school system had its origin at a very recent date. Previous to 1890 most of the graded school reports showed only provision for primary and grammar grades.

The superintendent's report for Wilmington, 1886, shows a provision for six grades only. No reference is made in this report to a high school. It was evidently intended that the private schools which had flourished in the towns and cities for a long time should take care of advanced work, and in fact

by many it seemed to be regarded as their rightful heritage and possession.

There was during this decade an aggressive opposition to the public high school idea. In Raleigh, so determined was this opposition, in the interest of the existing academy, that some of its citizens had a law passed forbidding the teaching of high school subjects in the public schools. Later, the Raleigh Academy gave way to the high school, its principal becoming the principal of the high school.

In Wilmington the idea began to take shape in the mind of the superintendent soon after the schools were moved into the new Hemenway and Union School Buildings, for he began gradually to add high school subjects and thus to enrich the course of study.

The school committees with prophetic vision saw the necessity for it in order to close up the gap between the grammar school and the State University. As evidence of their faith in it, they bought at this time a lot at the corner of Third and Market Streets, where the Colonial Inn now stands, and moved the advanced classes from the lower schools into the little one-story schoolhouse just south of the courthouse, on Third Street.

This remained Wilmington's high school until the year 1897, when the advanced classes from the Hemenway, Union, and Third Street Schools, numbering in all one hundred, with four teachers in charge, moved into the Tileston Normal Building. The city came into control of this building through a lease obtained through the personal efforts of Mr. Jas. H. Chadbourn, then chairman of the joint committee. The following May the first graduating exercises were held and certificates were given to three girl graduates. Each year there were gratifying increases. The class of 1914 numbered 30, bringing the total number of graduates up to 315. In 1910, nine more rooms were added, and a faculty of fourteen teachers and a principal employed.

1900-1914.

Mr. John J. Blair succeeded Mr. Noble as superintendent, January 5, 1899. A few leading events of this period are enumerated below:

In 1901, by deed of gift, the Tileston Building and half of that city block became the property of the City of Wilmington.

In 1904 an addition of fourteen rooms was made to the Union School, and just previous to this, eight rooms were built to the Hemenway.

In 1909 a local tax of fifteen cents on the one hundred dollars valuation was voted by the entire county, and New Hanover was the first county to become a special tax district.

In 1910, under an enactment of Congress, eleven city blocks of land back of the Marine Hospital were secured by the Board of Education for park and school purposes.

In 1911 the gift on the part of Mr. Sam Bear of a beautiful brick school building afforded a valuable and much-needed addition to the equipment of the system.

The schools have increased proportionately with the growth of the city, so that the enrollment has reached the grand total of four thousand, nearly three thousand of whom are white children.

The faculty in charge now numbers nearly one hundred persons.

Fortunately, the management of the schools has been in the hands of capable and conservative business men, and to serve on the County Board of Education or on either one of the committees of the different districts, has been deemed a great honor. So to the integrity and high character of those who fill these offices of trust and responsibility, rendering free of cost valuable service to the community, is largely due whatever of success may have been achieved.

THE BOYS' BRIGADE.

"How far that little candle throws his beams."

Company A, First N. C. Regiment, U. B. B. A., the first company of Boys' Brigade in North Carolina, and doubtless the first in the South, was organized at Wilmington on February 14, 1896, by Col. Walker Taylor, then commanding the Second Regiment North Carolina State Troops. The company was organized in the basement of Immanuel Presbyterian church, a mission church located in the southern part of the city, and subsequently Companies B and C were formed to provide for the training of boys between the ages of ten and seventeen, and the present membership totals one hundred and thirty.

The home now occupied by the brigade is an armory given as a memorial to a deceased friend of the organization, Capt. William Rand Kenan, and the structure is an ornament to that section of the city. The building is thoroughly equipped for the work, and the organization provides most effective means for physical, mental, moral, and religious training.

For eight years the home of the brigade was in the small basement room of the church, with the streets as drill grounds; and here weekly meetings were held every Monday night and short helpful addresses were made by the commander. The rule, most faithfully kept, required the presence of every member, unless unavoidably prevented, and the commander set the standard, which has been lived up to in a most remarkable degree by even the youngest members. From the first the commander took the boys into his confidence, laid his plans before them, expressed his deep interest in their welfare and his abiding faith in their possibilities; and from this humble beginning has grown a force for moral uplift than which nothing greater has ever occurred in the life of the community. The organization is on a strictly non-denominational basis; church membership is not a condition precedent to membership in the brigade, but attendance on Sunday School is a condition rigidly exacted. Of its membership fully eighty per cent are communicant members of some church,

and the light that has gone out from the organization has penetrated into many forbidding corners, and brought hope and courage to many to whom the best prospects in life had been denied. The commander is a leader among men, and doubtless his experience as a military man suggested this form of organization for the development of young men in whom he saw latent possibilities, but to whom the fortune of position had not offered equal opportunity for success and advancement. So thoroughly grounded has been the work among these boys, that membership in the organization is a passport to public confidence. In a most pronounced degree has there been developed among them a spirit of loyalty, self-respect, ambition, industry, sobriety, and propriety. To be a member of the brigade imposes a duty as it offers an opportunity, and the sense of obligation following upon privilege is deeply ingrained into the spirit of the organization.

An account of the Boys' Brigade has been prepared by Reverend Doctor Wells, as follows:

"In connection with the work done by the First Presbyterian church at Immanuel church, in the southern part of the city, there has been established one of the most useful institutions in Wilmington. This is the Boys' Brigade, now quartered at the southeast corner of Second and Castle Streets.

"On the evening of February 14, 1896, Col. Walker Taylor, then the commander of the Second Regiment of North Carolina State Troops, and an active worker in the Immanuel Presbyterian Sunday School, met with fifteen boys and organized the first company of the Boys' Brigade in the South. In the charter granted, Col. Walker Taylor was commissioned as captain, E. P. Dudley as first lieutenant, and J. J. Loughlin as second lieutenant of the new company. While growing out of Immanuel Church and connected with it, the work in its scope and influence has been largely undenominational. Every member has been required to attend a Sunday School. The brigade has been a blessing to every church in our city, and in return has received the cordial support and sympathy of them all.

"For eight years the brigade continued to meet in one of the rooms connected with Immanuel church. Then in 1904 a splendid armory for the organization was erected by Mrs. Henry M. Flagler as a memorial of her father, Capt. William Rand Kenan, an elder in the First Presbyterian church, who had been a sympathetic friend and wise counselor of the organization. The building is of concrete, colored to represent gray sandstone. The style is Norman, and the building, sixty by one hundred feet in size and four stories in height, is a very massive and handsome structure. It is complete in every detail, with large gymnasium, ample dressing rooms and bath rooms, library and reception room, offices, large auditorium, dining-room, kitchen and pantry, bowling alleys, and rooms for guns and equipment. The armory was completed in 1905, and was dedicated to the glory of God and opened for the use of the organization on June 22d of that year. On that occasion the principal address was delivered by Hon. R. B. Glenn, then Governor of North Carolina.

"A complete and useful library of two thousand volumes was shortly after presented to the brigade by Mr. James Sprunt; and this, with an ample supply of current papers and magazines, has served to make the library of the brigade an attractive and helpful feature of the work.

"In September, 1905, a second company, B, was organized, and in 1911 a third company, C. These companies, while enjoying the training and privileges of the organization, are at the same time 'feeders' from which members pass into the senior company. The brigade now numbers one hundred and thirty members. Mr. Chas. Dushan is the efficient secretary and physical director.

"Bible classes, weekly addresses by prominent business and professional men, an annual ten-day encampment, athletic games and contests of all kinds, and a helpful and instructive winter lyceum course are all used for the instruction and amusement of the members.

"A notable constructive work has been done by the brigade in the community. The little room and the wooden guns have developed into the magnificent building and the com-

plete equipment. The little working boys have developed into some of our city's most valued business leaders and professional men. The whole tone of that part of the city has been lifted. And the community is vastly better for the work done there. And this has been the work of one man—Col. Walker Taylor. The friend and trusted helper of the boys when they were lads, he has continued to be their adviser and confidential friend in their moral, religious, civic, and business lives. He has made weekly talks that have been of the greatest influence in moulding their characters. He has taught them in his Sunday School class with vigor and power. He has visited them in their homes and places of business. His office door has always been open for them to tell him their troubles or joys or to seek his advice upon their problems. And all the while he has been stamping the influence of his strong Christian character upon their plastic lives. He has builded well, not only in concrete but also in character."

THE REVOLUTION OF 1898.[1]

"The year 1898 marked an epoch in the history of North Carolina, and especially of the City of Wilmington. Long continued evils, borne by the community with a patience that seems incredible, and which it is no part of my purpose to describe, culminated, on the 10th day of November, in a radical revolution, accompanied by bloodshed and a thorough reorganization of social and political conditions. It is commonly referred to as the Wilmington Riot, and legally and technically it may be properly so termed, but not in the usual sense of disorderly mob violence, for, as was said by an Army officer who was present and witnessed it, it was the quietest and most orderly riot he had ever seen or heard of. A negro printing office was destroyed by a procession of perfectly sober men, but no person was injured until a negro deliberately and without provocation shot a white man, while others,

[1]Based in part on Colonel Waddell's Memoirs.

armed and defiant, occupied the streets, and the result was that about twenty of them were killed and the rest of them scattered. It constituted an interesting chapter in the public history of the country, and therefore I will not enlarge upon it further than to say that it was the spontaneous and unanimous act of all the white people, and was prompted solely by an overwhelming sense of its absolute necessity in behalf of civilization and decency."

By arrangement, a large number of white citizens met at City Hall, and falling in behind Colonel Waddell, two by two, marched down to the offending printing office and destroyed it. On the evening of the day of this revolution, the mayor and board of aldermen then in charge of the City of Wilmington, one by one, resigned; and in the same order their successors were nominated and elected. Thus there was an entire change in the city government, and the order of things then instituted has continued uninterrupted ever since. The effect of the change was most happy upon the prosperity of Wilmington. The city then took a start in progress which has never ceased.

THE ATLANTIC COAST LINE RAILROAD.

The equipment, rails, and rolling-stock of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad and its connections north and south were thoroughly worn out at the end of the war, so that when peace came there was need for entire rehabiliment. Mr. Walters, Mr. Newcomer, and Mr. Jenkins of Baltimore, becoming interested in the property, so managed it that in a few years it became wonderfully productive, and under their control it was a nucleus of railway development. From it has arisen, Phœnix-like, the Atlantic Coast Line, in its equipment and management one of the finest examples of railroad development in modern times. It has been called the aorta of Wilmington's commercial and industrial life. Without it Wilmington could not have flourished. Many of our inhabitants of slender means depend upon its dividends for their daily bread—others of larger fortunes have always

preferred to invest in its shares, not only on account of its admirable physical equipment and its stable financial policy, but also because Mr. Henry Walters, the chairman of the board, and his associates in its excellent management, command the respect, the confidence, and the admiration of its stockholders, large and small.

From this training school of the thousands who depend upon it for their occupation and support have arisen many young men, worthy successors to vacant places of responsibility and honor, because the quality of their instruction has been of the best and their industrious application has been made effectual in a higher calling.

In November, 1898, the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company of Virginia was formed, consolidating the Petersburg Railroad Company, from Petersburg, Va., to Garysburg, N. C., 67 miles, and the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad Company, from Richmond to Petersburg.

The Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company of South Carolina was organized in July, 1898, and the consolidation of the following companies was effected: Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta Railroad Company, Northeastern Railroad Company, Florence Railroad Company, Cheraw and Darlington Railroad Company, Manchester and Augusta Railroad Company.

On May 1, 1900, the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company was formed by the consolidation of the following companies: Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company of Virginia, Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company of South Carolina, Norfolk and Carolina Railroad Company, Wilmington and Weldon Railroad Company, Southeastern Railroad Company of North Carolina.

The Plant System of Railways, which consolidated with the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company in 1902, comprised the following lines: Florida Southern Railroad Company, Sanford and St. Petersburg Railway Company, Savannah, Florida, and Western Railway Company.

The Savannah, Florida, and Western Railway Company had previously acquired the following lines: Alabama Mid-

land Railroad Company, Brunswick and Western Railroad Company, Charleston and Savannah Railway Company, Tampa and Thonotosassa Railroad Company, Silver Springs, Ocala, and Gulf Railroad Company, Abbeville Southern Railway Company, Ashley River Railroad Company, Greenpond, Walterboro, and Branchville Railway Company, Southwestern Alabama Railway Company, Sanford and Lake Eustis Railroad Company, St. John and Lake Eustis Railroad Company.

The following is a statement of equipment as of June 30, 1913:

Locomotives	777
Passenger cars	671
Freight cars	29,210
Floating equipment	20
Work equipment	975
Total	31,653

The present Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, having more than 4,600 miles of track, extends from Richmond and Norfolk on the north, to Tampa, St. Petersburg, and Fort Meyers on the south, and to Montgomery on the west, traversing the great coastal plain of the Atlantic seaboard, through the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and Alabama. The country through which it passes is rich in agricultural developments and possibilities, and the trucking industry on its lines has grown to enormous proportions. Near Wilmington is the greatest strawberry producing belt in the world. These berries are shipped to the Northern markets from this section in great quantities each year, and are considered a most profitable crop.

Starting in Virginia, with its grain and other hardy crops, the line passes through the cotton and tobacco belt, thence through the wonderful garden truck section of the Carolinas and Georgia into the semi-tropical section of Florida, abounding in citrus fruits of unrivaled quality as well as early vegetables of every variety, which the fortunate introduction of the art of making ice, invented by Gorrie, and

the use of refrigerator cars have enabled the carriers to transport in a fresh condition to the great markets of the North.

The remarkable diversity of soil and climate is steadily attracting the attention of settlers, and the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company, through its Industrial and Immigration Bureau, by coöperation with the State agricultural colleges, and in other ways, has left no stone unturned to develop and advance an interest in agriculture. During the past year a car equipped with the agricultural products and resources of the States through which its line runs was exhibited at many fairs at the North and Northwest.

The products of the forest form a most important part of the tonnage of the line, running as it does through the great pine and cypress belts of the South. Nor is this section dependent on any one line of industry for its growth and prosperity; its diversity of manufactures, including cotton mills and naval stores, being important factors. The phosphate industry particularly is an important one, and the rails of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company reach the rich deposits of phosphate in Florida and South Carolina.

The Atlantic Coast Line has about 1,700 miles of its tracks in the State of Florida. New lines are now being built further to open up the rich phosphate beds and the citrus fruit belt of that wonderful section of our country.

This road played an important part in the War between the States, and it had to be practically rebuilt at its close.

The general offices of the company have always been located in Wilmington. Starting with a few men in 1840, it now has employed at headquarters about one thousand men, and to meet the constantly increasing business there has been built during the last year one of the handsomest railroad office buildings in the South. This structure, six stories in height, is of concrete and steel construction, and cost, with train sheds and concourse, approximately $375,000.

Wilmington is one of the important points on the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad. Cotton is its principal export, although large quantities of naval stores, lumber, and other products are handled. It had at one time the distinction of

being the largest naval store market in the world, but this industry has gradually moved southward, and now Savannah or Brunswick claims it. During the past season there was cleared from Wilmington one of the largest single cargoes of cotton ever shipped from this country, and the largest ever shipped from any Atlantic port.

The company owns and uses for the convenience of its patrons at Wilmington, wharf fronts at two locations, approximating eighteen hundred feet in length, in front of which twenty-six feet of water is maintained, and which provides the necessary docks for ships of large tonnage. On the property adjoining these water fronts are two brick warehouses with a floor space of forty-five thousand square feet, used largely for handling package freight, and two storage warehouses with fifty-five thousand square feet, for bulk material. On these properties are included the tracks necessary for serving the varied interests in connection with the different wharves and warehouses. The lower yard tracks directly connected with the water terminals have a capacity of over eight hundred cars, and the Smith Creek yard on the outskirts of the city has a capacity of over thirteen hundred cars. The railroad company maintains shops in connection with the lower yard, where running repairs are made on locomotives, and where cars are repaired and rebuilt.

In addition to the wharves used by the Coast Line exclusively, it also owns a water front of two hundred and twenty feet which is leased to private concerns, and it has tracks into or accessible to practically all of the other privately owned water front and other properties used by such business interests as make or receive rail shipments. The railroad company also owns and is holding for future development extensive water fronts and acreage on Point Peter at the junction of the two rivers, and still larger water fronts and acreage on Eagles Island, across the Cape Fear River. Both of these latter properties are directly opposite the city, to which they are readily accessible and can easily be reached

with the tracks that may be necessary for any industries located on them.

The Atlantic Coast Line also operates a belt line around the City of Wilmington, which touches all the large industries and warehouses.

The rails of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company reach all the important ports on the South Atlantic coast, as well as some on the Gulf, beginning at Norfolk, Va., thence southward to Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah, Brunswick, Jacksonville, and Port Tampa. At all of these ports it has fine terminal facilities.

The Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company has always been mindful of the developments of the country through which its line passes, and has built in each State a number of lateral lines, depending upon the growth of the community to make them paying investments. Indeed, the enterprise of its management has been an important factor in the development and progress of the South. A glance at the following figures will indicate its growth in the past decade:

1903-04.	
Gross earnings	$20,544,975.20
Operating expenses and taxes	12,827,093.54
1912-13.	
Gross earnings	$36,123,071.51
Operating expenses and taxes	26,087,008.84

An increase in earnings of 76 per cent, and in operating expenses and taxes of 103 per cent.

The main line of this company is now laid with eighty-five-pound rail and has about two hundred miles of double track, and this mileage is being added to steadily. The line is being equipped also with automatic electric signals, and a large part of this work has been accomplished.

It is a far cry from the passenger train of 1840, with its crude equipment, on which a passenger had to pay seven cents per mile or more to travel, to the magnificent trains of today, with their powerful locomotives and steel passenger equipment, on which one may ride for two cents a mile. The Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company runs daily, dur-

ing the winter months, four through passenger trains, with the most modern Pullman equipment, from New York and eastern cities to Jacksonville and other Florida points. It also runs daily five passenger trains, with modern Pullman equipment, from Chicago to Florida points, connecting with the Coast Line rails at Montgomery, Albany, and Tifton. From Key West and Tampa direct connection is made with modern passenger steamers for Havana and other points in Cuba.

At one time all of the through trains between the North and the South moved via Wilmington, but in 1892, in order to shorten the distance materially and thus to compete more effectively for the Florida travel, a line was completed from Contentnea to Pee Dee, a distance of 141 miles. This line opened up also a fine farming section.

The Atlantic Coast Line is generally known and advertised as "The Standard Railroad of the South." It is the constant aim of the management to maintain this standard and to merit this distinction.

THE SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILROAD.

The Wilmington, Charlotte, and Rutherford Railroad was chartered February 13, 1855, and by 1861 there were built 103 miles on the eastern division, and from Charlotte to Lincolnton on the western division. The road was sold April 10, 1873, and reorganized as the Carolina Central Railway Company, and completed to Charlotte and Shelby in the latter part of 1874, comprising a total distance of 242 miles.

The Carolina Central Railway was sold May 31, 1880, and reorganized as the Carolina Central Railroad Company, July 14, 1880, when the late Capt. David R. Murchison was made president.

It traversed the counties of New Hanover, Brunswick, Columbus, Bladen, Robeson, Richmond, Anson, Union, Mecklenburg, Gaston, Lincoln, and Cleveland—a section highly productive of turpentine, cotton, and other articles of export,

the class and style of cotton grown in Anson and Union Counties being superior to that of any other section in the State.

Prior to the organization of the Seaboard Air Line Railway in 1900, the Seaboard had no lines south of its Carolina Central Railroad except its one line from Monroe to Atlanta. Before this consolidation in 1900, the old Seaboard Air Line system of roads had a total mileage of approximately 925 miles. Today its mileage is 3,074 miles, exclusive of its ownership of such lines as the Raleigh and Charleston, Marion and Southern, Tampa Northern, and other short lines of varying length.

The following subsidiary lines and parts of the original Seaboard Air Line were merged and consolidated with the Seaboard Air Line Railway, November, 1901, thirteen years ago: Carolina Central Railroad, Seaboard Air Line Belt Railway, Georgia, Carolina, and Northern Railway, Durham and Northern Railway, Raleigh and Gaston Railroad, Raleigh and Augusta Air Line Railroad, Southbound Railroad, Chesterfield and Kershaw Railroad, Louisburg Railroad, Pittsboro Railroad, Palmetto Railroad.

The following roads, which were not included in the original Seaboard Air Line, subsequently became parts of that system: The Logansville and Lawrenceville Railroad in 1902, the Florida Central and Peninsular Railroad in 1903, the Oxford and Coast Line Railroad in 1906, the Georgia and Alabama Railway in 1907; and the Atlantic, Suwanee River, and Gulf Railroad, the Atlanta and Birmingham Air Line Railway, the Catawba Valley Railroad, the Florida West Shore Railway, the Plant City, Arcadia and Gulf Railway, and the Tallahassee, Perry, and Southeastern Railway in 1909.

The operated mileage of the Seaboard, June 30, 1912, was..	3,070.12
Extensions, etc., during the year	11.86
Mileage in operation June 30, 1913.....	3,081.98

Thus was brought under its influence a radius of very important territory.

The main track southwestward from the Carolina Central

leads from Monroe through Atlanta to Birmingham, the center of the South's iron and steel manufacturing industry, connecting there for interchange of passenger and freight traffic with the direct lines to the Mississippi and Missouri River territory, and through New Orleans and Shreveport to the Southwest and Mexico.

The line southwestward from the Carolina Central at Hamlet leads through Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, and traverses the great Coastal Plain of North and South Carolina and southeastern Georgia, touching deep water at Savannah, and thence to Florida's gateway at Jacksonville, where connection is made with the direct lines to Cuba, Nassau, and the east coast of Florida. Its own rails out of Jacksonville cover the territory through the northern part of the State to the capital of the State, Tallahassee, and thence to connection with the Louisville and Nashville system at River Junction, affording direct connection to Mobile, New Orleans, and the southwestern territory. The main line south of Jacksonville traverses the heart of the State, 214 miles southward to Tampa, the important south Florida deep-water port, and two important branches lying south of Tampa—that into the great natural deposit of phosphate with numerous laterals providing facilities for this important and growing traffic; and that southward through the counties of Hillsboro and Manatee to Venice, on the Gulf of Mexico, serving the richest citrus fruit and early vegetable country in the United States. Northward from Tampa, the Tampa Northern Railroad was acquired. This line traverses an important section on the western coast of Florida.

The branch from the main track at Wildwood runs through the beautiful lake country via Leesburg, Tavares, Orlando, Winter Park to Lake Charm, within sight of the eastern side of the peninsula.

From Waldo there is a branch line to Cedar Key, and another branch through the phosphate territory down to Inverness. From Starke there is a branch line into the agricultural and phosphate section of Alachua County.

From Savannah, there are 340 miles of road westward to

Montgomery, with two important branches, one to Ocilla and the other between Columbus and Albany, traversing the richest section of southwest Georgia, and offering an outlet for an important volume of trade through the western connections at Montgomery.

The system is serving a very material portion of the South's progressive territory, and is entitled to its adopted trade-mark of "The Progressive Railway of the South," and on its list of directors and general officers there is shown a preponderance of Southern-born men in its management. Its headquarters are maintained at Baltimore, the chief Southern city on the North Atlantic coast.

It earned for the year ending June 30, 1913, $24,527,864, being more than was earned previously. The gross revenue increased 7.01 per cent, operating expenses and taxes increased 2.82 per cent, and operating income increased 19.59 per cent.

Roadway, track, and structures of the railway were maintained at a cost of $3,014,956.54, which represents an expenditure per mile of road of $980.93.

Equipment on hand as of June 30, 1912:

Locomotives, all classes	471
Passenger equipment, all classes	349
Freight equipment, all classes	16,062
Roadway equipment, all classes	17,105
Marine equipment, all classes	14

The original Carolina Central Railroad has performed for many years an obviously valuable duty to the people of North Carolina, connecting, as it does, some of the most attractive western and middle counties with the eastern coastal section, and as the other parts of the system developed it added strength to this link, extending to the communities in proportion to their abilities. Thus Wilmington has felt a strong impetus from the extension of the Seaboard. Indeed, Wilmington's attractive shore front was found to be nearer to the populous communities of the interior, as far south as Atlanta, than any other Atlantic sea resort; and from all that section of Georgia and South Carolina, as well as from the sections of

North Carolina served, many inhabitants of the inland area seek the attractions of Wrightsville Beach during the summer months.

The original promoters of the Carolina Central Railroad had a vision that it would cross the mountain chain and afford ready connection with the States lying beyond, and in later years this has been realized by the construction of the fine Clinchfield property from Rutherford County across the mountains, through the States of Tennessee, Virginia, and West Virginia, to the most valuable coal deposit east of the Rocky Mountains; and thus has the dream of these original enthusiasts come true. Across the rugged mountain chain is an excellent carrier, offering easy and comfortable transportation to a territory which, in their day, was far from direct connection with the eastern section of North Carolina.

Agriculture, the backbone of all prosperity, widely extended in the States served by the Seaboard, has called for the amplification of fertilizer manufacturing and distributing facilities, and Wilmington has shared largely in the extension of this important industry. Favored with an excellent channel and capacity for docking ships, and a wide area of rail distribution therefrom, it serves the continued extension of territory with its accumulated fertilizer material.

At Wilmington, the Seaboard has terminal facilities of the value of one million dollars, comprising two thousand feet of water front on the Cape Fear River, with a twenty-six-foot depth at mean low water, five large terminal warehouses, and three slips. There have recently been erected terminal mechanical facilities, including coal elevator, turntable, repair track, and additional yard facilities. Within the past seven or eight years the Seaboard has spent half a million dollars in improvements of its terminals at Wilmington. The storage capacity of its Wilmington warehouses is approximately one hundred thousand tons.

Mindful of the value to its territory of agricultural extension, the Seaboard has provided a department charged with this duty—to promote the best methods, better agricultural conditions, better marketing; the establishment of industries

in its territory; the bringing in of good citizens from States of the Union less favored in climate and soil; and in every way to advance the welfare of the agricultural class.

William J. Hanrahan, president of the Seaboard Air Line Railway, whose office is in Norfolk, was born December 22, 1867, at Nashville, Tennessee. He entered the railway service in 1881. A messenger and clerk in the office of the Superintendent of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, New Orleans, in 1884, he has risen by gradations first to the vice-presidency of the Erie Railroad, January, 1911, and then, September 26, 1912, to the presidency of the Seaboard Air Line Railway.

The evolution of a great enterprise illustrates the law of natural selection and the survival of the fittest.

Charles R. Capps, the vice-president, was born in Norfolk, Va., March 4, 1871, and educated at Roanoke College, 1886-1888. He entered the railway service in 1888 as messenger of the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad. Until July 12, 1895, he held various positions in the general freight office of the Seaboard Air Line, and from December 1, 1909, he has been vice-president of the same system. Through many financial vicissitudes and changes of administration in the Seaboard Air Line, he has stood fast in his loyalty to his first love, declining attractive offers of more profitable employment elsewhere, and with his promotion step by step, he has fulfilled and exceeded the highest expectations of the Seaboard management, until today he is generally recognized as one of the most eminent traffic managers of the railroad world.

HUGH MacRAE'S PROJECT.

If, as Ralph Waldo Emerson said, the man who plants a tree is a public benefactor, of how much greater service to mankind is he who plants a colony of small farmers in a wilderness of waste land, and by the application of modern scientific methods makes this wilderness blossom and bear fruit and food products from fifty to a hundredfold. Hugh MacRae has done this, adding to the reputation of the name he so worthily bears, for indeed in many other ways than in this commendable enterprise, has the MacRae family of Wilmington excelled for three generations. The grandfather of Hugh and Donald MacRae, Gen. Alexander MacRae, was a prominent civil engineer in his day, and was a leader in the project of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad.

The late Donald MacRae, father of Hugh and Donald MacRae, was for more than fifty years one of the foremost citizens of Wilmington. Always interested in the promotion of the best interests of the town, he gave much of his valuable time to the welfare of the community. To the intelligence and enterprise of Col. John MacRae, chairman of the building committee, and to the coöperation of Donald MacRae, a member of that committee, was largely due the beautiful structure of our City Hall, one of the finest examples of classic architecture in the South.

From a history of the Clan MacRae I learn that Roderick MacRae, called Ruari Doun (Brown Roderick), landed at Wilmington about 1770. He went to Chatham County, where he married Catherine Burke, and had, among other children, a son Colin, who married Christian Black, of Cumberland County. Colin had five sons and three daughters. Alexander, the eldest of his sons, moved to Wilmington in 1824, when he was about eighteen years old, and resided there until his death in April, 1868. He had nine sons, John Colin MacRae, a colonel of engineers in the Confederate Army; Archibald MacRae, a lieutenant in the United States Navy, who made important explorations in the Andes; Alexander

MacRae, a merchant of Wilmington; Donald MacRae, a merchant and capitalist of Wilmington, who was interested in railroads, and was president of the Navassa Guano Company; Henry MacRae, a major in the Confederate Army; Robert Burns MacRae, a major in the Confederate Army; William MacRae, a brigadier general in the Confederate Army, a military genius, and one of the best railroad men of his day, who was general manager of the Georgia Railroad until the time of his death; Roderick MacRae, a civil engineer, who was a blockade runner during the War between the States; Walter Gwyn MacRae, a captain in the Confederate Army and a civil engineer, who has served as mayor of the City of Wilmington and in many other positions of trust, and enjoys in a high degree the esteem of his fellow citizens.

Donald MacRae, son of Donald and brother of Hugh, has occupied many high positions with great credit and acceptability, and has ever been one of the most enterprising citizens of the town. During the Spanish American War he served as captain of Company K, Second North Carolina Infantry.

Hugh MacRae has long been among the leading men of the Cape Fear, but he is entitled to preëminence for his enterprise in local development.

Upon the occasion of the annual meeting and banquet of the North Carolina Society of New York, December 7, 1908, and in response to the request of Mr. Page, the president, who is now our honored Ambassador to the Court of St. James, Mr. Hugh MacRae, of Wilmington, with prophetic vision, outlined a program for North Carolina's growth and development for the following twenty-five or fifty years, which, although at the time viewed askance by some who doubted, has been completely realized in more recent years, and in this year of grace, 1914, the development has indeed gone beyond his anticipations.

For a number of years it was the wish of Mr. MacRae to secure immigrants to be located in the vicinity of Wilmington. Eventually he was able to establish five colonies, with

about three hundred people in each colony. The Italians are located at St. Helena, Hungarians and Hollanders at Castle Hayne, Poles at Marathon, Germans at Newberlin, and Hollanders and Poles at Artesia. Americans and other nationalities are located also at Castle Hayne and at Artesia. This enterprise has now passed beyond the experimental stage and is a pronounced success. It is a monument to the sagacity and perseverance of Mr. MacRae, and in accomplishing what he has achieved, despite great obstacles, he has the satisfaction of realizing that he has been a great benefactor to his community.

Tide Water Power Company.

A stranger's impression of a city is governed by those things which first come under his observation, and of these none carry greater weight than the street cars and the electric lighting service. If these are good, and a further investigation of the town's resources shows that the electric power is satisfactory and the gas of good quality and of moderate cost, it would seem that the future development of that city is secure. Judged by these standards, neither strangers nor home folks can see anything in Wilmington's future save unqualified success.

No city can realize its greatest development without good public utilities, and it is a matter of record that Wilmington's period of greatest progress has been coincident with the organization and development of the Consolidated Railways Light and Power Company, and its successor, the Tide Water Power Company. The first public utility company of this city was the Wilmington Gas Light Company, organized in 1854, Edward Kidder, president, and John McIlhenny, superintendent. Mr. Richard J. Jones was elected treasurer on Friday, November 13, 1868, and today, after nearly half a century in the service of this corporation and its successors, he is the active treasurer of the Tide Water Power Company. During the early years gas was made from lightwood, and at one time commanded a price of ten dollars per thousand. In 1888 the Wilmington Electric Light Company, which had

operated a street lighting system with electric arc lights for a couple of years, developed such an amount of competitive activity as to bring about its purchase by the Wilmington Gas Light Company. Later on, the gas company began to furnish incandescent lighting, finally terminating its career in 1902, when it was absorbed by the Consolidated Railways Light and Power Company.

Among the other public utilities which subsequently formed part of the Tide Water Power Company, was the Wilmington Street Railway Company, organized as a horse-car line in 1887, and purchased in 1892 by Northern capitalists, who changed the motive power from horses to electricity and built the dummy line which has since been a large factor in the growth of the city. This line for handling freight traverses the water front, and affords a cheap and efficient delivery direct to the large jobbers and wholesalers. The entire property, after a series of financial troubles, finally failed in 1901, and was sold at a receiver's sale.

A third company, built in the period of activity which preceded the Baring Brothers' failure in 1893, was the Seacoast Railway. This road was designed to connect Wilmington and Wrightsville Sound. It began operations in 1888 with William Latimer as president. These three properties, in 1902, were brought together through the efforts of Mr. Hugh MacRae into an organization called the Consolidated Railways Light and Power Company, later known as the Tide Water Power Company, Hugh MacRae, president; A. B. Skelding, general manager; M. F. H. Gouverneur, W. B. Cooper, J. V. Grainger, H. C. McQueen, C. N. Evans, Oscar Pearsall, Jurgen Haar, J. G. L. Gieschen, Edouard Ahrens, C. E. Taylor, Jr., Junius Davis, George R. French, G. Herbert Smith, and C. W. Worth, directors. Owned locally and managed by officials who have long been identified with home interests, this corporation enjoys a public confidence which in itself constitutes a valuable asset. From the wrecks of three unsuccessful enterprises has been built a property which, in efficiency and good service, ranks with the best in the country; and in addition it enjoys the distinction of being the

only public service corporation in the South whose common stock is entirely held in its home town.

All of the electric railway, electric light, electric power and gas systems in the City of Wilmington and in New Hanover County are owned and operated by this company.

1. Electric Railway Department.—Owing to the fact that there has never been any competitive railway systems in the City of Wilmington, the existing tracks are laid out on the most desirable streets, and there are, therefore, no unprofitable lines included within its system. Fifty-eight per cent of all the lines within the city limits are double-tracked. The suburban line, operating over one of the principal city tracks, goes direct to Wrightsville Beach, a total distance of 11.23 miles. On this beach there are three large summer hotels, one yacht club, and one hundred and fifty cottages, representing a total property value, not including unimproved real estate, of over five hundred thousand dollars. The company owns a large tract of beach land, capable of extension to over three hundred acres, and several extensive tracts of real estate along the suburban line and several sites in the city, all of which are rapidly increasing in value.

The powerhouse is of the best modern brick and steel construction, with the latest type of equipment for the combined operation of railway and lighting plants.

2. Electric Lighting.—The company does all of the electric light and power business in Wilmington and New Hanover County, which includes Wrightsville Beach and the suburban settlements. The distribution system is of substantial and permanent construction, as is evidenced by the reliable service now given by this company. Installations and connections with customers are as follows (the comparative figures for 1904, 1909, and 1913 are also given):

	1904	1909	1913
Number of customers	340	1,266	2,178
City arc lights	85	142	125
Tungsten street lamps	.....	96	600
Incandescent lights	7,746	19,262	36,000
Customers' motors—horsepower	75	490	1,582

3. Gas Department.—The company owns a new and well-equipped gas plant, including 150,000 cubic feet of double lift holder, coal gas plant capable of putting out 225,000 cubic feet of gas per day, water gas plant, latest design, put in service December 1, 1911, capable of making 475,000 cubic feet a day.

	1904	1909	1913
Miles of mains	12.28	14.67	22
Private customers	700	1,353	1,780
Ranges	495	1,072	1,600
City gas lamps	56	143	145

THE RIVER COUNTIES.

The sixteen counties from Onslow to Richmond constitute what has long been known as the Cape Fear country. From their first settlement the inhabitants of these counties have been allied in business and social interests, and their association has been so close that their history is largely interrelated.

The upper Cape Fear having been settled principally by Highland Scotsmen, whose descendants still remain near where their forefathers found a home, the predominating strain in that region is Scotch. Lower down the settlers were chiefly English and Scotch-Irish.

Since the Revolution there have been no considerable accessions from abroad, and the development has been through internal growth, which was very slow during those decades when so many North Carolinians were migrating to the new lands of the South and West. But on the cessation of that migration population began to thicken, and industries have been diversified to the great advantage of the entire region. Indeed the development of all the counties of the Cape Fear country has been most gratifying, and while every township has reason to rejoice in its social and material improvement, the uplift of the region has had a potent influence on the

centres of trade. Especially has Wilmington felt the beneficial effects in the enlargement of its business, and the strengthening of its financial resources, and in its increasing importance as an entrepot of foreign and domestic commerce. While it is beyond the compass of this volume to describe the historical events of the entire region—whose history is so full of interest and such a source of pride to the inhabitants, yet the writer cannot omit some slight mention of the river counties, Cumberland, Bladen and Brunswick. New Hanover was laid off from Bath in 1729, and five years later Bladen was laid off, extending indefinitely to the west, and reaching the Virginia line to the north. It was named for one of the members of the Board of Trade, which had charge of the Colonies, who was personally interested in North Carolina as he owned lands in Albemarle and his son-in-law, Colonel Rice, had made his home on the Cape Fear. Bladen, so vast in extent, in time became the mother of counties. Its western territory, clear to the Virginia line, was in 1749 erected into a county called Anson. Then five years later, Cumberland County was likewise cut off from Bladen. After the Revolution another part was taken off and called Robeson, in honor of one of Bladen's heroes. Then in 1808 a slice of Bladen, added to a part of Brunswick, became Columbus.

Cumberland was for many years a very large county, but in 1784 Moore County was cut off from it, and in 1855 Harnett; and more recently, Hoke was formed from parts of Cumberland and Robeson.

While Bladen and Cumberland were so extensive they played a most important part in the stirring events that mark the history of the Cape Fear. During the Revolution the inhabitants were much divided, many adhering to the government under which they had lived and to which they felt that their allegiance was due. But in both counties there were ardent Whigs, and civil war at times raged with deplorable consequences. No Whigs were more determined than those of Bladen and Cumberland, and battles were fought in each

county, some account being given elsewhere of the battle of Elizabethtown.

After the Revolution Fayetteville, being at the head of navigation, became the market for western products and the distributing point for imported goods needed even beyond the mountains. Its importance was so fully recognized that the legislature held sessions there and it was regarded as the natural point for the State capital. Although improperly deprived of this advantage, Fayetteville continued to flourish, becoming in many respects the most important center in the State. There was to be found one of the most elegant social circles in the State, and her citizens were foremost in enterprises. In 1818 they started the steamer *Henrietta* to run on regular schedule between Wilmington and Fayetteville, and they led in the erection of mills to make paper and cotton goods.

From the beginning Cumberland could boast of many families of superior intelligence, virtue and refinement, and the passage of time has only added to its high reputation in this regard. The public men of Cumberland were ever the equals of the best in the State—the Hays, Rowans, Groves, Eccles, Mallets, Winslows, McAllisters, McQueens, Campbells, Murchisons, Smiths, McNeills, McCormicks, McDearmids, Bethunes, Cochrans, Dobbins, Henrys, MacRaes, Camerons, Rays, Hales, Steeles, Shepherds, Stranges, Shaws, McLaughlins, Robinsons, Tillinghasts, Halls, Worths, Haighs, Huskes, Kyles, Curries, Stedmans, Williamses, Fullers, Hinsdales, Broadfoots, Starrs, Roses, and many others of equal importance.

While the first settlements on the river were made on its western side and planters located well up into Bladen, it was not until 1764 that Brunswick County was cut off from New Hanover. Among those early planters were the Moores, Halls, Howes, Davises, Granges, Watters, Hasells, Ancrums, Campbells, Waddells, Hills and others who were prosperous and fortunate in their surroundings. They constituted a

large element in the social life of the Cape Fear and exerted a potent influence on political movements.

When the town of Old Brunswick dwindled away, there was no other town in the county. The county seat was at first established at Lockwood's Folly, but in 1805 the courthouse was removed to Smithville, where many of the old families, while retaining their plantations, built commodious and handsome residences.

In after years, other families likewise have been prominent—the Smiths, Leonards, Bakers, Laspeyres, Meareses, Browns, Russells, Everitts, Langdons, Bellamys, Frinks, Prioleaus, Taylors, Curtises, Galloways, and others who have maintained the high repute of their predecessors.

Of Dr. Walter Gilman Curtis some particular mention should be made. He was a native of New Hampshire, a graduate of Dartmouth, and received his medical diploma at Harvard. He settled at Smithville in 1847 and soon became the leading practitioner of that vicinity. During the war between the States he thoroughly sympathized with the South, and for a time acted as surgeon to the Confederate troops at Smithville. For thirty years he was the Quarantine officer of the port and he discharged his duties with rare intelligence and great acceptability. His official reports are very valuable. He was a man of unusual attainments, and his spotless character and admirable social characteristics endeared him to his friends. In 1900 he published a volume of Reminiscences of unusual merit, thus adding to the literature of the Lower Cape Fear and preserving memories that were fast escaping into oblivion. Dr. Curtis won for himself an enviable place in the esteem of his contemporaries because of a life well spent, always devoted to the betterment of surroundings and the elevation of humanity.

The Galloways are a family that should also be particularly mentioned. Samuel Galloway, along with his brother, Cornelius, about the year 1750 emigrated from County Galloway, Scotland, and made his home on Lockwood's Folly River.

The descendants of Samuel Galloway have always been men of ability and of strong influence. Years ago several members of this family located at Smithville, but they have never ceased to hold their influence in the county, Mr. Rufus Galloway being one of the leading and prominent men of the county in this generation. When Major Swift was constructing Fort Caswell, Mr. John Wesley Galloway was employed under him, and a warm attachment arose from their intercourse. When the war came on, although over age for active service, Mr. John Galloway organized a Coast Guard Company and rendered valuable service. He died of yellow fever during the war. His son, Capt. Swift Galloway, named for Major Swift, was a splendid soldier and was greatly esteemed for his talents and high integrity in public life. He frequently represented Greene County in the Legislature. Maj. Andrew Jackson Galloway of Goldsboro, was another scion of this family. He had the perfect respect and confidence of an extensive circle of friends and was an esteemed officer of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad Company. All of the Galloways who were old enough to shoulder a musket served in the Confederate Army. Particular mention should, however, be made of John W. Galloway, who became a captain of artillery, and of Sam Galloway, a younger brother of Capt. Swift Galloway, and of Dr. W. C. Galloway of Wilmington, who has attained merited prominence in his profession.

Another scion of this Brunswick family is Hon. Charles Mills Galloway, whose fine talents and high character led to his being selected by President Wilson as one of the three Civil Service Commissioners of the United States. He has added honors to the name he bears so worthily. He was born in Pender County, August 15, 1875, and attained prominence as a member of the South Carolina press. His father, James M. Galloway, was a member of the mercantile firm of Foyes & Galloway at Wilmington, and was clerk of Pender County, and has all through life been most highly esteemed.

Another descendant of Samuel Galloway—in the fourth

generation—was Bishop Charles Betts Galloway of Mississippi, who was more widely known than any other bishop of the Methodist Church of his time. He was one of the greatest orators of the South, and was a man of unsurpassed power and influence. Thousands flocked to hear him preach.

A review of prominent persons of Brunswick County who have served well their day and generation in public and private life would be incomplete without the mention of one of her fair daughters whose honored name, Miss Kate Stuart, has been for many years a synonym for goodness, and mercy, and for loving-kindness in the hearts and homes of the Cape Fear people. Of rare intellectual gifts and fine executive ability, her accurate knowledge of historical events and her wise counsel in local affairs have made her an authority on important local questions and the charm of her conversation has added much to the enjoyment of those who are favored by her hospitality.

Bladen, unlike Cumberland, possessed no central settlement of overshadowing local importance, its principal inhabitants living on their plantations. William Bartram, Joseph Clark, Robert Howe, Hugh Waddell, William McRee, John Grange, John Gibbs, Thomas Robeson, William Salter, Thomas Owen, James Council, General Brown and Major Porterfield were among the first men in the province in their generation.

In after years the McRees, McNeills, McKays, Owens, Gillaspies, Browns, Wrights, McMillans, Gilmores, Melvins, Lyons, McDowells, Purdies, McCullochs, Cromarties, proved themselves equal to the best, and some attained national reputations. Indeed from Bladen sprang Colonel McRee and Colonel McNeill who enjoyed the reputation of being the first engineers of the United States, and General McKay and Governor Owen ranked high among the public men of their day.

While the development of these particular counties has been of great advantage to Wilmington, so also has the prosperity of each of the Cape Fear counties been of decided

influence, and with pride we witness their substantial improvement and realize that in their continued prosperity Wilmington has a better hope of greater growth and importance in the years to come.

THE GROWTH OF WILMINGTON.

Coincident with the river improvement there has been a gratifying increase in the business of the City of Wilmington. While one of the largest factors in this splendid growth has been the development of the trucking industry, yet much is to be attributed to the increased commerce of the port.

To the trucking industry may be ascribed a considerable proportion of the large bank deposits, and the general diffusion of prosperity; but the remarkable increase in commerce speaks for itself and gives an assurance of the future importance of the city.

During the eighty years from 1829 to June 30, 1909, there had been spent on the river below Wilmington $4,328,000, and the total annual commerce at the end of that period was 864,071 tons, of the value of $49,753,175. For the year ending June 30, 1910, there was expended for river improvement $400,000, and the value of the commerce rose to $52,214,254. At the end of the year June 30, 1913, there had been a total expenditure of $5,368,000, and the tonnage had risen in 1912 to 1,072,205 tons and the commerce for the year was $60,863,344. The exports were to eight foreign countries—Germany, France, England, Italy, Belgium, Spain, Haiti, and Chile, while there were imports from ten foreign countries. For the year ending June 30, 1914, the imports from foreign countries were $4,194,745, as against $3,460,419 in 1913; and the exports to foreign countries were $25,870,851, as against $19,510,926 in 1913—showing an improvement of about one-third in both exports and imports in one year. The increased depth of water to twenty-six feet is having its expected effect on our commerce.

On the opening of the Panama Canal it is expected that a new impetus will be given to the commerce of the port because of the natural advantages of the situation, Wilmington being south of Hatteras, only 1,552 miles from Panama, and having superior railroad facilities, with connections uniting the great marts of the interior States. Thus there is reason to hope, with entire confidence, for even a larger development than that of the last few years, gratifying as that has been.

In 1910, the assessed valuation of real estate was $11,851,150. In 1914, it was $14,472,564, being an increase of thirty per cent. The estimated values show even a greater increase, being from $23,000,000 to $30,000,000.

In the same period the banking capital increased from $1,922,716 to $2,568,959; the bank deposits rose from $9,292,088 to $11,494,664; and the banking resources aggregate $15,397,030.

It has only been in recent years that the jobbing business has had a fair chance for development; but with the removal of obstacles, the enterprise of the Wilmington merchants at once brought results. In 1910, the jobbing trade had risen by leaps to $50,000,000, and in 1913 it was estimated at $70,000,000. With the new conditions, and the rapid growth of interior markets, due to the wonderful prosperity of the country within the reach of Wilmington, these figures are destined to be speedily multiplied.

While manufactures are still in their infancy, yet they are varied in nature—chiefly, however, cotton goods, lumber and woodwork of many kinds, and fertilizers. In 1913 Wilmington shipped 263,000 tons of fertilizers. It is interesting to note that just north of the Hilton Bridge, on the Northeast, three large fertilizer factories are located, as well as the Camp Manufacturing Sawmill. These have a water traffic of 165,000 tons, valued at $2,271,849, and this in spite of the existing disadvantage of a shallow stream. While vessels drawing twenty-six feet of water can reach the bridge, north of the bridge the river widens rapidly, so that within the distance of half a mile the width of fifteen hundred feet is

reached, and then for a mile and a half it narrows to a normal width of six hundred feet. In this wide stretch the channel is narrow and only from twelve to fifteen feet deep—entirely insufficient for the larger vessels bringing in raw material. It is now under consideration to have the channel widened to one hundred and fifty feet, with a depth of twenty-two feet, and when this is accomplished that part of the river will become still more important.

But as important as are the above sources of prosperity, the development of the export trade has been the chief factor in the growth of the city. The increasing foreign commerce has led to the adoption of plans for a more pretentious custom house; and this branch of our trade will doubtless be much benefited if the proposition to increase the depth of water from the city over the bar to thirty-five feet is carried into effect, while the coast trade will receive a new impulse when the coastal canal is constructed.

LOOKING FORWARD.

The development of our resources since the War between the States probably surpasses that of any other country in any era since the world began.

Our Department of Agriculture at Washington estimated the production and value of fourteen of our largest farm crops in 1913 at nine billions of dollars. The estimate of our Southern cotton crop and its by-products was one billion dollars. The acreage of this vast wealth-producing area is one-seventh the size of Continental United States; and yet we are told by President Brown, an eminent authority, that consumption is overtaking production with alarming rapidity, and values have been rising by leaps and bounds; also, that gradually improved methods of agriculture will increase the yield per acre, but the supply may never again catch up with the demand.

Our population, now bordering upon one hundred millions, must continue to increase, while any large increase in the area

of arable land is a matter of the past. Consumption of food stuffs has increased in the past ten years almost three times as fast as acreage and almost twice as fast as production.

These startling developments accentuate the importance of conserving and utilizing the great waterways upon which the country depends for the movement of the larger proportion of our products. Already the railroads are congested, and water transportation becomes increasingly important.

The improvement of the Cape Fear River is, therefore, of momentous significance to our maritime community and to the State at large. Increased appropriations should be systematically sought through the aid of our representatives in Congress for the greater deepening and widening of our ship channel to the sea; for the building of stone jetties upon the shifting sands of our main bar; for the building of anchorage dolphins for waiting steamers, which can not swing to their anchors in our limited harbor basin; for continuous appropriations to sustain the important works already accomplished, which would deteriorate from erosion or other damage should the special appropriations fail for a term of Congress.

In the year 1851, the foreign exports of Wilmington were $431,095; in 1912 they were $28,705,448.

In 1851 our carrying trade employed small sailing vessels eighty feet to two hundred feet long, of two hundred to four hundred tons net register. Now it requires steamers three hundred to four hundred feet long, of two thousand to three thousand tons register. In 1851 a vessel cleared from Wilmington was a large carrier if it could take one thousand bales of cotton. A few weeks ago the steamer *Holtie* sailed majestically down our river laden with 20,300 bales of cotton.

Bearing in mind these changes, consider the possibilities of our Cape Fear commerce fifty years hence!

Hundreds of great merchantmen will lie at our docks, taking in cargoes for coast trade and foreign commerce; the aëroplane, already useful to man, will have as a companion the hydro-aëroplane, skimming the surface of our waters at fifty miles an hour, transporting passengers and mails to

distant ports—a veritable hand-maiden of commerce. Indeed, it is the opinion of many experts that the flying-boat will eventually become large enough for commercial purposes, the horsepower of its engines running into thousands; and that it will be used for pleasure, like the steam yacht and motor boat. Elsewhere I have said that the traffic of our blockade running during the War between the States would ever be unique in the history of the Cape Fear, as the conditions that sustained it can never occur again. Hereafter it will be impossible to maintain an effective blockade because of the new instrumentalities of warfare. In the war in progress in Europe—the greatest war in human history—the practical value of the aëroplane and of the Zeppelin has been thoroughly demonstrated; and within a decade the flying-boat will likewise become available both for commerce and war. Besides, because of the electric searchlight, the tremendous range and accuracy and destructive power of the modern projectile, and because of the submarine mines, torpedo boats, and other destructive craft which have revolutionized warfare in the past fifty years, an effective blockade can not be maintained.

During our war with Great Britain in 1812, an attempt was made by a diving vessel of the Americans to destroy the *Ramillies,* a ship of seventy-four guns, commanded by Sir Thomas Hardy, which was blockading the port of New London. That attempt was termed "a most atrocious proceeding," and Sir Thomas adopted a very ingenious plan for preventing any further attack being made on his ship by this diving vessel. He ordered one hundred American prisoners of war to be brought on board his ship, and then notified their Government that in the event of the *Ramillies* being torpedoed those persons would share the fate of himself and his crew. The friends and relatives of the prisoners were so alarmed at the threats of Sir Thomas that public meetings were held, and petitions presented to the American Government to induce its Executive to prohibit the use of the diving vessel and its armament in future naval warfare.

When we recall this incident and compare conditions with those of today, we realize that there is no limit to the changes that time will bring. But we know that whatever comes—whatever progress is made—the enterprising people of the Cape Fear will utilize every new instrumentality to make sure their safety and to secure their prosperity and welfare.

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